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MANNING, AMERICA & DEMOCRACY

“The course of Europe seems to be towards a development of national life and action by calling up into a political power larger numbers of the people. The middle classes are such already—they are an oligarchy, an intelligent, energetic, self-respecting class, but selfish and subjective. Now the Catholic system is self-abolishing and objective.”—*From an unpublished Journal kept by Manning, when Rector of Lavington (1839).*

I

IN spite of the Chartist failure shortly after these words were written, the popular cause in England steadily advanced until the Great War summoned Authority everywhere to make terms with Democracy. The Church had long known that it was as necessary to convert, as to educate, the coming rulers. For half a century political parties have tried to offer the new power articulation through their own restricted channels. The Sects have tended to leave the battle-heights of Science for the dustier area of Social Reform. Broad Churchmen, like Maurice and Kingsley, were not unwilling to be dubbed “Christian Socialists.” With Maurice, Manning was always on respectful terms, though he considered him “an Ishmaelitish spirit,” and Maurice in turn thought him too “circular” in his views. To Maurice’s sister, Manning wrote in the hungry ’forties: “The thought of our destitute millions and of the hard hand which too often converts charity into a chastisement on the Poor is enough to make one’s heart sicken.” Even at that date he believed in a Living Wage, for he

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cried out in one of his Archidiaconal Charges : "It is a high sin in the sight of Heaven for a man to wring his wealth out of the thews and sinews of his fellows and to think that when he had paid them their wages he has paid them all he owes."

A year after he had become a Catholic Priest, Manning received word from Florence Nightingale, who was his watcher in the slums (November 7th, 1852) :

The intelligence of the working classes has almost without an exception gone over to the side of atheism. It is generally thought that Wesleyanism is the religion which has the most hold upon the working man. But the Wesleyan ministers are no match for these men now. These men have the arguments of Locke, of Hume, of Voltaire at their fingers' ends. The Wesleyans have no chance with them. Generally speaking those who are reclaimed from atheism are reclaimed by science. The Wesleyan always tells the working man if he raises an objection against the Bible, "I should think it a sin to speak to you." Many workmen have told me, even at Leeds where Dr. Hook and his clergy are supposed to be very active, that they had never seen or spoken to an Anglican in their lives ; that they had never seen but one workman who belonged to the Church of England. I know of one clergyman (Kingsley) whom they once asked to preach to them in their place where they met. But he was afraid. Otherwise he and Maurice are very popular among them, and some of them will go and hear Maurice at Lincoln's Inn. It is said that only those who do not wish to believe in a God are atheists. This, I am sure, is not true. Men have said to me, "I wish sore there was a God!" I thank you for the hope set before me. But I am wearing out. I am afraid my heart is broken. It is a coward's speech, one which St. Ignatius would not have admitted for a moment. I hope if he hears it he will punish me for it. But I am afraid it is true.

Southey had foreseen the coming of a militant democracy, and Coleridge had called upon the Anglican "Clerisy" to build Theology into the social arch, but the clergy had not heard. To approach the poor was considered "methodistical" ; and the Chartist went unchaplained. By the time Christianity had reached the slum on the wings of Ritualism or Salvationism it was too late. The Man-

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chester School had ground away Christian England. "Handlooms devour children," had cried the Rector of Lavington.

As Archbishop of Westminster, Manning set out afresh on the task of winning Democracy back to the Church. Assiduously he trod the byways of charity. He delivered speeches between his sermons, gave public admonition as well as private absolution. The civic Commission befitted him as well as the Church Council. As the cries of Labour became articulate, he advanced into the uncertain stream. He took the first plunge at Exeter Hall, in 1872, by a motion of sympathy with the Agricultural Labourers which caused some little sensation among his friends. In answer to Mr. Gladstone, he wrote (December 21st, 1872) :

I remember your saying to me many years ago that the next conflict would be between the masters and the workmen. I had been so much out of England then that I did not know how far this reached. I found last week that even my Irish hodmen are organized. I have also lately had means of knowing what the agricultural unionists are. As yet they are not political. They do not coalesce with the London men, but the London men will soon make capital of them if others do not interpose. The consequence of this would be disastrous. My belief is that some energetic and sympathetic act on the part of Government would avert great dangers. Could not a Royal Commission be issued to take the evidence of men who are now appealing to public opinion for help? If they have a case, it could be dealt with. If they have none, it would be exposed.

And again, in the same December :

As to the agricultural affair, the Bishop of Peterborough was as bad as the Bishop of Gloucester. How is it they do not know the day of their visitation? I wish I could be as sure about landed property as about personal. My belief is that the laws must be greatly relaxed. The Poor Law has saved them for a century. But the Poor Law has broken down. Why cannot you do these things for the labourer? Prohibit the labour of children under a certain age. Compel payment of wages in money. Regulate the number of dwellings according to the population of parishes. Establish tribunals of arbitration in

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counties for questions between labour and land. If our unions were like the Guilds, which created the City of London, I should not fear them. But the *soul* is not there.

From Rome wrote Bishop Herbert Vaughan to Manning (February 10th, 1873) :

I fancy from what I hear that some complaint has been made about your going in with swaddlers, but they seem to understand it and to appreciate our position better than formerly. I have dwelt upon the fact that our alliance must be with the people, and they have quite accepted it, and I ventured on the same thought with the Pope the other day.

But the cry "this man goeth with swaddlers," followed Manning to the end of his social action. By 1874 he was disputing the accepted economy of the time in addressing the Leeds Mechanics : "I claim for Labour, and the skill which is always acquired by Labour, the rights of Capital. It is Capital in its truest sense. Now, our Saxon ancestors used to call what we call cattle 'live money,' and we are told that what we call chattels and cattle and the Latin word *capita* are one and the same thing, that is, heads of cattle or workers or serfs. This was live money." And he went on to describe Trade Unions as in accord with the "higher jurisprudence," and to attack the mere "piling up of wealth like mountains." It was lonely work, and his platform was seldom graced by leading laymen. Cardinal Wiseman had found it easier to lecture on Art and Humanism to "select" audiences. Manning preferred discussing Humanity and Labour in the open. From platform to platform and from cause to cause he passed, until the folk seemed to see in him some radiant shadow of the old religion returning to England.

II

The union of Democracy and Christianity, which had shown the splendid promise of a defeated dawn under Lamennais in France, had collapsed under the withering tutelage of Bonapartism, and passed to the freer atmosphere of America. In a letter of Manning to Gladstone

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as early as 1848, occurred the sentence: "It is wonderful to see the Catholic Church in America distinctly of the progress and popular party." In his last days, as Archbishop, he was destined to come into close touch with that Church grown large upon the Western horizon. The Vatican Council had put him into touch with the builders of the American Church, with Kenrick, Spalding and McCloskey. We find the latter's successor in the See of New York writing to him (October 27th, 1885):

I have to thank you sincerely for your letter of sympathy on the death of Cardinal McCloskey. He poured oil on the troubled waters, and, bringing peace to this Diocese, united both Priests and people. This makes the task of ruling in his stead so much easier, but even so, how immense is the responsibility and how heavy is the burden! What your Eminence told us in retreat at the American College, a quarter of a century ago, comes back to memory at this moment with renewed force—namely, that if we hope to do God's work at all we must before everything else be men of prayer. I venture to beg your good prayers, that the work of God in this Diocese may not be marred by my unworthiness.

Manning was sufficiently ahead of his times to propose privately a Congress of English-speaking Catholics. In reply to his suggestion, Dr. Corrigan wrote (October 4th, 1886):

If your Eminence could visit this country, the enthusiasm would be immense, and the Protestants almost as anxious to see you as our own people. Regarding Catholic education, a better and healthier sentiment, thank God, now prevails, and is spreading daily amongst clergy and laity. The Congress would help very much in this sense, but not much in the community at large. Should a meeting take place in this country this city would be the best spot, as it is really the metropolis. Washington is intolerably hot in summer. In Baltimore there are many pious Catholics, but the city itself is provincial. I think the country at large would take kindly to the idea of a Catholic Congress.

Archbishop Corrigan's letters to Manning were those of a diffident child rather than those of a brother in the purple. With the requisite humility, but with too

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sensitive a mind, to serve a great Arch-Diocese in stormy times, he carried faithfully the yoke which he prayed Rome to allow him to lay down. He ruled at a time when intense division was appearing in the American Episcopate, and when a series of vital questions had fluttered the purple. Cahenslyism, the School Question, the Knights of Labour, and Henry George, were to divide, distract, stimulate, and, in the end, leave the American Church more united than ever. When the teaching of Henry George was adopted by Dr. McGlynn, one of the leading priests in New York, little less than a test-case of Catholic Democracy may be said to have arisen. Labour problems had attacked America on the scale proper to that country. Capital had risen to its maximum, and the Trade Unions were reaching a corresponding efficiency. It seemed as though the structure of the Republic would be undermined in the collision of opposing forces. The years 1885-6 proved to be of special unrest. Under able leadership a society of unskilled labour, known as the Knights of Labour, had inaugurated and won strikes on the New York street railways. Public opinion approved the lowering of men's hours from sixteen to twelve daily. Feeling was at its acutest when the Mayoralty campaign of 1886 opened in New York. Henry George announced that he would be a candidate if 25,000 workmen invited him to stand by postcard. Perhaps the only ecclesiast who knew George personally was Cardinal Manning, who, in the previous year, had discussed with him his proposals to alleviate the world as written in his book, *Progress and Poverty*. On this occasion Mr. George was accompanied by a friend, who described this historical meeting afterwards: "They had travelled to the same goal from opposite directions. 'I loved the people,' said Henry George, 'and that love brought me to Christ as their best friend and teacher.' 'And I,' said the Cardinal, 'loved Christ, and so learned to love the people for whom He died.' They faced each other in silence for a moment, a silence more moving than words." Manning, by his own record,

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opened the conversation as follows: "Before we go further, let me know whether we are in agreement upon one vital principle. I believe that the law of property is founded on the law of nature, and that it is sanctioned in Revelation, declared in the Christian law, taught by the Catholic Church, and incorporated in the civilization of all nations. Therefore, unless we are in agreement upon this, which lies at the foundation of society, I am afraid we cannot approach each other." This doctrine the Cardinal understood his visitor not to deny, but to be dealing rather with the intolerable evils inherent in an exaggerated law of Property. Mr. George went on to speak fully and reverently of Christ as the example in whom rich and poor could find the solution of their strife. The common ground between Manning and George lay in the old saying *Summum jus summa injuria*. And Manning afterwards wrote in the *Times* that, though he had not read *Progress and Poverty*, yet in *Social Problems* he saw nothing "to censure as unsound." He added: "I cannot end without saying how much I was pleased by the quiet earnestness with which he spoke, and the calmness of his whole bearing."

Henry George had never met with the enthusiasm of Labour until he appeared as a possible instrument of vengeance upon the two parties who were suspected equally of helping to subdue the strikes. The Trade Unions then came out in his favour. Mr. George found, too, a splendid ally in the hard-working and popular Dr. McGlynn, and Diocesan history began to speed. When he pronounced owners of land to be anathema and anachronism, many Irish Americans remembered old land-wars in Ireland, and rallied to him. It became clear that the election for the Mayoralty of New York would be fought on class and professional lines rather than those of party, and the alarm was sounded. McGlynn had been taken by the Press as a token that the Church was on the side of Mr. George's theories. A fateful letter, signed by a leading merchant, Mr. Donoghue, was written to Mgr. Preston, Corrigan's Vicar-General, inquiring whether

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this was so. Mgr. Preston denied, in his answer, that the Church sanctioned George's teaching. To prevent misunderstanding, Archbishop Corrigan forbade Dr. McGlynn to attend a meeting in support of George. Unfortunately the issue was political as well as ethical, and McGlynn disobeyed. He was suspended for ten days, and, later, deprived of his parish. The Catholic camp now became divided, for McGlynn had friends amongst the higher clergy, and was the idol of a portion of the laity. There were not two more sincere and disinterested men in America than McGlynn and Corrigan, but the poignancy of events threw them into a conflict which may be said to have broken the lives of both. Neither could withdraw from the position he had taken up. The election came, and George was defeated by Hewitt, the candidate of property. At the bottom of the poll was the then little known name of Theodore Roosevelt. The patronage of Manning had been invoked in vain to win George the Catholic vote. George took more than a stoical view of his defeat. "I do not see God's hand in it, but I know it is there!" It was this sincerity which had won Manning's esteem, though it unfortunately was not the side of him which had come to the notice of the Archbishop of New York. In the fierce recriminations which followed, Archbishop Corrigan was shouldered with the onus of George's defeat. He defended himself in a Pastoral, and also in a private letter to Manning (November 30th, 1886):|

At the recent Mayoralty election Mr. Henry George polled 68,000 votes. Much of his success was due to the untiring zeal in his behalf of Dr. McGlynn, rector of the largest Catholic parish in this Diocese. To disarm criticism, Dr. McGlynn ventured to quote your Eminence saying as reported, "And I may quote Cardinal Manning: Surely it will be admitted that he is an authority on doctrine and discipline. Cardinal Manning informed Mr. George that he saw nothing in his views to condemn, and when Mr. George stated that others had condemned them as being morally and theologically wrong, the Cardinal remarked that they were unauthorized and incompetent critics." Mr. George made a

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similar remark to me, but I paid no attention to it, presuming that he had misunderstood your Eminence. Since then I felt it to be a duty to say something on the subject in a recent Pastoral Letter, and as Dr. McGlynn has not submitted, but has even spoken disrespectfully of the Holy Father, it will probably be necessary to transfer him to some other mission where he can do less harm. He is now *ad tempus* under censure. My object in writing is to suggest that it would help the cause of religion if you could find time and would think proper to send me a few words with permission to publish. With the exception of Henry George's sheet, *The Leader*, the entire Secular Press of this country accepted the Pastoral as timely. Some misguided Catholics are quibbling about it. A line from your Eminence would be very opportune.

But the Press obtained the Cardinal's opinion first. The Editor of the *World* cabled across the Atlantic to Manning, "Do you apprehend that the Labour movement led by Mr. George will extend to dangerous proportions?" Manning, suspecting an attempt to cause a collision with Corrigan, kept within his own Diocese, for archbishops, like kings, have to "hang together." He answered: "I do not as far as England is concerned. The strongest desire of the working man is to possess a house and garden of his own. When Mr. George was here it was the working man in the towns who were chiefly attracted to him. The working men in the country said, 'If you denationalize our land, let us have fair play and equalize our wages.'" Manning had been deeply impressed by Mr. George; and, much as he regretted Dr. McGlynn's speeches, he was too interested in the experiment to care to interfere. As, however, he was being quoted in the United States, he took economical advice from Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, whose reputation on such matters stood next to none on the Episcopal Bench. Dr. Walsh replied (December 28th, 1886):

Some time ago, in reference to an interview in which I said that I was for the nationalization of the land here, but in Michael Davitt's way, not in Henry George's, your Eminence asked me what was Davitt's way. The difference between the two is that George (taking it as a fundamental principle that there can be no

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private property in land) would transfer the land from the present owners to the State, giving them no compensation ; but Davitt fully recognizes that property as theirs and would make compensation to them for it.

A few days previously Dr. Corrigan had written in answer to Manning who, however sympathetic to an Archbishop in distress, still retained his interest in Mr. George (December 23rd, 1886):

Private.—Your kind letter has just come to hand, and I write to express my many thanks for your courtesty in writing again on the subject of Henry George's theories. At the same time permit me to observe that Mr. George has a language of his own, and uses words in a new sense so as to deceive the unwary or inexperienced. His theory stated plainly is that all property in land is simply robbery. "The truth is, and from this truth there can be no escape, that there is and can be no just title to an exclusive possession of the soil, and that private property in land is a bold, bare, enormous wrong like that of chattel slavery" (*Progress and Poverty*). "Property in land is essentially different from property in things. Rob a man of money and the robbery is finished then and there. Rob people of the land, *i.e.*, by holding it as private property, and the robbery is continuous, a new robbery every year and every day" (*The Land Question*). "We must acknowledge the equal and unalienable rights which inhere in them by endowment of the Creator to make land common property. If there be anything strange in this it is merely that habit can blind one to the most obvious truths" (*Social Problems*). These passages are taken almost at random and might be multiplied indefinitely. Poor Dr. McGlynn has refused to obey the Holy See. The Propaganda, after learning the facts of the case, cabled *Alumnus MacGlynn Romam statim proficiscatur*. After a sullen silence of two weeks and more he writes that he will neither go, nor abandon the theories of Mr. George ; that if he could he "would take away, all the world over, all property in land without one cent of compensation to the mis-called owners." *Eheu.*

Dr. McGlynn founded the anti-Poverty society which would have abolished the evangelical precept to make oneself poor by levelling up even those whose vocation was to enjoy poverty. His case carried wearily on. The

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strongest single-taxer could not help feeling for Corrigan whose severest trials were yet to come. By ambition a sensitive and gentle scholar he had been made by fate the standard-bearer in an odious battle. A year later he wrote to Manning (February 10th, 1888) :

I have your sympathetic note of January 27th. How strongly it consoles and sustains me! How different these struggles with the spirit of evil from the blessed peace of the Saint of Monte Cassino, whose Feast we celebrate to-day! By this time the main facts of the case, told in fifty pages of sworn testimony, are before the Holy Office. There are so many *adminicula*, so many bits of circumstantial evidence, so many notorious facts all pointing the same way, that the testimony must be believed. If the poor man had not so reviled the Holy See and all its officials, there would have been a feeling of tenderness and pity for him ; but he has been his own worst enemy. You will see this even from his tirade on last Sunday night. The Holy Father has most kindly taken a personal influence in this case. My Secretary writes from Rome that his hand is guiding every movement. An *instructio* of Propaganda approved by Leo XIII is now on its way to New York. This afternoon the following cable came : "*Hodie ad audientiam receptus solus, dona obtuli, gratias reddit, Pontifex. Mihi dabit literas tibi tradendas. Forti animo esto McDonnell.*" The good Bishop of Plazenza has opened an institute for Italian priests willing to aid their countrymen in America, North and South. There are 80,000 Italians in this city, of whom only 2 per cent. have been in the habit of hearing Mass. Pray for us and our many wants, and give your Blessing to one who needs it most of all, to carry on the work for souls.

By refusing to go to Rome Dr. McGlynn remained excommunicate until the coming of the Papal Delegate Satolli, whose mission marked a chapter in American Church history. Arriving in charge of the Papal exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair, Satolli made his appearance at the meeting of American Archbishops, much to their surprise. When he produced his papers as Delegate for the first time, Corrigan immediately accorded him the place of honour ; but Satolli was under the impression that there had been undue hesitation. As a result the Archbishop was placed in a situation which he bore with

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pathetic grace. Whatever he had lost by misfortune or misunderstanding he re-won spiritually in the eyes of Rome. He had dealt with McGlynn as he believed his loyalty to the Holy See required. He had not realized that a new tendency, though no new doctrine, had risen in the Social Policy of the Church. Otherwise it is difficult to account for the sudden re-instatement of McGlynn by Satolli. Archbishop Corrigan suddenly received word that McGlynn had applied in Brooklyn to say Mass with his papers in order. It was not that Rome had suddenly accepted the theories of Henry George, but that McGlynn symbolized the approach of the Church towards those who desired a juster social order. It was not McGlynn's fault if George had uttered social heresy in his campaigns. As for his ridicule of Rome, that was more an error in taste than in theology, and if Rome was large enough to forgive McGlynn, Corrigan was noble enough to give him another parish where all things ended happily. McGlynn went to Rome, according to his word to Satolli, to thank the Pope who had but one question for him, "Do you teach against private property?" On McGlynn answering in the negative, the affair was concluded. Satolli had already made a public statement, beginning: "Dr. McGlynn had presented a brief statement of his opinions on moral economic matters, and it was judged not contrary to the doctrine constantly taught by the Church and as recently confirmed by the Holy Father in the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*." There are few tribunals more just or indulgent than Rome's. Rome could not bless the abolition of property, but no less would Rome approve the intolerable conditions which made George's theories, though tending almost to anarchy, acceptable to many righteous and moral men. Archbishop Corrigan, though he accepted Rome's decision in a concern which, after all, was Rome's more than his, was never able to understand the reversal of his policy toward McGlynn in 1892, and Manning, who might have offered him the sympathy and explanation for which he yearned, lay in his fresh grave.

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Dr. Joseph Macmahon, who was Archbishop Corrigan's Secretary, supplies a note which is due to his memory :

I had the happiness of bringing them together, and to hear Satolli laud Archbishop Corrigan to the skies. All through this crucial time, Archbishop Corrigan suffered intensely, but never complained. Every morning at six he was in the sacristy praying intently until, at seven, he celebrated Mass. He read his Office before breakfast, made visits to the Blessed Sacrament in the Cathedral invariably after dinner and supper, and bore himself so as to excite our deepest admiration and sympathy. The irony of the whole incident was that Archbishop Corrigan, whose loyalty to the Holy See made him impervious to what should have been the compelling call of the great social problems crying for solution, whose whole reign was occupied in reorganizing on Roman lines, should have been accused of disloyalty. Thank God his vindication was complete ; but his heart was broken, and when, on his deathbed, he was told of the approaching Cardinalate, he made no effort to live.

No one had had a deeper influence on the Leonine policy than the Church which permitted Capital should protect Labour than Manning. It was felt that if the Church went further in the direction of one than the other, it was high time that the favoured one should be Labour. If this explains the leniency with which McGlynn was treated, it does not mean that his insubordination was condoned or that the American Press was justified in issuing such headlines as "Corrigan crushed." The Church in America, being exceedingly alive, had developed a line of legitimate conflict, and the division among the Bishops on the School, Language, and Labour questions was generally the same. The progressives were led by Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Spalding of Peoria, Keane of Richmond. The reconciliation of Labour with the Church, and the foundation of the Catholic University at Washington, were their dreams. In both of these they were counselled, and more than helped by Cardinal Gibbons, who, as honorary Primate, maintained a serene and independent position when party feeling waxed high. Of his group, suave, wise and diplomatic was

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Corrigan's successor in the See of New York, Cardinal Farley, whose influence and bearing during the McGlynn trouble enabled him to bring both parties together.

III

Following the defection of McGlynn arose a far greater question which was to test the leadership of the young Baltimore Cardinal to the utmost. The Labour trouble had come with a vengeance. The American working men, of whom numbers were Catholic, were organizing themselves among the Knights of Labour. In self-protection certain means were used to ensure secrecy, and the Knights immediately fell under the ban of the Hierarchy of Canada. Though the Knights of Labour were purely secular, the Cardinal could see far enough into the future to realize that they afforded a temporary solution of the Labour Question. The question had arisen whether the Bishops of the United States would join in the condemnation or not. The head of the Knights of Labour, who was a Catholic, conferred with Cardinal Gibbons, and the Cardinal in turn conferred with President Cleveland, and by letter with Cardinal Manning. As a result, he came to the conclusion that the Canadian policy would be a mistake in the States ; and, in the end, ten out of the twelve American Archbishops supported this view. But the condemnation of the Knights had actually been prepared at Rome, and it was already a case of reversing a decision. Ireland and Spalding urged an offensive ; and, though the responsibility fell on him alone, Gibbons signed his famous letter believing that he had compromised his Cardinalitial status. When he took the matter to Rome he had the assurance of a defensive and offensive alliance with Manning, whose zeal went out to the Republican Primate, and whose battle he made his own. He saw immediately that this was a bid to retain civilized Labour in the Church, from which it had originally sprung, and without which it was bound to return to some form of degradation.

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When Cardinal Gibbons set out for Rome, by a coincidence Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec sailed on the same ship, though his object was to uphold the condemnation of the Knights. Cardinal Taschereau rallied no little feeling for his purpose in antiquated circles in Europe. Only in Westminster or Rome could Gibbons have secured an unprejudiced hearing. But it soon became clear that hard fighting and harder logic were needed if the Knights were to be recognized by the Vatican. Gibbons brought for allies Bishop Keane, then of Richmond, and Mgr. Denis O'Connell, Bishop of Richmond now. Keane had already written imploring Manning to use his influence to have the McGlynn case settled as the case of an individual, and not as the occasion of deciding a large social question (February 10th, 1887) :

The labour question and the social question involved in the case of poor McGlynn have given us infinite anxiety and no little work. Hot-headed parties here were urging examinations and condemnations that were utterly unnecessary, that would broaden the case of a disobedient and cranky priest into a question that would be regarded as a Papal intervention in American affairs similar to the one that is now so seriously threatening the union of the Catholics of Germany. If your Eminence agrees in the view we take, you would do a great service to the Church by begging the Holy Father not to order or permit any overt discussion of the American social questions at present, both because they have not ripened yet and taken shape and because the action of the Holy See could hardly fail to be odious to the whole American public and to split up Catholic unity. Things can safely be left to right themselves in our political machine—doctrinal decisions would not help the work.

A further appeal to Manning to come out immediately in favour of Cardinal Gibbons met with a response. The old cry of "Socialism" had been raised, and the Cardinal had been added to the noble company who have been unjustly delated to Rome. Since the days of the Baptist the path of the pathfinder has been difficult. Fortunately, however, Gibbons was to prove a prophet unrejected in his own country. Feeling he had the common sense of

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America behind him he delivered his masterly letter to Cardinal Simeoni. It had not been intended for publication, but it was revealed by the happy zeal of a newspaper correspondent. Bishop Keane wrote to Manning (February 28th, 1887) :

You will see how the utterances which have for ever secured to your Eminence the noble title of "Friend of the People" have done our Cardinal good service in his defence of the rights of the working millions. He had an interview this morning on these subjects with the chief officials of the Holy Office, with most gratifying results. It was easy to see that in his words they felt the weight of the whole Hierarchy, the whole Clergy, and the whole people, of America, and that his sentiments had already produced among them an evident change of front. A few weeks ago the drift was toward condemnation, regardless of the widespread disastrous consequences that would inevitably have ensued. To-day the keynote was that the convictions of the Bishops of America are the safest guide of the Holy Office in its action on American affairs, and that they will let well enough alone. . . . March 14th, 1887 : It is no small venture to utter such sentiments in an atmosphere like this of Rome ; and, to make the situation more trying, the document was somehow gotten hold of by a reporter of the *New York Herald*, and published in full. For a time the Cardinal was very apprehensive ; but telegrams, and now newspaper-comments, are coming in of a most cheering character, showing that the publication of the document has done great good among the people of America.

Cardinal Gibbons himself wrote his gratitude to Manning (March 14th, 1887) :

Your esteemed and valued favour is received in which your Eminence is graciously pleased to assent to the views submitted to the Propaganda regarding Henry George and the Knights of Labour. I cannot sufficiently express to you how much I felt strengthened in my position by being able to refer in the Document to your utterances on the claims of the working-man to our sympathy, and how I am cheered beyond measure in receiving from your own pen an endorsement of my sentiments and those of my American colleagues now in Rome. God grant that the Church of America may escape the dire calamity of a condemnation which would be disastrous to the future interests of religion

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among us! I shall be exceedingly grateful to your Eminence if you can send me a copy of the Lecture on *The Dignity and Rights of Labour*. We are indebted more than you are aware to the influence of your name in discussing these social questions and in influencing the public mind. We joyfully adopt your Eminence into the ranks of our Knighthood, you have nobly won your spurs!

As soon as Cardinal Gibbons published his document, Manning issued his corroboration and adhesion in the *Tablet*. Not unhumorously he pressed his views on the Roman authorities, when he pointed out that Trade Unions originated in the *Collegia* of Rome herself, whence they passed into the Christian Law: "In the Church of Santa Maria dell' Orto every chapel belongs to, and is maintained by, some college or *universitas* of various trades." That such was the case was not lost on the officials. The victory subsequently won in the Propaganda was complete. It was a real red-letter day both in the history of the Church and in that of Labour. Henceforth Cardinal Gibbons and his Knights could go their way *sans peur et sans reproche*. Bishop Keane wrote triumphantly to Manning (March 22nd, 1887):

The clear, strong, wise words of your Eminence's letters will be a bulwark to the truth and a rebuke to mischief-makers. The impression produced here seems to be excellent. Nay, our victory is already won. Cardinal Taschereau has gone home with directions from the Holy Office to grant absolution to all the thousands of poor fellows who have been cut off from the Sacraments by the condemnation in Canada, and there does not seem to be any danger now of a condemnation for America. *Deo Gratias!* . . . April 23rd, 1887: Mgr. Jacobini was in favour of its publication in the *Moniteur*, which I feel sure Cardinal Simeoni would not have authorized. He is the embodiment of timid and suspicious conservatism. I explained to him how an advocacy of popular rights was no friendliness to Socialism, and that our aim was—recognizing the inevitable tendency to democracy—not to leave it to be ruled by the devil, but to hold it in the ways of God. He took it all with his gentle smile which always seems to mean half consent and half fear. He has a mortal dread of newspapers. We can expect from him only the toleration of our ideas. Cardinal

Manning,

Simeoni, and probably others with him, link together the Labour Movement in America and the Home Rule Movement in Ireland ; and the dire colours in which poor Ireland is now being painted cast a glare of suspicion upon us too. The times are certainly critical, but we know we are advancing truth and justice.

On his way home, Cardinal Gibbons paid a visit to London to receive Manning's felicitations. Both had played lonely and difficult parts in laying the foundations of the Church of the future under the cross-fire of both the reactionary and the revolutionary. Both had weighed the standard laws of political economy and found them wanting. Both had sought to exert influence on Democracy, and to be coloured therefrom in turn. Manning declared he was a Radical after the pattern of the Penta-teuch ; and Gibbons was an American citizen *primus inter pares* whether among his fellow-citizens or on the Bench of Bishops. It was inevitable that under the attacks of the less enlightened they should have gravitated to a heartfelt understanding. When they met to compare notes, and discuss the championship of the unchampioned, it may be said that the East and the West were meeting in a sense that had not occurred before. Gibbons returned to America to gather for thirty years to come the fruit of his far-sighted action ; while Manning, with but a few years left of life, was yet to interpose in the great London Dock Strike, and by his action win for himself in the words of the *Times*, "the Primacy of England."

Later in 1888, when there was some possibility of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* being placed on the Index, Cardinal Gibbons appealed to his old ally to prevent what would have had a disastrous effect in America. He felt that any errors in George's theories would be brought out and corrected by the freedom of debate without the need of a special condemnation. Besides, there were many social truths in the book of which both he and Manning were aware. He wrote, therefore, to Manning (March 23rd, 1888) :

Private and Confidential. While I was in Rome in the spring

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of '87, I felt it my duty to urge the Congregation of the Index not to condemn Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*. I addressed the letter to Cardinal Simeoni, and my impression is that I sent your Eminence a copy of the letter at the time. I have been informed confidentially, within the last few days, that, yielding to a pressure from a certain quarter in this country, the Congregation was inclined to put the book on the Index, notwithstanding my earnest deprecating letter of last year, whose force is perhaps weakened for want of insistence. The reasons I presented then for withholding a condemnation are stronger to-day, and my anticipations have been verified regarding the effect of Mr. George's book in the public mind. I would deplore an official condemnation of the book for the following reasons among others: (1) The Book is now almost forgotten, and to put it on the Index would revive it in the popular mind, would arouse a morbid interest in the work, and would tend to increase its circulation; (2) The author himself has ceased to be a prominent leader in politics, he excites little or no attention, and whatever influence he has politically he promises to exert in favour of the re-election of President Cleveland. (3) The condemnation of his book would awaken sympathy for him. He would be regarded as a martyr to Catholic intolerance by many Protestants. (4) It would afford to the ministers and bigots (always anxious to find a weak spot in our armour) an occasion to denounce the Church as the enemy of free discussion. (5) The errors in the Book have been amply refuted by able theologians. I write to beg your Eminence to help us in preventing a condemnation, especially as you belong to the Congregation of the Index. It is important not to reveal any knowledge of the threatened condemnation. The letter might be based on the recent surreptitious publication of my letter in the *New York Herald*, and the favourable comments on it, as far as I have seen, on the part of the secular Press. My belief is that with very few, not a half dozen, exceptions, the Episcopate of this country would deplore a condemnation. Your Eminence's Knightly help to me last year prompts me to call on you again.

To Cardinal Manning's assurance that he need have no fear, Cardinal Gibbons replied (May 23rd, 1888):

I am very glad that in your Eminence's opinion there is no danger that Henry George's book will be put on the Index. There is very considerable commotion in this country over the

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recent Rescript in reference to the Irish Question. It will require all the tact and prudence of the Episcopate of the United States to quiet the public mind and to prevent unfortunate consequence. To-morrow the corner-stone of the University is to be laid with imposing ceremonies, and we hope that the President and his Cabinet will attend.

The University was indeed founded at Washington, and was to bring many a care and perplexity to its noble founders before it settled down as the recognized apex of Catholic education in America. Though not encouraged by the more conservative section of Churchmen, the pioneers moved ahead under the inspiring voice of Bishop Spalding, who, in the midst of doubts and opposition, proclaimed how necessary it was that "if this vast and rapid development of the Church, in the midst of the greatest Democracy that has ever existed, was not to end in decay or confusion, it was imperative that we should establish here a common centre of the highest spiritual life, where men of exceptional gifts might receive an exceptional culture." It was this yearning for social and intellectual advance amongst the progressive wing that kept the University alive in spite of difficulties which would have daunted any but an American Hierarchy.

SHANE LESLIE.

FREEDOM

I

HAS anything in history been more profaned than the thought of freedom? It has ever been a word to conjure with, used and misused by peoples and princes, by politicians and poets. Sometimes it has stood for the ultimate limit of unrestraint—like strong wine freedom can intoxicate. Sometimes it has meant no more than the wraith-like freedom that exists in autocratic states—like strong wine freedom can be diluted. Whatever it be, the very thought of it can make a man's heart beat faster, set fire to his imagination, and arouse all the vehemence of desire. The watchword of enthusiasts and revolutionaries, the cry of patriots, the ideal of every wise statesman, the dream of madmen, the vision of seers and poets, what is this freedom round which cluster so many human hopes and fears? We hear of freedom of the individual, freedom of the nations, of constitutional, political, religious, social, economic freedom, freedom of conscience, of speech, of thought, of will: freedom in fact, of everything that we men prize. In addition, we hear of freedom from oppression, from misrule, from invasion, from tyranny, freedom from fear, anxiety and sorrow: freedom in a word, from everything that we men instinctively hate and shun. Clearly much of our human story, both as individuals and as members of society, centres in this giant conception of freedom.

Of all the freedoms of which men speak—freedom of thought incidentally is only a chimæra for those who follow the *laws* of thought—we would single out for discussion the most basic, freedom of the will. If the will be free, then we men can to some extent mould our own lives and shape our destinies: we are masters of our own souls. If the will be free, then freedom of conscience has some meaning, and political freedom some deep-set justification for its insistent appeal. Further, we differ from stocks and stones and all other things which, girt about by law, pursue a determined and inexorable

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course. If, on the other hand, we men are determined—the only alternative to freedom—then our supposed power of choice is not a reality, but only a mocking reflexion of a foolish belief. If we are determined, then we act as we perforce must, governed—what matter whether by circumstances, environment, antecedent events or inherited tendencies?—as fully as a cannon-ball which, on leaving the gun-mouth, pursues its parabolic path, explodes and falls to earth. Unlike the cannon-ball, we should have the consciousness of movement and the illusion of choice : that is all.

Briefly, do we men shape our own lives ? To what extent are we necessitated ? Are our lives like the flight of an arrow, and is every act and incident like that of a needle that rushes to a magnet ? Is freedom no more than “ the dream of the falling sand ” ?

Unlike many another great question, that of freedom is satisfying. Everyone sees from the outset that the will must either be free or determined. There can be no *via media*, no compromise such as politicians love between two clear-cut contradictories. What then is the conclusion ? Are our wills free or determined ?

II

But first the necessary unravelling of the terms. What do we mean by freedom ? And what is the will ?

Freedom looks at first sight like a wholly negative conception. It seems to imply only the absence of compulsion. A state is politically free when it can, without revolution, make or unmake its government, or when it is not compelled to accept a particular government by the enactments of constitutional law. An individual is free who can determine his own actions and movements in self-regarding matters without the intervention of some *force majeure*. An individual on the other hand, is not free to leave, unaided, the earth's surface. He suffers the compulsion of physical law. A chemical atom, too, is determined. It has no say as to whether it

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will be combined with others to form water or hydrogen peroxide. Nor on being combined can it resist disintegration, once the necessary energy is applied. Chemical atoms are compelled by external agencies: they are not free.

Yet in spite of the negative appearance, freedom is something profoundly positive. Men do not die to defend negations; and many have died in the cause of freedom. It means the positive power of self-determination—a term long used by philosophers before it grew to be a by-word of European politics. In the absence of compulsion from without, the free State determines its own government and policy. In the absence of compulsion from without, the free individual arranges the affairs of his own private life. Freedom thus implies first, the absence of determining, necessitating forces from without, and secondly, the power of making and unmaking, of pursuing the path of national or individual choice. It means the power to live, expand and grow according to intrinsic desire or purpose, not necessarily uninfluenced or unimpeded, but certainly undetermined by any extrinsic fiat or order or force that could summarily arrest the inner development.

From freedom we turn to the will. What is the human will? Just one of our characteristic operations which shows itself in desire and in delight. We are led to do things, to take food and drink, to move from place to place, to adapt and fix the whole course of our actions which move, now slowly, now quickly, sometimes disjointedly, sometimes continuously, sometimes along the curve, often down the tangent, by our desires. In most things, great and small, we can easily unearth the desire, the tendency towards the satisfaction of some wish or craving, which shows the will in action. On the attainment of our wish, desire gives way to delight. We rejoice in what we hold or possess, in the power acquired, or in the means at our disposal. Desire shows the action of the will in urging us forward: delight shows the action of the will in possession. We delight in what we have: we desire what we have not.

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So much for freedom and the will. Now what do we mean by freedom of the will? Nothing in the world is easier to misunderstand, and not a few philosophers have added to the natural obscurity an "artificial fog" of their own. (1) We do not mean that we can suddenly undo or uproot the whole past, and begin again as though nothing had happened. The past is irrevocable: it "eats" into the present. What's done is done without remedy and it may be without regard. The past beyond all question impels us. When we say that the will is free, we only mean that it does not necessarily compel us. (2) We do not mean that at any moment we can do just as we wish. We cannot add to our stature, cure a lingering disease, nor fly through the blue. We have no control over multitudes of physiological processes in our own bodies. As extended bodies we obey the laws of matter. When we assert freedom, we only mean that, beyond this ring of determination, lies a limited but important sphere of action, in which we are necessarily compelled. (3) We do not mean that our wills have some secret fund of energy which, once liberated, can secure an otherwise impossible result. Our wills simply dispose of the energy stored in our bodies: they are dispositive and not productive agents. We may will something with extreme tenacity and vigour. If we do not possess the vital energy for its accomplishment, then our willing is doomed to failure. Witness a convalescent after a period of high fever. He wills, on rising, to walk across the room. The energy failing, he sits on his bed and smiles feebly at his impotence. His will cannot supply the deficient energy. Doubtless a vehement desire may lead to a full use of all our reserve strength: it cannot, however, create energy. The will is a dispositive and not a productive agent. (4) From the multitude of other considerations we single out just one further instance of what we never mean. In talking of freedom we never suggest that we do actually as a rule choose freely. Free acts are very rare. Habit is strong and forges iron bands. Apart from habit, we very often

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allow our nature, character or temperament to decide our actions. Sometimes we give rein to the dominant impulse of the moment, or under stress of passion we "let fly." It is easy to give way, and difficult to resist. Our native inertia does the rest. There are thus hundreds of cases in ordinary life, in which we are frankly and absolutely determined by our convictions, by our personal ideals, by acquired habits of thought and will, by acquired or inherited tendencies, or even by the feeling, impulse or passion of the moment. Free acts we repeat, are rare, and no sane doctrine of freedom will attempt to deny so obvious a truth. All that we assert is that it is of the nature of the will to be free; that the will *need* not necessarily be determined in choosing between alternatives; that however much it may be influenced or impelled, it need not *necessarily* suffer compulsion. Where determination takes place in the healthy normal individual, it is due to his inertia in not asserting his freedom. Thus determination where it exists in the unending cases that present themselves, is a determination *de facto* and not *de lege*. There is no binding decree that forces us to effect a given series of actions, no necessity that casts its shadow over all. "Fact I know and law I know, but what is this necessity but an empty shadow of the mind's own throwing?"

Such in brief outline is the doctrine upon which the greatness of men depends. If we are free, we stand out as anomalies from the whole scheme of things because our actions are not necessarily reflex, automatic, instinctive or impulsive: they may be the result of a rational anti-impulsive choice. If we are determined, then presumably our minds toy restlessly with a few ideas, styled motives, until something, be it our nature, or character, or acquired habit, issues a sovereign decree to which we must perforce yield. Yet modern philosophers have all too frequently denied freedom of the will, and those who have affirmed it, have sometimes interpreted its meaning so as to eliminate real choice, wherein lies the heart and life of our freedom.

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Let us sum up briefly. Compulsion of the will may be physical, that of a physical agent or force from without; physiological, as, for instance, that of our nervous system from within; or psychological, as, for instance, feelings, emotions, desires or passions which may drive the will to a decision. In order to avoid all equivocation, let us give our definition. A free act is one which finds neither its necessary nor its adequate stimulus in any physical, physiological or psychological antecedent or concomitant, nor in all these stimuli taken collectively. The problem, we trust, is clear. Do such free acts ever take place? Is there any sure proof that the will is free?

III

The proof that we propose to submit depends upon the facts of conscience and remorse. Consciences, of course, differ from one another both in accuracy and truth; but the fact of conscience is sufficiently widespread throughout the human race, to be taken as a normal human experience. So, too, is remorse. One might appeal to either of these significant facts in a drama in England, in a public address in China, or in a sermon in Borneo. "Conscience makes cowards of us all" might be translated into every language and almost every dialect and be universally understood. What then is conscience? Just a practical judgment of the good or evil of a proposed action. At the parting of the ways, when we discuss one of two alternatives, we are conscious of the resounding judgments of conscience. They do not mince matters in the least. Newman spoke of the "imperious, minatory" voice of conscience, and Kant very happily spoke of the "categorical imperative." "Do this" or "refrain from that"; "this is good," "that is evil"—these are its typical and unavoidable forms. Conscience does not suggest that such and such a course would be more desirable, more cultivated, or more fitting. It never cajoles, and never entices: it drives. "Do" or "don't" are the forms of

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its imperative decrees. It only vouchsafes one "because." "Do" because it is "good": "don't" because it is "evil." Nothing in our experience is more categorical or uncompromising. Conscience may worry and goad us for years, causing dejection and prolonged dissatisfaction. Not without great effort is it ever stifled. It is stifled as a rule by being "drowned"—by those who, forgetting all restraint and self-control, cease to be normal and natural. It may "lie low" for a period, and then suddenly arouse itself into vigorous action. Thus a man may boast that his conscience has long ceased to trouble him. And then? Perhaps the scent of hawthorn in a country lane will take him back to his boyhood, or the sight of some good deed, "a chorus-ending from Euripides," the song of a child, or what not? may awaken his sleeping judgment of good and evil. Once again he will be aware not of a counsel of perfection not of a balance of pleasures and pains, but of the insistent command "thou shalt" or "thou shalt not." Apart from the commands of God Almighty, could anything be less equivocal?

Remorse, the second great fact, is a judgment of self-condemnation after the event. We are faced with two alternatives: conscience judges "do this" and "avoid that": we fail to follow this minatory direction: we pay the penalty in the gnawing judgment of remorse. That remorse can play havoc with a man's peace of mind were a platitude. Many seek punishment for grave offences in order to avoid the relentless condemnatory judgments that give no rest to mind or soul. Remorse, be it noted, differs in many ways from regret. I regret the slaughter of our men in an offensive, and if one of them was particularly dear to me, my regret may be a deep, insistent sorrow. I never feel the slightest trace of remorse. So, too, I regret an earthquake at Messina, the over-flow of the Yellow River, a railway disaster in America, a famine in India. I may do my best to alleviate the resultant distress, and even organize rescue parties. Through it all I feel no touch of remorse. On

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the other hand a man who commits some great offence against the laws of God and man feels regret indeed, but, in addition, the sting of remorse. The judgments in his consciousness are as uncompromising as the former directions of conscience. "You had the alternative : you saw the good and chose the evil course : you must now pay the penalty." Or conscience may seem to say "I gave my decree : you disobeyed ; you know now that my decrees have sanctions." Remorse is thus the internal sanction for the violation of conscience. Could any experience be more painful than this restless act of self-condemnation ?

Obviously remorse is independent of our wills. We may desire its cessation ; but all to no purpose. We may strive to change our ideas on good and evil ; we only condemn ourselves afresh for our attempted self-deception. If remorse depended upon our wills, clearly it could be obliterated by one vehement desire, as we all instinctively seek peace of mind. Conscience and remorse, then, are facts in our lives, which assert themselves against our will ; the one checking and goading us in a hundred ways, with its imperious menacing judgments ; the other rebuking us in a recoil of self-condemnation for past infidelity to duty.

So far the facts : now for their implication.

IV

Conscience and remorse are both meaningless if the will be determined. If the will be free, they are both full of significance. Any order or decree ever promulgated implies the possibility of violation. On that account laws and bye-laws state the sanction that delinquents may expect. What then of conscience ? It is a practical judgment, and at the same time an unequivocal command in the form "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not." By its very nature as a command it implies the possibility of deviation : it implies that we are not bound to follow one inevitable course of action. If we were so bound, presumably its formula would change from "thou shalt"

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—the command—to “thou wilt”—a mere chronicle of the coming event. So, too, remorse, the gnawing judgment of self-condemnation, implies that we were not determined. We wilfully disobeyed the command of conscience, and now pay the penalty in the bitterness of self-recrimination. If we are determined, then it is as meaningless to feel remorse for an act of malice or cowardice as it would be to feel remorse for an earthquake. Both might occasion regret in sensitive souls. The one, however, would be as far removed from our personal responsibility as the other.

A short parallel with our obedience to physical laws is not un instructive. In obedience to the law of gravitation, we walk on the earth's surface. We have no unaided power to fly or “to fall through.” We suffer determination. And the result? We hear no command in our consciousness in the form “thou shalt cleave to the earth's surface,” “thou shalt not fly,” “thou shalt not fall through.” The command would be meaningless, as we have no alternative. So, too, if we were to fall from a fifth storey window to the ground, our fall, with its rate of acceleration at any point is all determined. We suffer, in this case, a very awkward and dangerous form of compulsion. On passing the fourth storey window, we hear no inner decree “thou shalt fall to the ground.” We are only wildly conscious of the inevitable. Here, then, we find ourselves in presence of cases where we are clearly and indisputably determined. No commands or exhortations are ever given. Were they given they would be meaningless. Why, then, are the commands of conscience issued so freely in the course of life? If we are really determined, then all our categorical imperatives and all our feelings of remorse are illusory, tyrannical, and utterly meaningless.

Thus the determinist schools, however they brave it out, are bound to dismiss a whole group of phenomena, conscience, remorse and feelings of personal responsibility, as by-products of illusory beliefs. At the same time, they dismiss a unique set of phenomena which give

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grandeur and significance to the lives of men. We believe that we are led through the wilderness by a light that shines from within. As plain men—and we are all plain men—we are convinced that our nature does not betray us; that in face of any moral danger it issues its warning in conscience; that in presence of any big decision it promulgates the law of our being in one unhesitating decree. Whatsoever be our impulses, however strong our inclinations, we believe in duty, in honour and in justice. The paths of duty may be difficult; they may be distasteful; all our feelings may seem to betray us; all our natural inertia may tend to weaken our resolve. There may be a pitched battle, with many an incidental raid and skirmish, in which “positions” are taken and retaken as the battle fluctuates between desire and duty. If duty gains the day, we experience a glow of satisfaction. If desire with all the momentum of its onrush remains the victor, we experience not satisfaction, but undoubted pleasure. Afterwards, in the lull that must follow every great conflict, we convict ourselves of dereliction of duty. In the end, with men of high purpose, and good resolve, duty is often the victor. Of such decisions and conflicts, by such efforts and failures, are our lives, as men, to be judged. By them we are distinguished from all other creatures who follow the impulse, feeling, or desire of the moment. Upon them depends all the greatness and ultimate significance of our storm-tossed lives. In dismissing the whole as mock heroics, as a mere histrionic effect of shadows, the determinists greatly err. As philosophers they ought to explain and not to explain away. Above all, they ought to render some account of the insistent, indeed unique, events of conscience and remorse.

To those great events, we who hold to the freedom of the will can give a mighty and even enthralling meaning. Unlike the animals and inorganic things by which we are surrounded, we men have a sphere of freedom. Animals and things have a definite nature, which is

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necessarily obeyed in all its impulsive, instinctive, and physical promptings. We men, too, have a nature which is partly determined and partly free. But like every other being, our nature has a law. Certain actions will develop and strengthen us, realize our nature to the full. Those other actions will mar us, leaving us weak and crippled. It is essential, therefore, that we men should know what to do, and what to avoid, lest perhaps our lives should suffer wreckage and disaster. Thus our nature is empowered to issue commands at all critical moments. Its imperative judgments "thou shalt," "thou shalt not," give the law of our nature. "This do"—because it is the path of natural development, or, what comes to the same, of natural law; "Avoid this"—because it offends against the law, by means of which alone can your nature grow to its full stature and dignity. Conscience, briefly, is the assertion within us at critical moments of the law of our nature, to guide our free decisions; remorse is the internal sanction for its violation. They both imply and indicate that we men are free.

Let consciences throughout the world be as diverse as you please, there yet remains the extraordinary fact that there resounds in our minds a whole series of commands which call for explanation. In every determinist system, in every code that denies our human power of real choice, any explanation is impossible. Philosophy must explain things. If it fails, then whether it be scepticism or determinism, it is convicted of error.

It has often been said that law, punishment and reward would have no meaning in a determinist system. Frankly we cannot agree. Even if we men were as determined as weeds tossed on waves or as puff-balls that are driven now high, now low, still law and punishment would have a great meaning and value. A law, stating that we must or must not do something and adding a list of suitable punishments for offenders, like a sting in its tail, might be the determining factor in our subsequent actions. Thus a law against murder,

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establishing the punishment of death, might keep a number of "determined" individuals from killing their neighbours. The knowledge and fear of this punishment might be the decisive factor—the compelling motive. Moreover, granted for the moment that we are not free, punishment may have the full meaning of a deterrent, and reward of an encouragement. A boy on being thrashed for some act of cruelty or cowardice, may be "determined" to be a good citizen by the memory of the thrashing. Similarly the memory of a reward may be the compelling motive in a boy's subsequent behaviour. Of course, if the will be not free it is only too clear that all idea of personal responsibility is shipwrecked. All the meaning that is given to law, justice, punishment and reward by the fact of personal responsibility would likewise vanish in the night. There remains, however, a very definite though secondary meaning which law and punishment could both enjoy in a determinist code. Yet in such a code no shadow of any meaning can be attributed to those strange recurring facts of conscience and remorse. They stand secure as invincible signs of our freedom.

"But no," a critic may say, "your conclusion is too rapid. Conscience and remorse only show our *belief* that we are free. The belief is interesting. Is it necessarily true? If not, would it not be well to offer some proof? After all we men have believed multitudes of curious things in our time, in astronomy, chemistry and even in ethics. Beliefs? Why! beliefs are often pathetically untrue." In reply, we maintain that conscience and remorse point to the *fact* of freedom and not to any special *belief* of our own. Doubtless our consciences may be moulded and refined by circumstances, by training, conviction and thought. At any given moment in our lives, our conscience gives its practical, imperative judgment. Whatever may have influenced our mind before the event, our conscience now speaks unequivocally. We cannot prevent its judgment, even if we would. It delivers its command as unaffected by any wish or

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desire of ours, as by any thought or theory that we may be weaving at the moment. Conscience is thus not an expression of desire, nor of belief; it is a firm, emphatic assertion of my nature, beyond all control of my will. Let us suppose that I was suddenly convinced that the human will is absolutely determined. With this strange belief, to which many thoughtful men have committed themselves, would disappear all idea of personal responsibility. A week later, let us say, I betray a friend in some scandalous manner. My nature, caring nothing for my change of belief, would at the moment of action deliver the usual categorical imperative and afterwards taunt me in judgments of remorse for my infidelity. It might even add a special condemnation of my foolishness in endeavouring to escape the dictates and consequences of the moral law by some personal caprice of my own. Belief? Conscience and remorse, being independent of belief, point to something deeper—to the *fact* of freedom.

We may, in conclusion, note an interesting corollary. Beyond all question, conscience can after a time be blunted or seared; after having often sounded in vain, the categorical imperative is at length mute. Why? Because in practice the man is no longer free. Gradually by repeated wrong-doing, he has lost his natural power of resistance. He has surrendered his freedom to a bad habit. In the absence of any practical freedom of action, conscience ceases to assert its commands. Its operation would be useless. Only after some radical transformation will its voice be heard again, asserting the law of our nature and the truth of our own freedom at one and the same time. Once again, it is only too clear that the commanding judgment of conscience only sounds where there is a possibility of disobedience. We end where we began.

V

Thus far the argument for freedom of the will from the outstanding ethical facts of our lives. We may now

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clinch that argument by another set of considerations, or rather of experiences.

It is extremely difficult for us ever to be fully and lastingly satisfied. When we were children we thought and said that if we only had a bicycle, a big dolls'-house, a wheel-barrow, or a railway train that would "go by itself," we should be satisfied. We dreamt of what we wanted and even commemorated it in our prayers. As the result of our steady pressure, the long-desired gift made its appearance one Christmas, or among our birthday presents. Our hearts gave a leap; we were exultant. For a week our delight knew no bounds, and then? The delight began to fade, and another desire began to shape itself, with all the old insistence in our little minds. Untiringly the process is repeated throughout our lives. We set our hearts on something which we long to possess and call our own. With a strange vehemence and tenacity we turn all and everything into means to our end. At last we possess it for ourselves, and then? Once again, we are "outward-bound," longing to attain some new end. Our lives indeed are made up of long pulses of desire with short intervals of delight. Restless, eager, we are rarely satiated. Like travellers, we walk towards the Western skies, where all is one splendour of crimson and old-gold. Over many a hill we pass, ever seeking, but never reaching, the *flammanitia mœnia mundi*. We have a wonderful, deep, insurgent capacity for longing. There are moods of desire that we all know and recognize. There are other inarticulate moods of dissatisfaction, when some of those strange under-currents of the soul, to which no poet, philosopher or prophet has ever given a name, seem to roar in the stillness. If we satisfy the mind for a moment, the will remains eager and unfulfilled. If we satisfy a feeling or emotion, the mind holds itself aloof, sometimes no more than a critical and unfriendly spectator. How assuage a nature so diverse, when eye and ear, taste and touch, intellect, will, feeling, love of beauty, admiration

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for duty and justice and goodness, the craving to know and understand, the hunger and thirst of sense, all appeal clamorously for satisfaction? The problem is beyond the power of earth to solve. When we have drunk deep of the purest joys or of the wilder pleasures of sense, there remains an unquenchable thirst. Never can we find any one object or group of objects that shall satisfy the whole man fully and lastingly.

What, it may be said, have these reflections, half psychological, half ethical, to do with the problem of freedom? Just this. In presence of an object which would satisfy us wholly and fully, we should cease to be free, or rather, we should be as determined as any physical body that clings perforce to the earth's surface. The facts are these. There lies in us, deep down, a commanding, indeed overriding, desire for happiness. We as individuals may seek our happiness very differently. Some may follow the enticements of sense, others may rejoice in intellectual pursuits, mathematics, philosophy, or science. Some may seek their great happiness in religion, in marriage, while others will follow some work of philanthropy, some effort to do good to individuals, a class, or a nation. Whatever we do, whatever our professed or actual code of conduct, we are all dominated by an imperious, deep-set, inalienable desire for happiness. To an object which would fulfil that craving of our whole nature, we should rush as precipitately and as determinately as a small needle to a high-power magnet. Here, then, once again is a standard of comparison, a test-case of an action, obviously determined.

"But," a not unfriendly critic may say, "you have chosen an impossible test-case. You say, with truth, that we are never lastingly and completely satisfied. How, therefore, find a case where the impossible condition of absolute full happiness is realized?"

The effort is not so hopeless as it appears. Let us think for a moment of the phenomenon of infatuation. A boy of eighteen or nineteen becomes infatuated, let

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us say, with a girl. Infatuations are not always those of men for women or *vice versa*. We only choose the instance because it is more typical and more obvious. What happens? He dreams of her, longs to be in her company, frets at her absence, devotes leisure, income, life—all that he possesses and all that he is—to her service. He anticipates her wishes, satisfies her caprices. As we who are older look on, we think of the inevitable awakening. While the fretful, devoted spell lasts, however, the boy dreams that absolute lasting happiness is to be obtained by marrying the girl whom he adores. In his mind there is no conceivable drawback, no admitted disadvantage. All is rosy and golden and blue. He is prepared to sacrifice income, profession, home, parents, friends. He will be ostracized by the world? "What matter," he says, "provided we are together?" Life is fraught with many sorrows? "Not in her company," comes his quick reply. When a few years have passed the old longing for kindred, home and friends will assert itself? "Never, provided I have her," he says. Nothing matters then, in heaven or on earth, except this girl? "Nothing."

The case stated is one of clear infatuation. Is the boy free to decide against the proposed course? Not in the very least, so long as the infatuation lasts. If any argument, principle or statement of fact can shake his belief that complete happiness is to be attained by his precipitate course, then he may be free to revoke his decision, or to decide again freely. While under the spell of the illusion he is absolutely and completely determined. His whole nature is bound to crave for a full and lasting happiness: that is an irrevocable law of his being. If he is persuaded that the unsullied happiness for which he spontaneously and deeply longs is to be secured by the suggested marriage, then that marriage becomes automatically the object of his whole life, the determined goal of all his strivings. Here, we have given an unequivocal case of determination which is strangely unlike the ordinary events of our lives. As a rule, we see and

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acknowledge the fact that nothing can fill the measure of our capacity for longing. We desire things vehemently without being blind to their disadvantages. We deliberate, weighing pros and cons. Life is not made up of infatuations, though illusions be not spared.

A free act must be preceded by some deliberation, however short. If there be no deliberation, the act may be instinctive, reflex, impulsive, habitual, temperamental, but not free. In the course of our deliberation, we sum up the advantages and drawbacks of a particular action. The advantages one by one impel us to act. The disadvantages one by one repel us. How different such a mixture of allurements and repulsion from a determined compulsory act! There is almost as much difference as between the heavy thud of falling masonry and the flight of a sky-lark now soaring high, now sinking low over the corn-fields.

We may sum up briefly. Apart from the rare cases of infatuation, we men never even think that anything to be seized, held or seen, here and now, can ever assuage every desire and satisfy our unslaked thirst for happiness. We love, but we criticize. We reject, but we look backward. How then can we be necessarily compelled by actions or objects which leave us expectant of some disappointment? The answer rings out with the clearness of a bugle-call. We are not determined: we are free.

VI

Of the many difficulties of critics, we select the one which seems to us the most insistent and also the most reasonable for comment. "Granted all your analysis of motives, pros and cons, and the whole paraphernalia of deliberation," a critic may urge, "there yet remains one distasteful truth. The strongest motive carries the day. The period of deliberation is no more than a tilting-ground, where motives try their strength. The vanquished motives disappear. The victor remains and summarily drives the will to act. Why, therefore,

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dream of freedom ? We are compelled by the strongest motive."

Set out in this forcible and almost algebraic manner, the difficulty seems seductive if not crushing. Our whole structure seems to sway unsteadily. Once again we seem to hear those unforgettable; mocking words : "freedom is only the dream of the falling sand."

We turn to reflect. The strongest motive wins. Obviously ; but what gave it its strength ? Motives are not like motor-engines or rifle magazines formed and fashioned ready-made. Nor are they something wholly external to us, driving us to action. They are our own inalienable property ; nothing more, in fact, than our own ideas, judgments, principles, viewed as stimuli to action. The strength which they have comes from us, from our beliefs, convictions, our principles of conduct or code of honour, and from our own experience. Why, therefore, speak of them as external driving forces ?

And then again, the strongest motive wins. How do you know that it is the strongest ? Because it wins ? Is not that rather like the old "survival of the fittest," long since modified to the "survival of the survivors" ? Similarly modified, the statement runs "the winning motive wins." This we admit, without any reluctance. Why then is it the winning motive ? Because, in a free act, the mind and will have decided that it alone shall have action-working power.

Let us put the same thing in a more graphic and less analytic manner. A bachelor is living with his aged mother, who depends upon him. He falls in love with a woman, and is sure of her consent to a proposal of marriage. He desires vehemently to settle down in his own home. He could make his mother a small allowance, but she could not live alone. Nor could she live with his wife of whom she disapproves. One evening he sits down to turn the matter over and to decide once and for all. As he starts, the strongest motive is surely his great desire to marry. The happiness, satisfaction, and freedom of it all seems to him like a midnight

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summer's dream. Temperament, nature, character, and his love for the woman, all drive him to decide in favour of marriage. Against the proposal, there is only one pale weak judgment, "don't be mean or dishonourable to your mother." He talks this judgment down, argues about it, builds castles in Spain, only to find the thought repeated, "don't desert your mother." The problem is difficult: the debate long. His own future—the years creep on apace—must be thought of. His mother is a querulous, bad housekeeper. Motives in favour of marriage pile themselves mountains-high in his mind. If strength be anything measurable, they are strong enough to effect a hundred decisions. And yet, after hours of alternate calm and fretfulness, cynicism and tenderness, of hope and despair, the day breaks to find his decision fixed. He will sacrifice his own prospects and live with his mother. What gave the pale, weak motive the power of effecting the decision? There has been an obvious resistance to a strong and attractive motive, an effort to which the most cynical of men would bow in respect. Is such a decision against all impulse, all prospects, all feelings and all soaring hopes, as determined as the path of a cannon-ball? If not, it must be free. Instances of such actions performed against overwhelming impulse and desire cry out against the doctrine of determinism.

The theme is endless, but we have done. We have attempted to state the meaning of the much-abused doctrine of freedom, to give a proof in terms of the insistent facts of conscience and remorse, and to clinch that proof by an appeal to experience. We can never be fully and lastingly satisfied by any finite object. Were we so satisfied we should be necessitated. As we are not satisfied, we are not determined *de lege* but *de facto*. It is of the nature of our wills to be free.

This freedom, upon which our greatness depends, cannot be entirely lost. The steel will remain though the rust eats in. It were well, however, that the steel should be bright, that the weapon should be ready. Of what

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use is the bayonet that buckles up at the moment of the charge? Or of the sword that snaps as it leaves the scabbard? Freedom indeed is ours. To realize our freedom, however, we need to do many a battle, to resist the towering strength of feeling, and the surging impulses that guide so much of our lives. The test of great men is that they should be free men.

JOHN G. VANCE.

THE HOLY PLACES*

THE claim that the Order of St. Francis has upon the gratitude of Christendom for the work it has done in the Holy Land has been largely forgotten by English Catholics. For seven centuries they have guarded and venerated the Holy Sepulchre. They have been for long periods the sole representatives of the Western Church in the Holy Land. They have remained there at the risk of their lives and in spite of the sufferings and martyrdom of not a few of their number. Without them the sacred sites would in many cases have been irrevocably lost, and pilgrimages to them rendered impossible. Their devotion has kept the memory of these sites alive all through the dead period of the last few hundred years in Western Christendom by the service of the Stations of the Cross, which is founded upon the procession they have made all through the centuries along the streets of Jerusalem. They have made their brown robe more respected throughout the Holy Land than ever was the armour of the Crusaders, and have done it not by force or tyranny, but solely by their character and steadfastness. It was supremely fitting that when the Holy City fell once more into Christian hands the proclamation of the Allies should have been read, not by a soldier representing the victorious General, but by a Franciscan Friar attached to the Holy Sepulchre.

The Church has gained little from the war except anxiety and poverty. But the liberation of the Holy Places and the probable reinstatement of the Franciscans in the rights from which during the last two centuries they have been ousted by Greek intrigue, backed as it was by the power of Russia, appear in the light of a possible consolation to the heart of the Pope and of every faithful Catholic. It may be, therefore, useful as well as timely, if we lay before our readers a rapid

* *Les Lieux Saints à la Conférence de la Paix.* Imprimerie des Pères Franciscains. And various MSS.

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review of the historical facts upon which the Franciscan claim is founded.

When Jerusalem was taken by the Caliph Omar in the year 637 the Mohammedan conquerors did not refuse to grant certain rights to the Christians in connection with the Holy Places. The story of the chivalry of Omar himself, who refused in the moment of victory to enter the Holy Sepulchre to pray, lest his followers might thereby be led by his example to appropriate it to themselves, is well known to all. The firman which is constantly appealed to as his by the Greeks is no doubt a forgery, and we do not know the details of the settlement then arrived at. But in any case it is not to the point in discussing the rival claims of Latin and Greek. Those were the days of unity, before the Greek schism. Whatever grant was made, was made neither to Latin or to Greek, but to the Universal Church, and if, as was only natural, most of the offices at the Holy Sepulchre were filled by natives of the country and subjects of the Byzantine Empire, they were all in communion with the See of Peter, and held their posts not in virtue of their nationality, but of their catholicity. The Great Schism, indeed, had but little effect in Jerusalem for a long while after it was consummated at Constantinople itself.

Although Constantinople was so much nearer and one would have thought could have given aid so much more easily than could the West, it was always to the West that the Christians of the Holy Land looked for help and protection against their Arab conquerors. Constantinople did nothing and apparently cared nothing for their cause. It was to Charlemagne, not to the Byzantine Emperor of the moment, that appeal was made by George, Patriarch of Jerusalem, about the year 800. He, in consequence, sent ambassadors to Haroun el Raschid at Bagdad, and at the same time granted alms to Jerusalem for the repair of the Holy Places. His memory was long held in gratitude at Jerusalem, and in 881 the Patriarch Elias III addressed himself once more "to all the kings of the race of Charlemagne and to

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the clergy of the West " in making a fresh appeal for assistance and for alms. All through that period there were Latin priests and Latin convents continuously at Jerusalem.

Almost immediately after the consummation of the schism of Cerularius in 1054, and before the effects of the schism had spread to Jerusalem, there began the great movement of the Crusades. Once more it was not Constantinople that came to the aid of the Holy Places. The Crusades were carried on without the help of Constantinople, one might almost say in the teeth of Constantinople's opposition. At Jerusalem it was fully recognized that no help would be forthcoming from that quarter. William of Tyre has left on record the words of Simeon the Patriarch of Jerusalem to Peter the Hermit. " From the empire of the Greeks," he said, " we have no hope that we shall receive any assistance. They are hardly equal to maintaining themselves and all their valour has faded away, as you, my brother, may have heard. So that in the last few years they have lost more than half their empire." It was from the West that the Crusaders came exclusively. The Greeks had no share in the enterprise at any time. The triumph of the Crusaders was a Latin triumph; the new kingdom of Jerusalem was a Latin kingdom, and Jerusalem, during the short period of its continuance, was a Latin city under a Latin Patriarch, Daibert of Pisa. The Holy Places were put under Latin Religious. Canons Regulars of St. Augustine had charge of the Holy Sepulchre and most of the other shrines, while Benedictines officiated at a few of the less important. Everywhere the rule was in Latin hands, but side by side with the Latin clergy, in chapels assigned for the purpose to each of them, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, Jacobites and Nubians carried on divine worship according to their own peculiar national rites and liturgies.

In 1187 Jerusalem was conquered by Saladin, and all this came to an end. From that time on, the Holy Sepulchre itself and all the Holy Places have been in the absolute power of the conquerors. They have consistently

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exercised the right, in accordance with their law in dealing with conquered places, of doing just as they please with the churches of the vanquished, and admitting or refusing admission at their own will to the pilgrims and priests of the different nationalities. From that time dates the confusion and strife which have existed ever since in these matters. All is a question of bargaining and of concession bought from the Mohammedan powers. It is interesting to note that the first of these bargains was made by an English King, Richard Cœur de Lion, and that the negotiations, which won the right for several priests of the Roman rite to reside and carry on religious functions in the Holy Sepulchre, were conducted on the Christian side by the Bishop of Salisbury.

For a long time, 1187 to 1327, all is very obscure. The Friars Minor went to the Holy Land very early, but their permanent connection with the Holy Places, which has never since been broken, began in the latter year. To King James II of Arragon must be given the credit of making the first attempt to obtain for them a legal position. But he was not altogether successful; nor a few years later was Charles the Fair of France in a similar attempt. Only in 1335, after great trouble and expense, did Robert of Naples obtain from Sultan Melek-en-Naser Mohammed the unconditional grant of the Cenacle, and, secondly, leave for the Friars Minor "to dwell permanently in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and there solemnly to celebrate holy mass and other divine services." Ludolph de Sudheim tells us that the Friars were already in residence in 1342, and Nicholas of Poggitonsi gives us the more detailed picture of other religious rites, Georgians, Greeks, Armenians, Jacobites, Syrians, Copts, Abyssinians and Nestorians, carried on side by side with the Latins, and in harmony with them. The seeds of future troubles were, however, already showing themselves, as we see by the ominous words of Ludolph of Sudheim, "*Græci soli Latinos execrantur.*" Only the Greeks hate the Latins. It is the beginning of an evil which constantly increases and shows itself ever more

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definitely as the years pass on. For a time, however, this hatred did not lead to actual encroachments on the Latin rights. For two centuries more there was no change. In 1616 Pietro della Valle could still write of the Franciscans, "They are the principal masters of all." The "Serenissima," the Government of the Republic of Venice, were then constant upholders, and Venice was still powerful. France, too, was beginning to exercise an influence in the East by the middle of the Sixteenth Century. The support of Austria came later.

The details of the specific rights enjoyed respectively by Greeks and Latins within the Holy Sepulchre, will hardly interest our readers. To each were assigned certain portions of the great Church in special ownership, while at the actual sepulchre itself and at Calvary they were given separate hours for their services and processions. These had remained unchanged for centuries and were thus sanctioned by long custom going back far beyond the memory of any living, as well as by successive and detailed grants and confirmations made by the ruling power. Against these well-established rights and privileges, the Greeks from the middle of the Seventeenth Century onwards have been making incessant attacks to the scandal of all the world, through the strife which they have thereby stirred up in the very spot where peace ought more especially to reign. No trust could be placed in the Turkish Government to do justice or maintain right. "Do not trust a Turk" passed into a proverb; "do not lean on water." Money could do everything at Constantinople. It could, by means of false witnesses and bribes paid to the judge, obtain decisions altogether contrary to justice. "Pluck an eye from a Turk, fill the cavity with gold, and he will not complain of the injury." That was how a Venetian agent of the Seventeenth Century reported to the Serenissima. And Gianfrancesco Morosini, Ambassador of the Venetian Republic to Turkey, had said the same thing in 1585. "So greedy are the Turks for money that they who have it can bring

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about every sort of disaster and by its means obtain everything they have a mind to."

The Republic of Venice, which had always been the special protector of the Western rights in the Holy Places, was at war with Turkey on the question of Candia from 1649 to 1669 and victory at last went to the Turks. This was the period of the Greek intrigues to obtain a larger share in these shrines than had been assigned to them in previous treaties, and these intrigues found Europe occupied with its own religious troubles and unwilling to pay attention to what was going on in the East. From 1673 to 1707 the patriarchal throne of Jerusalem was occupied by the celebrated Dositheus, a man of the greatest intelligence and energy, but a very bitter opponent of the Western Church, and ready to push Greek claims to the utmost.

The Greeks had at this time the upper hand at Constantinople, where the Grand Vizier Kupruly was favourable to them, and Dositheus succeeded in 1673 in obtaining a firman from the Sultan, in return for a promise to pay an annual tribute for the benefit of the mosque of Achmed, which not only sanctioned the encroachments the Greeks had already made on Latin privileges, but handed over to them the exclusive possession of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. The tapestries and lamps of the Latins, the gifts of Catholic princes in the past, were ostentatiously torn down in the presence of the Turkish authorities, and the altar was washed with soap and water to cleanse it from the contamination it had suffered by being used for the celebration of the Latin Mass.

This last outrage at last awoke the resentment of all Europe. The Pope sent letters to every Catholic court, and commissioned the Franciscan friars to go round in person and plead their cause. Louis XIV wrote personally to the Sultan. The Queen of Spain offered to find whatever money might be needed for the recovery of the Holy Places; the King of Poland swore publicly with a mighty oath, "*Oblivioni detur dextera mea, si non meminero tui, O Jerusalem,*" and the Emperor Leopold I

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bound himself by vow, if God favoured him in the campaign against the Ottomans, to demand, as the condition of peace, the restoration of Catholic rights. A formidable coalition was created to fight against the Crescent, the Venetians under Morosini attacking by sea while the Poles in alliance with the Empire, and led by the heroic Sobieski, inflicted disastrous defeats upon the Turkish forces by land. The Turks sued for peace in 1689. The conditions imposed included the restitution of the Holy Places without molestation or taxation. In consequence the Sublime Porte ordered an enquiry to be set on foot as to the justice of the respective claims of Latin and Greek, and an award was made after an exhaustive examination of the evidence which reinstated the Franciscans in their rightful possessions.

On the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul in 1690, a solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated at the Holy Sepulchre in thanksgiving for the victory of right.

It is to the settlement made on this occasion, repeated and reinforced in every treaty made between Turkey and the Catholic Western powers during the next half century and drawn out in detail in the capitulations of 1740, that the Franciscans are now making their appeal in the memorandum that they have laid before the Peace Conference. The whole matter was gone into at that time, the authenticity of the documents put in evidence on both sides was carefully examined, a decision which was admitted to be just and which it was hoped would be permanent was arrived at and generally accepted, and the Franciscans are now quite willing to acknowledge and abide by the results which were then obtained. The *status quo* of 1740, as laid down in the note which was presented to the Supreme Porte in 1850 by General Aupick, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, speaking in the name not only of his own Government, but also of Sardinia, Belgium, Spain and Austria, is the standard by which they desire that the question should now be settled. It is a moderate claim, founded in justice, and should be successful.

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The settlement of 1740 did not prove as permanent as was hoped. From that time to the present, on every possible opportunity the Greeks have infringed it and have made encroachments on the rights of the Latins. They have been able to do so almost entirely through the influence of a fresh actor on the scene, the great Empire of Russia. Ever since the time of Peter the Great the Czars of Russia have had their eyes with increasing intentness upon the East. In the possession of Palestine and the Holy Places they saw their opportunity, if once they could attain their desire, of satisfying at one and the same time the religious aspirations of their people, and their own political hopes of dominating the road to India through Egypt and Suez. The question of the Holy Places, therefore, as the years rolled on, took ever increasingly a political and international aspect. It would seem antecedently impossible that the stolid indifference of England in the early Victorian age towards all religious questions outside her own borders could ever have been brought to care about what was happening in Palestine, and still more that an English Government under Lord Palmerston in the middle of the Nineteenth Century could have thought the claims of Catholic Franciscans, in Jerusalem or anywhere else, a matter in which it had any concern. Certainly nothing could possibly have seemed more antecedently improbable than that England at such a time should have gone to war in defence of the rights of the Pope and of Catholic Religious in a far-off land. And yet, as we know, it was precisely these rights, and the constant and unending encroachments of the Greeks upon them, backed up as these were by the invariable support of Russia, which brought about the Crimean War in 1856. Kinglake, in his history of that war, has put the matter very succinctly. He was struck, of course, just as every reader who is not intimately acquainted with the details of the question would be, by the apparently trifling character, unimportant at first sight even to the point of ludicrousness, of very many of the points at issue. To many to-day they will seem, as

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they read them set out in the document the Franciscans have presented for the consideration of the Conference, "almost too slender for the apprehension of laymen," just as they did to Kinglake. Yet behind them there are really great issues involved. Even Kinglake could see that the special point which constituted the main quarrel in 1856, the question, namely, whether the Latins were entitled to a key to the big door of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, instead of being put off with a key only of the lesser door, was by no means the trifling matter which it appeared at first sight. Stated baldly as we have stated it, it would seem absurd that fleets should move and armies advance on such an issue. But wise politicians saw deeper and Kinglake endorsed their verdict. "A crowd of monks with bare foreheads stood quarrelling for a key at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine, but beyond and above, towering high in the misty North, men saw the ambition of the Czars," and the encroachments of Russia on the rights of Europe. Many of the claims put forward by the Franciscans now will seem to the uninitiated very unimportant and not worth a quarrel. It does not follow that they are really so in any single instance, but in any case the charge cannot be brought against all of them. There are two actual Sanctuaries of the first importance, of which the Franciscans were possessed in 1740, and of which they have since been wrongfully despoiled. The first of these is the Tomb of our Blessed Lady close by Gethsemane, the scene of the Assumption. Of this shrine the Greeks possessed themselves in 1757 by main force, and they have held it ever since in spite of many efforts to dispossess them. Even as late as the Assumption of last year, a number of British soldiers, who had gone to hear Mass out of devotion to our Blessed Lady, were refused admission by the Greeks, and kept from gaining access to the Tomb. For this the Greek authorities were very rightly made to apologize, which they did readily enough when they discovered it was the British Army and not the Franciscans whom they had shut out. The other

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sanctuary, and one which is even more important than the Tomb of our Lady, is the Cenacle ; the scene of the Institution of the Holy Eucharist and the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, the Mother Church, as we may say, of all Christendom. Than this there is no holier spot in all Jerusalem, unless it be the Holy Sepulchre itself on the little hill of Calvary. In this case it is not the Greeks who have been the aggressors but the Mohammedans. The Cenacle was actually the first shrine of which the Franciscans gained possession, and they had it as far back as 1335. It was presented to them by the Sovereigns of Naples, who had redeemed it for the purpose at a great price from the Mohammedans. But unfortunately the Franciscans, later on, on a false exegesis of the words of St. Peter in Acts ii, 29, "whose sepulchre remaineth among us unto this day," claimed the place as being also the Sepulchre of David, and on that pretext, David being a Mohammedan hero no less than a Christian saint, the Moslems seized the shrine in 1553, and have held it ever since. It does not come under the *status quo* of 1740, but the right of the Franciscans to possess it seems to be beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The Peace Conference, it is understood, will not itself deal with these matters, but will pass them on to the Power to whom is to be given the "Mandate" for Palestine and Jerusalem. This Power, it seems to be now agreed, will be Great Britain, and so it is to British justice and to our sense of fair play that the Franciscan claims will fall for settlement. They themselves would ask nothing better, for it is only bare justice that they are demanding, and British rule all through the East has established for itself a very favourable reputation for justice and honest dealing. A new day is dawning for the Holy Places now that the long period of their desolation is at an end, and they have come once more into Christian hands. To us it is a happy thing that our own nation has been chosen to decide the points at issue, and we feel that we can trust its representatives to do justice to us. A new era of freedom for Catholics in Jerusalem,

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and for the Franciscan guardians of the Holy Places, is now—may God grant it—about to open under the protecting ægis of the British flag.

ARTHUR S. BARNES.

CHAPLAINS IN THE GREAT WAR

FATHER BERNARD KAVANAGH, C.S.S.R.

FATHER Bernard Kavanagh was the son of a much-respected Limerick physician. He was educated at the Jesuit School in his native city and entered the Redemptorist novitiate in his eighteenth year. Two of his sisters are nuns. His brother Michael became a Jesuit and died at Stonyhurst in 1913, having given years of devoted service to the poor in the parish of St. Francis Xavier, Liverpool. After his religious profession Father Bernard Kavanagh was sent to our House of Studies, which in 1883 was situated at Teignmouth in south Devon. I had been there already for two years and I remember his arrival. It was clear at once that he possessed considerable ability and a marked personality. He was, however, completely unformed mentally, and seemed to me to be very young for his years. This, I suppose, was inevitable, considering the character of his upbringing in a small provincial town. I only mention it now, because in after years the breadth of his outlook was one of his most marked characteristics. Indeed, his development began very soon at Teignmouth, where he was always full of interest in everything that was said and done. He very early cultivated that taste for literature which was henceforth one of the chief solaces of his life.

He was ordained priest in 1890, and from that time onwards, until the outbreak of the great war, lived the ordinary Redemptorist life. In the great general mission in London, which was one of the first works of Cardinal Vaughan as Archbishop of Westminster, Father Kavanagh and I were together at the Church of the Holy Souls, Kensal Green. I remember one day the late Father Bede, whose memory is still cherished in that parish, saying to me : "Father Kavanagh talks just like a leading article." It was perfectly true—there was never

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a flaw in the perfect turning of his sentences. He excelled as a lecturer and in the power of repartee. This was never better shown than during the last years of his life in England. He was then at our house in Lower Edmonton, where we have charge of an exclusively working-class parish. One Sunday night, passing through the Edmonton Green, he found himself amongst the crowd which surrounded an atheistic platform. His sense of loyalty to God was aroused. From that Sunday night to the last he spent in Edmonton he was never absent from that scene. He always began by heckling the lecturer to the admiration of the crowd, which shouted for "fair play" on his behalf with such insistence that he was given ten minutes to reply at the end of each meeting. Soon, however, the anti-Christians had to withdraw this permission in their own interests, whereupon a Nonconformist platform was offered to Father Kavanagh. No sooner had the anti-Christian meeting ended than Father Kavanagh invited the audience to come to his platform to hear his reply. The redoubtable Mr. Foote was brought to the rescue, but with results that led to the shifting of any field of encounter beyond the borders of Father Kavanagh's parish.

When the war broke out Father Kavanagh was in his fiftieth year. He had for a long period been a martyr to sciatica and was of frail physique. When, however, the Provincial sent his name to the War Office, he recognized the call as the will of God, and threw himself into the work for soldiers with an enthusiasm that never wavered. In the diary he kept from the time he joined the Army until two days before his death, his first entry is as follows: "Commissioned Sept. 27, 1914, Purfleet, first Mass Sept. 27. Resided there from Oct. 2-12 under canvas." The whole diary consists of short sentences such as these, but it serves to show us his movements, and feelings as to current events. His many efforts to get to France were defeated by the medical authorities, in consequence of his chronic rheumatism. And it was not until a year had passed that he left England, sailing for

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Egypt on Oct. 13th, 1915. In Egypt he did hospital duties for some sixteen months. Besides keeping a diary, he wrote very full letters to his sister, the Notre-Dame nun. In one of these, dated August 19th, 1916, from 24 Stationary Hospital, Moascar, Ismailia, he says :

Last Saturday I said good-bye to Cairo. On Thursday our Senior C. F., Father Couturier, arrived and summoned us all to a conference in which he said that a sudden and imperative call had come the previous day from G.H.Q. to send three of us to Mesopotamia, where dysentery and other diseases are taking a heavy toll. I volunteered at once, but he said that the Principal Chaplain (Mr. Horden) had already selected three of our young priests ; however, he was returning to Ismailia and would report my offer. . . . Since then I have had an interview with Mr. Horden, who promised that if he had to provide any more, I shall go. "Better," said I, "to risk an old life than a young one." We are very comfortable here in our tents on the hot sands, not very far from where Abraham pitched his tent, and Moses crossed the Red Sea. A tent does not make for tidiness, for my wardrobe is rather more elaborate than yours, but my furniture is even more sparse—just a bed for various purposes and a table for everything else. . . . Besides the hospital there is a large camp adjoining, consisting of one brigade and various other troops ; a black battalion from the West Indies, cheery, chatty negroes, all Christians of various sorts who speak English perfectly, are intensely loyal, and describe themselves as "English gentlemen." Also an Anzac Dépôt, some 2,000 vigorous and restive bushmen, who swagger and boast and guess they are going "to pull the old country out of the hole ; though they do not think very much of the Old Woman, for she is a back number." That is my parish. I say Mass on Sunday at 7 o'clock in the Y.M.C.A. hut, to which the Catholics of the various units are marched on parade.

We read in the diary for January 3rd, 1917 : "Signaller Downy (Presbyterian), who had been hit by fragment of explosive bomb from enemy aeroplane, and had lower jaw smashed and face torn terribly, died in my arms." On February 4th he writes to his sister :

Mr. Horden, the Principal Chaplain, passed through here last week, and spoke of putting me in a Hospital Ship for a temporary

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change. I was much obliged, but said that I would far rather go up to the front, as I have not yet seen the realities. He demurred, and said he feared the hardships would be too much, as it would probably involve sleeping out in the open, possibly under rain, and riding all day with my kit about me. However, I am going to have a try. So I have just been posted to the 160th Brigade, which is now facing a strong Turkish force, and by the time this reaches you I shall be up there.

Attached to the West Kent Regiment, he now engaged upon the great campaign which eventually, after hard fighting, severe reverses and terrible hardships, resulted in the glorious entry into Jerusalem and the liberation of the Holy Land from the evil domination of the Turk. Ordinary courage, like ordinary truthfulness, is a quality taken for granted in all men. If a man is known to be a coward and if he is known to be a liar, he is practically cut off from the society of his fellows. But there are some men who are acknowledged to be exceptionally brave and exceptionally straightforward, and Father Kavanagh was amongst them. Frankness he carried almost to excess; and his exceptional courage became manifest during the campaign in Palestine. As it happened, I met afterwards several officers and men who had taken part in that campaign, and they all asked me: "Did I know or had I known Father Kavanagh?" And when I replied "Yes," their tribute always came: "He was as brave as a lion." Nor was his a spasmodic bravery, shown now and again under circumstances of peculiar exaltation. It was manifested by the cheerful readiness of his endurance of hardships from which stronger men might have shrunk, as truly as by his heroism on the field of battle. His sister mentions that a priest told her that before the end Father Kavanagh's hands and legs were covered with septic ulcers so deep that they could never heal. In spite of this he kept his puttees on for weeks at a time, and did many forced marches with the greatest cheerfulness of spirit, although they must have caused him agony of body.

Writing to his sister (April 25th, 1917), he says :

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I wish I could, sprawling in my dug-out here, with the thermometer well over 100 degrees Far., and no shelter but a small bivouac (a sheet of canvas set on four short poles), give you some faint idea of our great battle last Thursday. Gaza, surrounded by redoubts and advantageous points strongly fortified, remains impregnable, and after a long day's fight we have fallen back, having suffered very heavy casualties. It began at daybreak with a long steady bombardment for two hours, as arranged. Then we all moved forwards. The doctor and I agreed to stay together, as far as possible, and he settled to move his dressing-station on and on close to the firing line. The direct objective of our Battalion was an entrenched hill which in our recent survey maps is marked Samson's Ridge; its highest summit is the enemy's chief observation-post between Gaza and the sea. As we advanced, the bullets spattered over us, and whilst the Doctor and I were cowering behind a small eminence, one struck him in the breast. This was about 8 o'clock. I helped to bind him up and carry him back; then waited for the sand-cart. Just as I started again, a whole procession of wounded men came in on stretchers, so I turned back to help our one remaining doctor. Mostly flesh wounds, but some were shattered limbs, dreadfully painful. It was nearly mid-day when I set off again to see the battle, for I knew that the chaplain's presence does much to encourage the men. As I approached, bullets whizzed over me, and I took, of course, what cover I could. The battle was increasing in intensity, and soon I heard both sides firing rifles and machine-guns without one moment's cessation. I climbed Samson's Ridge, which was then cleared, and dropped down on the shattered side of the skyline, by the side of our Colonel who had a flesh wound in the leg which he was trying to ignore. But a little later he was carried back. The wounded had been removed, but just behind me there were four men, and one in front, stone dead. I tried to compose their scattered limbs, then placed their helmets over their faces. Our Major had been left behind, two of our four Company Commanders had been disabled, four other officers were dead or dying. Our Adjutant was shot through the brain (a son of General Wilson, the third he has lost in this war), and our telephone wires were disconnected. The Middlesex on our right were getting it even hotter than we, and away to the east of Gaza other Divisions were heavily engaged. But, though there was a lull for us, our position all that afternoon was a very anxious one, with a young Lieutenant in virtual command,

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and a great gap on our left, through which the enemy, had he known it, might easily have enveloped us. Later the Brigadier rode up, and an experienced Major was sent from another Battalion to our great relief and benefit. Meanwhile bullets were whistling over our heads and occasionally shells were dropped around us. I shall never forget the deeds of heroism I witnessed. . . . It was an anxious search in the dark for the wounded, but by 2 a.m. we had collected them. By 3 o'clock we saw the last of them off, the worst in carts, the rest strapped on camels.

(May 19th). These are great days, and I am delighted to feel that I have at last reached the realities. Of my small flock many are already dead, buried indiscriminately by the nearest chaplain, but all of them, save one, had received Holy Communion within a few days of their death.

In the following August, Father Kavanagh was again for a short time in Alexandria on sick leave, attacked by a brief spell of fever. He was back on duty within a month, and was to have his part in that big push to which the whole army in Egypt and Palestine was at the time looking forward so eagerly. On November 16th, he wrote :

I am safe and sound after our great battle, and am writing this seated on a stony hill 2,000 feet above sea level some eight miles south by west of Hebron. . . . We marched from our pleasant camp and sea-bathing on the coast at Bela on October 24th at sunset. . . . Saturday the 27th we were ordered to fall in at 4.30 a.m. and prepare to resume our march in the daylight, for news had come that the Brigade in front was in peril. In fact, that very night, three troops of the Middlesex Yeomanry had been outnumbered and set upon, and had died to the last man, fighting gallantly. . . . The Brigade received much praise afterwards for its steadiness. No one was dismayed, no one hurried, whilst high explosives dropped around. One of them fell about 30 yards from me, and shrapnel burst overhead, scattering a shower of bullets. . . . I saw one land among a group of yeomanry a short distance off which killed 13. . . . Wednesday the 31st of October proved to be the secret date, previously known as zero, when the general attack began. . . . Tired as I was (after a long march on November 1st), I visited the famous spot which was once Abraham's home, the scene of many chapters in Genesis ; that being the only spot for many miles around where

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water is to be found. I saw Jacob's Well and had a good drink of the clearest and most delicious water I have ever tasted out here. Then I pulled a fig in what may have been the grove which Abraham planted.

There follows a long and graphic account of the battles of November 3rd and November 6th with their attendant horrors, after which he finishes his letter :

As you know, I never looked to join the Army at my time of life—being in it I have never prayed that I might outlive this war and carnage where so many younger and better men are falling. But I have prayed the good God earnestly for grace to do my bit and not to flinch. I have seen men fall upon the ground hysterical under a persistent fusillade, others become insane. I have stumbled at night over some dead comrade, who, a few hours before, was full of life and laughter. I have jammed dozens into the ground by night and scraped a little earth on top of them before the battle was renewed at day-break. More than once as I went my rounds a machine-gun was turned on me and the ground ploughed up with bullets a few yards in front. I have lain about in holes and crawled through gullies, or hidden like one of those lizards under a rock when movement was impossible, and was fully conscious that the next movement might be my last. Yet strange to say, by God's mercy—for it is not I—I have never experienced one moment of dismay. And I assure you, I attribute this and many other graces to your prayers. May God bless you and reward you.

In his last letter to his sister, dated December 18th, received by her a month after his death, he says :

On December 4th we began at 1.30 a.m. our long last march to Jerusalem. We halted next day in the valley of Eshcol, from which Caleb and Josue brought back the grapes ; we resumed that afternoon and camped in the evening in a sudden scene of verdure and beauty which startled and cheered us all. It is the spot on the outer approach to Hebron indicated in Josue xv. 18. Two days later we resumed our march right through Hebron, the primeval capital, which according to the Bible is older than the oldest city of Egypt. Abraham and Sarah and probably the other Patriarchs lie there and we could see the spot, now covered by a mosque. Hebron is a stronghold of Moslem fanaticism, and the people turned out to see us, silent and sullen. I felt amused

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and elated as I rode beside my battalion with our band playing lively music. The next day we marched in a downpour and got wet through, halted in a field of deep clay for some hours, advanced towards evening along a road deep in liquid mud, stood for nearly an hour in water, finally camped for the night in wet mud without shelter or food. I was luckier than the rest, for a great lorry at the roadside got stuck fast. I climbed into it and lay under a tarpaulin cover in a blanket which I shared with a Welsh corporal. The next morning we found that some of our camel-boys were dead from exposure. Saturday the 8th, we caught sight of Bethlehem, white, radiant and beautiful, as we passed over a hilltop. But just then we came under observation of the enemy, who shelled our line of march for nearly an hour, and caused several casualties. I was walking at the time with my servant at my heels and a bullet passed through his scabbard. Another man behind was killed, and I buried him at the next halt. We got down into the valley under cover, ate up the scraps of food we carried with us, and rested. . . . The following day we marched through Bethlehem, a Christian town, mostly Catholic. The populace and the holy Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul gave us an ecstatic welcome. They showered medals and rosary beads on our men and shouted for joy. "Thank God, the English have come," they cried, for the Turks had long oppressed them, and had assured them that the English were defeated and driven out of Egypt. We camped beside Rachel's tomb, but were not allowed to visit any of the churches, nor the Grotto of the Nativity now in the hands of the Franciscans.

A long letter from Father Kavanagh to his Provincial has already appeared in the *Times' History of the War* :

Very solemn indeed is the march of an army through the desert at night—no talking, no smoking, no matches to be struck, for we knew not who was observing us. We went skirting hills and across wadys, sometimes a deep gully, strewn with boulders. Sand-carts for the wounded, heavy limbers piled with shells and ammunition drawn by eight mules ; above all the great guns (dragged by twelve and sometimes twenty horses with Soudanese negroes for drivers and outriders) rattled down into these deep clefts ; they pulled and flogged and kicked their way up the bank, cursing and praying and hoping the wheels might stick on. We rested that night at an uncertain address up a gully, where I pulled my blanket around me and sank into a dreamless slumber.

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(December 3rd). We reached our destination in front of Tel Khuweilfeh, near the summit of which the enemy were entrenched. They had selected an admirable position—their guns mounted on adjoining peaks; and flanking them again, in semi-circle, were posted a number of hidden snipers. We were terribly fatigued; I threw myself down in the dust quivering when the order was shouted that we were to advance and attack the position *at once*. Presently our Colonel passed by. "Well, padre," said he, "are you not coming to see the scrap? It is the chance of a life-time." "I certainly want to, sir," said I; "but I do not feel as if I could crawl another fifty yards." I pushed to the top of our hill and lay down in the firing line; then we crawled on our bellies to the sky-line, over which bullets were spattering at long range. "Now lads," said the officer in command, "prepare for a move." And a moment after, we all pelted over the top together, then down and down a steep and stony descent, and ten minutes later found ourselves lying panting and bewildered in a gully at the foot. The sergeant-major stood up and shouted: "I want six men to go forward; then another six." I ran with the third lot, and we rushed down that gully, then up another and began to climb a most precipitous hill, banded every few yards with courses of alluvial rock, and just behind which the enemy were waiting. Presently an aeroplane swooped down on us, discharging a machine-gun, which knocked out several of our fellows. I got to the top and lay down amongst them behind the skyline, over which bullets were pouring. Just before I got there, the Colonel was wounded—mortally, we fear, through the chest. Another officer was shot through the neck. In another half-hour the sun set, and we began to climb down, carrying our wounded, while our thoughts reverted to home and biscuits and bully. After dark, I made my way to the ambulance behind the lines, where twenty men lay wounded or dying and more were coming in. Some, indeed, lay out for two or even three nights before they were found alive. I knelt beside them one by one, and said some prayers, in which they joined fervently. One man, wrapped up in my only blanket, was in dreadful pain, but he prayed very responsively. I found the Colonel almost speechless, got him some water and tucked him up to wait for the carts—which arrived after midnight—to carry them to Beer-sheba, *en route* for Cairo. I threw myself down in the dark, jaded, and touched something cold; it was a dead man. An hour later I went back to the man who was just expiring;

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then I took away my blanket, soaked in blood, wrapped myself in it, lay down on a litter of stones and slept between three dead men till dawn.

On December 21st, the anniversary of his first Mass, Father Kavanagh was killed in action outside of Jerusalem. Some months afterwards I met an Irish soldier who told me exactly how it happened. Father Kavanagh struggled to the aid of a dying man, stooped down by his head the better to hear his confession, gave him absolution and then raised himself up only to receive a Turkish bullet. He lived for eight hours, but never recovered consciousness, and was buried on the Mount of Olives. R.I.P.

Mgr. Croke Robinson once told me that he was giving a Retreat to some Sisters of Mercy, when, after the Meditation on Death, he felt, as usual, overstrained and overwrought. He went into the Convent garden, where he saw an old Irish Lay Sister digging. He went up to her and spoke out his heart : " O sister," he said, " I am so terrified at the thought of death." She looked up to him, and with the holy freedom of her race replied, " Then, Father, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Mgr. Robinson was startled for the moment and said : " Sister, what *do* you mean ? " " I mean," she answered, " that God has taken care of you all through your life. Ought you not then to be ashamed of yourself if you distrust His lovingkindness when you will need it most ? " " Thank you, sister," was all he replied at the moment ; but he assured me that it changed the whole tenor of his thoughts. As a fact, he died a most peaceful and happy death. So with numbers of others whom I have known. The Providence of God has been shown most conspicuously in the circumstances of their death. And this was wonderfully the case with regard to Father Kavanagh. If he could have chosen a death for himself, surely it would have been that which was granted to him by the mercy of Our Lord. He loved to study the Scriptures of the Old Testament and to dwell on the topography of the Holy Land. He also loved to travel. The circumstances of his life as a Redemptorist made the

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gratification of this propensity, excepting in imagination, impossible for him. The visiting of places of historic interest did not appertain to his vocation. To visit Palestine would have seemed to him a dream that for him could never materialize. And then in the last two years of his life he had the opportunity of wandering within the wonderful temples of Egypt in which he was deeply interested, and at the end he actually took part in the last and greatest of the Crusades, said Mass in Jerusalem, and a few days afterwards died on the battlefield at the hands of the infidel, having a moment before sent a fellow-Christian into the Presence of God, his sins forgiven. And as Colonel Powell, for some time his Commanding Officer, wrote after his death to his sister : "He had his great wish, that of taking his part in the capture of Jerusalem." Also from Father Bede Camm came to Father Kavanagh's sister a word in season : "I was speaking the other day to an officer of the Queen's Regiment, who was with your dear brother when he was shot. He said he was wonderfully brave. He was warned not to go where he did, for the danger was too great, but he said, 'If my boys can go there, so can I.'"

Private Hitchens (his last orderly), also wrote :

He was buried on the Mount of Olives. You ask me if I am a Catholic. Yes, received into the Church just two years ago to-day. His help to me was a blessing, and I had the honour of serving his last Mass, in Jerusalem, at the Convent of Perpetual Adoration. Every Sunday he preached a sermon, and his words always seemed to fit in, and make us try again. On the march he would not ride his horse very often, he would say that to walk with the boys made him remember how Our Blessed Lord and Our Lady trod the same ground. I know of one day when he walked with us 17 miles, happy, explaining to us all about the places we were going through. His life was all sacrifice to the end.

The last entry in Father Kavanagh's diary is dated December 19th (two days before his death) : "In evening walked all over the Garden of Gethsemane."

O. R. V-P.

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FATHER SIMON KNAPP, CARMELITE

Father Simon Stock was the perfect example of an Army Chaplain, excelling even among a band of men who themselves excelled so much. He had priority of age in service at the front—he was in his fifty-seventh year when he offered his services on the very day that England declared war. He had, secondly, a kind of priority of suitability—that is to say, he filled his chaplain's duties with extraordinary exactitude; they were not even second nature to him, they were like his first and strongest instinct. And he had for a time priority of honours, receiving both the D.S.O. and the M.C.—letters which followed the O.D.C. after his name in the same strange medley as the Major and Reverend that preceded it.

Father Simon Stock, whose name in the world was Francis Knapp, was born at Brighton in 1858, and was educated at St. Edmund's, Ware, leaving the college before the completion of his studies to enter the Carmelite Order. His theological studies were continued at Lyons, and in London, and finally at Ghent, where he was ordained priest in 1883. Returning to England, he became sub-prior at Wincanton, and Master of students and Lecturer in philosophy. When under the strain of work he became a sufferer from neurasthenia, the need for complete change took him far afield. He went to Rothesay to act as chaplain to the late Marquess of Bute; he crossed the Atlantic; he lived for a year on Mount Carmel; and twice tried the full strictness of the life at an eremitical convent of his Order in Spain. But it was the Boer War, in which he served with great distinction as a chaplain, that discovered his second vocation. Wherever he had been, he had never found such need as the need of soldiers in battle; and he responded with his whole being. When the great war broke out he was at his post because he could not conceivably have been anywhere else. In leaving the aloofness of his monastic life he could not leave behind him all the shyness and reserve

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of his disposition ; but these were qualities which never stood between him and perfect comradeship—they only made intercourse with him more solid and precious. By his entire consideration for others, and also by his keen sense of humour, he was apt to break down those gentle barriers of reserve.

Bishop Keatinge, Bishop of Army Chaplains, who puts a wide and wise experience into every word he writes, has sent for the purposes of this paper the following tribute: "I met Fr. Simon Knapp for the first time in November, 1914, at General Headquarters of the British Army when I was Senior Catholic Chaplain of the British Expeditionary Force in France. Though we had both served in the South African War, we never met out there. But I had heard much about him from officers and men ; so that when he arrived at G.H.Q., ready to serve again, I welcomed him as a great acquisition to our then small number of Chaplains. After he had served with the 8th Division until August, 1915, I attached him to the 2nd Irish Guards, where he remained their devoted Chaplain till his death. He was awarded the Military Cross in June, 1915, and the D.S.O. in June, 1917. He was mortally wounded on July 31st, 1917, and died the next day, having received the last Sacraments from Father de Moulin Browne, C.F. He was buried by Dr. Aveling, C.F. He was universally beloved and respected by officers and men, not only of the Irish Guards, but by many others as well, and his death was an irreparable loss to us all. Not only was he prepared to die, but my impression, from what I knew of him, was that he would welcome death when it came. He struck me as a man who lived in the presence of God, and he owed this happiness in a great measure probably to the long and holy training he had received in the Carmelite Order. Surely no death could have been more glorious, stricken down as he was while working for the salvation of souls. R.I.P."

If there is little or no autobiographical material by which an idea of Father Simon's personality may be con-

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veyed to those who never came in contact with him, that is because his natural retirement precludes him from being the subject of much reminiscence ; nor was he a letter-writer. All the more have those who carry a memory of him in their hearts a rare incommunicable treasure. Of his life in the army, however, some other impressions of observers remain for us, written with revealing love of his character. After his death an officer of the battalion to which he was attached wrote from France :

Father Knapp, at an age when men may well claim to live a life of peace and quiet, came out to France to share the perils and dangers that must inevitably follow in the wake of a soldier's career—a career that calls for only the young and the strong. Why did he do this ? Why did he sacrifice his life on the field of battle ? The answer to us out here is plain enough. By the holiness of the life he had led, he had prepared himself for all that “lies beyond,” and in order to bring a certain measure of comfort to the hearts of those who were laying down their lives and were not ready to die, he came out to help with his example and his experience. His very death is typical of his whole life and personality. He died for love of his fellow-men. Because he loved them and because he appreciated how hard it is to die without preparation, he came out to share their dangers and comfort their souls. This was never done with any hope of consideration or of return ; it was done to make others happy, and it has succeeded beyond all belief. He died for the love of the men, and every officer and every man of the Irish Guards will always love and honour the memory of Father Knapp.

And another of his brother officers, bearer of an honoured name, supplies these further impressions:

Father Knapp joined the 2nd Battalion Irish Guards a few days after they landed in France, and had been with them for two years, when he was killed while attending to some wounded men. He went on leave only twice during that time, and then under great pressure. Everyone loved him, as he was devoted heart and soul to his men. By his death we all lost a most delightful companion and perfect priest, but those who knew him best were comforted by the knowledge that it was the death he had longed for, and that if he had broken down in health and been sent home he

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would have died of grief. There is no end to the stories told in the regiment of his absolute contempt of danger and devotion to duty. He always went into action with the Battalion and was invariably to be found where the shells were thickest, in case someone had been hit and needed help. Personal danger never entered his mind, and he literally chased shells as a spaniel chases birds. He would make the rounds of the front lines several times a day, and was always on the spot when any raids or extra heavy fighting took place. He commonly left his meals to hurry off on seeing some part of the line was being shelled. Father Knapp was a great favourite in the mess, where he was known as "Knapski," and he was for ever being chaffed. He suffered extremely from the cold, but was always forbidden to touch the fire, as there was a general conviction that he had only to poke it to make it go out!

In the Carmelite Church, Kensington, a stained-glass window, given by the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 2nd Battalion Irish Guards, commemorates the heroic devotion of the priest and the undying love of those he cared for. Unveiling the window, Lord French himself spoke with real feeling of Father Knapp's service. The great bravery displayed in this war by the Irish Guards, he said, was due in some measure to the advice and guidance of Father Knapp, who was a credit to that sacred Order to which he belonged, and indeed to the whole Catholic faith throughout Christendom.

And other memories of him haunt this church—the memory of his tall, gentle figure and of his meek voice. He used in Holy Week to sing the part of Our Lord in the Gospel of the Passion, and in the sound of his voice there was something so peculiarly appropriate to the words he uttered that, to some who heard him, the man and the voice and the words seemed as one.

V.M.

A THEORY OF LIFE*

OF the making of books on the question of Vitalism there would seem to be no end ; for, following upon others which we have dealt with comes this handsome, well-illustrated, intensely interesting book, by one whose writings are always worth study. It purports to deal with the Origin and Evolution of Life ; but, as to the first, it leaves us in no way advanced towards any real explanation of that problem on materialistic lines. As to the second, though there is a vast amount of valuable information, often illuminating and suggestive, again we confess to our failure to discover any real philosophy of that process of evolution which the author postulates. These propositions we must now proceed to justify. We can consider them from the most rigidly scientific standpoint since, if every word or almost every word in the book were proved truth, it would not make the slightest difference to Catholic Philosophy, nor, indeed, to Theistic teachings, since in the imperishable words of Paley : “ There may be many second causes, and many courses of second causes, one behind another, between what we observe of nature and the Deity ; but there must be intelligence somewhere ; there must be more in nature than what we see ; and, amongst the things unseen, there must be an intelligent designing Author.”

The scientific writer has to remember that whilst he may explain many things, his work is a torso unless and until he has either accepted the Creator as the First Cause, which he is too often disinclined to do ; or has supplied an equally satisfactory explanation, which he is permanently unable to do. On the other hand, at least some defenders of Theism in the past might well have borne in mind that, whilst we are assured of the fact of Creation, we know absolutely nothing of its mechanism save that it came about by the command of God. There is nothing in which clear thinking and clear

* *The Origin and Evolution of Life ; or, the Theory of Action, Reaction, and Interaction of Energy.* By F. H. Osborn. (G. Bell & Sons.)

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writing are more necessary than in discussions of this kind ; and too many of them are vitiated by an obvious lack of philosophical training on the part of the participants. Even in this carefully written book there are instances of this kind of thing to which we must allude before considering its main arguments.

“ We know, for example, that there has existed a more or less complete chain of beings from monad to man, that the one-toed horse had a four-toed ancestor, that man has descended from an unknown ape-like form somewhere in the Tertiary.” “ We *know* ”—that is exactly the opposite of the truth. We *know* a thing when it is susceptible of proof according to the rigid rules of formal logic ; when, to doubt it, would be to give rise to a suspicion as to our sanity ; then we *know* a thing, but not until then. Now, as to the sentence quoted, we may allow the first part to pass unchallenged with some possible demur at the use of the word “ chain.” The second so-called piece of knowledge was doubted by no less an authority than the late Adam Sedgwick. The third assertion plainly and distinctly is not the case ; for Science *knows* nothing whatsoever about the origin of man’s body. In 1901 Branco, a distinguished palæontologist, with no Theistic leanings as far as we know, told the world that man appears on our planet as “ a genuine *homo novus*, and that palæontology “ knows no ancestors of man.” Nor has any discovery since that date necessitated the modification of that opinion. What the writer means by saying “ I know ” is “ I am convinced ” ; but, with the deepest respect for his undoubted position, the two things are not quite identical. “ Biology, like theology, has its dogmas. Leaders have their disciples and blind followers.” Wise words ! They are those of the author with whom we are dealing. To say “ we know ” when really we only surmise is a misuse of language just as it is also a misuse to ask the question “ Does nature make a departure from its previously ordered procedure and substitute chance for law ? ” since the ordinary reader is all too apt to forget that “ nature ” is a mere

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abstraction and that to speak of nature doing such or such a thing helps us in no way along the road towards an explanation of things.

Or again : " So far as the *creative* power of energy is concerned, we are on sure ground." The author has a careful note on the word creation (p. 5), " the production of something new out of nothing," under which definition it is abundantly clear that energy, whilst it may be *productive*, cannot be *creative*. In fact nothing can be *creative* in any definite and rigid sense, save a *Creator* Who existed from all eternity and from Whom all things arose. One more instance of loose argumentation, and we can turn to the main purport of the book. It is a link in the author's " chain " which cannot be passed without examination. Everybody is familiar with the method of proof by elimination. We set down every possible explanation of a certain occurrence ; we rule out one after the other until but one is left. If we really have set down all the possible explanations, and if we are quite clear as to the fact that all those which have been excluded are legitimately put out of court, then the one remaining explanation must be the true one. It is a method of proof which has frequently been applied to the Vitalistic problem, and with the greatest effect, as it is admitted by some of those who would greatly like to find a materialistic explanation for that problem (cf. *The Philosophy of Biology*, Johnstone, p. 319). Let us see how our author employs it. What, he asks, is " the internal moving principle " in living substance ? And he replies : " We may first exclude the possibility that it acts either through supernatural or teleological interposition through an externally creative power." Very well ! Philosophers tell us that we can assume any position we choose for the purposes of our argument, but that ultimately we must prove that assumption or admit ourselves beaten. We look anxiously for the proof of the assumption made by our author, but absolutely no attempt is made to give one. We must be pardoned, therefore, if we hesitate to accept such an important

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statement on his mere *ipse dixit*. We pass on to the next elimination: "Although its visible results are in a high degree purposeful, we may also exclude as unscientific the vitalistic theory of an *entelechy** or any other form of internal perfecting agency distinct from known or unknown physiochemical energies." Why "unscientific"? Numbers of high authorities have not thought it so; and in quite recent years such eminent writers as Driesch and MacDougal have written erudite works to prove this "unscientific" hypothesis. Is there any proof brought forward for *this* assertion and its corresponding elimination? Let us continue the quotation: "Since certain forms of adaptation which were formerly mysterious can now be explained without the assumption of an entelechy we are encouraged to hope that all forms may be thus explained." The author does not tell us what the mysterious adaptations are, nor does he offer us the explanations which, in his opinion, explain them. We cannot, therefore, criticize his views, and can only remind his readers that, because an explanation plausibly explains an occurrence, it is by no means always therefore certain to be the true explanation; it may, indeed, be wholly false.

Further, those who have been wandering for the past half-century in the fields of science have become a little wearied of "explanations" vaunted, for periods of five or ten years, as the key to open all locks, and then cast into the furnace. What the author would seem to mean by his statement is this: "I am convinced myself that we can do without a 'supernatural' explanation, and I regard as 'unscientific' any explanation which cannot be put to the test of chemistry and physics; hence I must shut the door on anything like an *entelechy*, and, that being so, it behoves me to look for some other explanation." Of course, we are putting these words into the mouth of our author; if we were dealing with the matter

* By *entelechy*—an Aristotelian term re-introduced by Driesch—is meant an agency other than one of a purely chemico-physical character, which differentiates living from not-living substance, and is responsible for the phenomenon of life.

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ourselves we should be inclined to argue that, by the eliminatory method, chemistry and physics do prove, or do help to prove, the existence of an entelechy.

With these expostulations we may turn to the writer's pronouncements on the vitalistic question which seem to us to be worthy of serious consideration. Everybody knows that there are two very diverse opinions on this topic; the one that there is, the other that there is not something more—a *plus*—in living than there is in not-living objects. In other words, that there is a difference of kind, and not merely of degree, between a stone and a sparrow. Hence the schools of thought called vitalistic and mechanistic. To most persons it has up to now seemed impossible that there could be a third school; we appeared to be confronted with what the logicians call a Dichotomy. Professor Osborn seems to us to think otherwise, though he is not wholly clear on this matter. If we are to "reject the vitalistic hypotheses of the ancient Greeks, and the modern vitalism of Driesch, of Bergson, and of others," and if, on the other hand, we are to view, as he thinks we must, the cosmos as one of "limitless and *ordered* energy"—we have emphasized the word "*ordered*" for reasons which will shortly appear—we must clearly look out for some middle way. "*Ordered*," a purely mechanistic and materialistically realized cosmos cannot be. "*Ordered*" conditions are determined by what we agree to call "Laws"; and these, as all must admit, entail a Lawgiver. The alternative is Blind Chance; and the author, after considering the question, agrees, as again most reasonable persons will agree, that Blind Chance is no explanation of things as they are. He quotes a modern chemist who, discussing the probability of the environmental fitness of the earth for life being a mere chance process, remarks: "There is, in truth, not one chance in countless millions of millions that the many unique properties of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and especially of their stable compounds, water and carbonic acid, which chiefly make up the atmosphere of a new planet, should simultaneously occur in the three elements other-

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wise than through the operation of a natural law which somehow connects them together. There is no greater probability that these unique properties should be without due cause uniquely favourable to the organic mechanism " (J. J. Henderson, 1913).

If neither of the classic points of view is tenable, what then is the explanation, if, indeed, any be possible? The author casts one brief glance down that blind-alley marked "Element Way." Does some known element or some unknown element, to which the name *Bion* might be given, exist and form the source of the energy in living things? Radium has only been known to us for a few years; can we say that there is no such thing as Bion? Of course we cannot; but this we can say, that, if there is such an element and if it is really responsible for all the protean manifestations of life, wonderful as radium and its doings are, they must sink into nothingness beside those of this new and unsuspected entity. The author evidently does not think that this path is a profitable one to pursue, and we agree with him; so he turns his attention to the question of energy. Energy is the capacity for doing work. It is often, of course, latent, as in a cordite cartridge for example, which is a peaceful, harmless thing until the energy stored up in it is realized with the accompanying explosion and work is done. It is the same with a bent spring; a clock-weight when the clock is not going, and so on. We need not develop this matter further; but one point must be alluded to, namely, the gradual exhaustion of the available energy in the changes from one manifestation to another. In all physical processes heat is evolved, which heat is distributed by conduction and radiation and tends to become universally diffused throughout space. When complete uniformity has been attained, all physical phenomena will come to an end. In other words, our solar system must come to an end, and it must have had a beginning. It is a well-known argument. Is there anything to rewind the clock which is running down before our very eyes? It was once urged that stellar collisions, and such-like

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things, might permit us to postulate a cyclical arrangement (and thus rearrangement) of universal phenomena ; but that hypothesis does not seem to find any supporters to-day.

In his interesting book, already mentioned, Dr. Johnstone called attention to the power possessed by living matter of reversing the process ; but no reversal of this kind and extent can make up for the constant degradation of energy which is taking place all round us. We mention this because it shows that "energy" can, in any case, not afford an eternal solution, but only a temporal and therefore a limited one. No one doubts that there is energy in the living thing, nor that there are what the author calls "complexes of energies." No one, again, will quarrel with the statement that energy is first seen in the sun, in the earth, in the air, and in the water ; that "with life something new appears in the universe, namely, a union of the internal and external adjustment of energy which we appropriately call an *Organism*." That "the germ is an energy complex" is no doubt an unproved hypothesis, as he admits, but is quite likely. With all these assertions we may agree, though we cannot with that which follows, namely, that energy is creative, for that such is impossible in any true sense of that word we have already tried to show. We have now to ask ourselves in what way this energy conception of life differs from, or goes beyond, the two theories of life—mechanistic and vitalistic, which have hitherto been supposed to have exhausted the possibilities of explanation. In order to do this we must analyse the author's idea of energy and its relationship to biological processes a little more closely. He begins his study of life and its evolution by considering how nutrition and the derivation of energy can have taken place before chlorophyl had come into existence ; and he very pertinently points to the *prototrophic* bacteria as probably representing "the survival of a primordial stage of life chemistry." Thus a "primitive feeder," the bacterium *Nitroso monas*, "for combustion . . . takes in oxygen directly through the intermediate action of iron,

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phosphorus or manganese, each of the single cells being a powerful little chemical laboratory which contains oxidizing catalyzers, the activity of which is accelerated by the presence of iron and manganese. Still, in the primordial stage, *Nitroso monas* lives on ammonium sulphate, taking its energy (food) from the nitrogen of ammonium and forming nitrates. Living symbiotically with it is *Nitrobacter* which takes its energy (food) from the nitrates formed by *Nitroso monas*, oxidizing them into nitrates. Thus these two species illustrate in its simplest form our law of the *interaction of an organism (Nitrobacter) with its life environment (Nitroso monas)*” (p. 82, author’s italics). Once one has got to this stage, it is *ex hypothesi* easy to ascend through the vegetable and animal worlds and to formulate the various laws which appear to have shaped the evolution of life and of species. We are then “within the system,” but to arrive at anything worthy of the name of an explanation we have first to *get* within the system. Even then there remains over the task of explaining how the system comes to be there to get inside of. The writer talks of his example as “the simplest form.” Yet, in his own words, it is a “*powerful little chemical laboratory*,” well stocked with catalyzers and other potent means for carrying on its work. “Simple” ! Well, no doubt comparatively simple, but in reality complex almost beyond the power of words to describe. “A chemical laboratory” ! Yes ; and one which performs most delicate operations. “Well stocked with catalyzers” ! And what are they ? Most wonderful things which induce change without themselves undergoing any ; discoveries of quite recent date as to which we still know but little. “Simple” seems hardly the word to apply, save in strict relation to other and higher forms. How did this laboratory come into existence ? In what way did it learn to do its work ? How did catalyzers come to be ? Was all this mere chance-medley ? It is Paley’s example of the watch found on the heath once more. Does it help us in any way to talk about “energy” and “complexes” of energy and “the

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creative force of energy" ? To us it does not seem to advance matters one little bit. Either these operations of *Nitroso monas* are determined or they are not ; either they are the result of a law or they are the result of blind chance ; in either case the energy which is involved must act according to the conditions ordered or not ordered. In other words : if it is the dominant factor, as the writer would lead us to suppose ; if there is " direction," then the action of energy must be directive ; and, if it is directive, in what possible way does it differ, save in name, from the old *entelechy* or *vital principle*, or whatever else one may choose to call it ? On the other hand, if there is no such thing as direction, if everything happens by chance, if the mechanistic theory is right, how does energy save us from complete surrender to that theory ?

From all this it would appear that whilst energy is constantly being exhibited (and in all sorts of manifestations) by the living object, that does not explain anything, since it does not explain how energy originally came to be, nor how it came to work under the laws which seem to govern it. It is one more added to the long list of " explanations," which hopelessly break down because those who have put them forward have never apparently applied themselves to the task of grasping the important difference between a final and an intermediate cause. Let us sum up this part of our author's teaching in the light of this distinction. The organism is a material complex, and all sorts of actions and reactions take place in it. They are subject to the laws of physics, and notably to those relating to energy and its transformations. It has internal energies which must be adjusted to one another and not less to those around it, that is to say, it must be more or less in harmony with its environment. There are the problems of germ-plasm, and its transmission ; the effect on it, if any, of the body, and the reaction of the body to its environment. There are also the catalyzers of which we have spoken, with many problems associated with them, and throwing a possible and unexpected light on the vexed question of Vitalism

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and the Conservation of Energy. There are all these things, manifestations of energy ; there is the watch, and it is going. But, as we remarked in a recent article, the fact that we have learned that the resiliency of the spring in the watch makes it "go" does not exhaust the explanation of the watch any more than the fact that we know something of the actions and reactions of energy in the organism exhausts its explanation. The watch is "going" ; so is the organism. Each of them, in a sense, is a "wonderful little laboratory" in which manifestations of energy are constantly taking place. The watch-maker constructed the watch for that purpose ; who or what constructed the organism ? Darwin and the Darwinians would have said—Natural Selection. In fact Darwin rather lamented that "the old argument from design in nature, as given by Paley, which formerly seemed to me to be so conclusive, fails now that the law of Natural Selection has been discovered. We can no longer argue that, for instance, the beautiful hinge of a bivalve shell must have been made by an intelligent being, like the hinge of a door by man. There seems to be no more design in the variability of organic beings, and in the action of Natural Selection, than in the course which the wind blows." There again Darwin fell into a mistake, because he confused an intermediate with a final cause. Even if Natural Selection were all that the most ultra-Darwinian could claim it to be, it could not, as Driesch and others have shown, exhaust the explanation of the organism.

As a matter of fact the world of science is very far from thinking of Natural Selection as anything more than a factor, perhaps even a minor factor, in evolution. The author of the work with which we are dealing tells us that "Darwin's law of selection as a natural explanation of the origin of *all* fitness in form and function has lost its prestige at the present time, and all of Darwinism which now meets with universal acceptance is the *law of the survival of the fittest*, a limited application of Darwin's great idea as expressed by Herbert Spencer." But let

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that pass. In another place the author makes it clear that the explanations of to-day, including his own, do *not* exhaust the subject, for he says "it is incumbent on us to discover the *cause* of the orderly origin of every character. The nature of such a law we cannot even dream of at present, for the causes of the majority of vertebrate adaptations remain wholly unknown." In any case we must account for Natural Selection ; for if it is a Law—as some doubt—it must have had a Lawgiver. The watch must have been an Idea in someone's mind before it became an accomplished fact, and Natural Selection or any other "Law of Nature" must—unless all reason is nonsense and all nonsense reason—also have been an Idea before it became a factor. Whose Idea ? Our author does not help us to answer this question. On the contrary—he tries to set an unclimbable fence in the way of any answer by telling us, though without any convincing argument to support his statement, that we may "exclude the possibility that it" [the internal moving principle] "acts either through supernatural or teleological interposition through an externally creative power." But though he refuses to allow us to look in this direction for a solution of our difficulties, it must be confessed that he does not help us with any other answer satisfying the question of the origin and evolution of Life.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

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vous ἐστὶ βασιλεύς ἡμῖν οὐρανοῦ τε καὶ γῆς.
Philebus, c. xxviii, PLATO.

Siate, Cristiani, a movervi più gravi,
Non siate come penna ad ogni vento
E non crediate ch'ogni acqua vi lavi. DANTE.

CONCURRENTLY with the imminence of the shadow of death over England has arisen the opportunity of spiritualism. Yet the dangers of psychic research for untrained minds and the emotional stress of the *séance* atmosphere are admitted even by those engaged in it. If we take all the phenomena included in vague and general terms—phenomena beginning with such elementary things as table-turning, rappings, so-called messages or vague intimations from a distance, up to more difficult things, like levitation, appearances at the time of death, appearances after death, auguries, and prophecies of the future—there are at least two hypotheses. There is the spiritualistic hypothesis, or, in other words, the theory that we are surrounded in our present life by discarnate spirits making various efforts to break in upon our consciousness, and that by means of specially-gifted characters, called mediums, we possess powers of communication between this world and the next. But another hypothesis also holds the field which explains the phenomena, partly as a result of telepathy, still more on the ground of the subconscious soul within us, which is intimately connected alike with our past and our present and our future.

There is a story of two friends upon a walking tour who shared the same room in an inn ; one of them, half-awake, got up and opened the door of a glass-fronted cupboard, thinking that he was opening the window to let some air into the room ; and, on his friend's inquiring what kind of night it was, replied, " Devilish dark, and smells of cheese." It often seems as though the psychical investigators, when they obtain small, commonplace

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details that purport to be evidence of identification from those "on the other side," have not opened a window upon the wide, starlit spaces of night, but only the door of some obscure cupboard in the under-consciousness, full of musty reminiscences. It is necessary to preserve a guarded judgment upon this point. To an audience in a New York saloon a man from the West had been telling a particularly tall story about a grizzly bear, and ended the yarn by exclaiming: "I can assure you if I had not seen the thing with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it." A disconcerting silence was broken when one of the company said drily: "Well, that's just our position; *we* didn't see it."

In the early part of the Nineteenth Century, the doctrine of materialism, which denies the existence of any immaterial or spiritual element either in man or in the universe, acquired through the active propaganda of philosophers and scientists an extraordinary growth and diffusion. Because the evolutionary philosophers of the time found no place in their theory for the action of a spiritual First Cause, or for the agency of secondary spiritual causes, therefore God and His angels must be held to be either non-existent, or, what amounts to the same, unknown and unknowable. In the same way, because anatomists and biologists in dissecting the human body or examining the cells under the microscope were unable to discover traces of a spiritual soul, therefore the existence of the soul was likewise denied or relegated to the category of the agnostic. No doubt the Christian creed involves a certain metaphysical or philosophical view of God and the world; no doubt its central doctrine that "God is love" is from the point of view of human experience a profound paradox, which raises the whole question of how the presence of evil in the world is to be explained, a question which has always baffled the brooding and inquiring mind of man.

The Greek, in the ancient world, was very much afraid of death. So, too, was the Hebrew, because, in the one case as in the other, all mental interests were concentrated

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on the actual sum of vitalities which make up life. The Northern races, the Scandinavian, the Teutonic, face the end of all things with a certain mysticism, filling their souls with allegories and parables, letting their minds dwell on something which they are conscious they do not understand, but rather liking the process, because the weird and the unfamiliar exercise a potent influence over their imagination. Savages, almost without any exception, regard death as a wholly unnatural thing, and, therefore, believe it to be caused by some demoniac agency—the effect of a curse, the visitation of a witch, or what not. The idea that death is unnatural survives down to quite modern times. Death is envisaged as some substantial entity, lurking in corners to await his prey. The very idea of a state which is everlasting, which can never be altered, in which time ceases to be a measure, may well stagger the most careless: *I can never die. I must live on for ever in a great eternity.* There are those here who, as they say, are tired of life, and who throw their life back into the face of God Who gave it. But they only wake up to a life which, whether they tire of it or not, can never be thrown aside. And God has told us as much as is good for us to know of the eternal state. He has spoken to us of the special mansion prepared for us, of the joys made permanent which come from the sense of His presence, and the glory of His worship. He has allowed us to think of a life where at length we can correspond with our surroundings without fear and without weakness, a life where there is no more pain or sin or death.

The souls of those who have inhabited bodies on this earth, at the moment of death pass either to heaven, to purgatory, or to hell. That saints and angels may assume a human body, or what looks like it, and communicate with friends on earth, we know from the lives of the Saints. Such communication has been common. The greatest writer in the Church, St. Thomas of Aquin, teaches that the saints have power from God to appear on earth “at their pleasure.” Catholics know that

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saints, when they do appear, have an object in their communication. Can souls in purgatory appear on earth? The Church gives the answer—Certainly, with God's permission. Spiritism is the name given to the belief that the living can and do communicate with spirits of the departed, and to the various ways in which this can be attempted. It should be distinguished from Spiritualism, the philosophical doctrine which holds that there is a spiritual order of beings no less real than the material, and, in particular, that the soul of man is a spiritual substance. Spiritism has a religious character; it claims to form the preamble of all religions. Man is justly defined as a spirit or soul endowed with a material body; and the complete man consists of the two in intimate and necessary action. By his soul man belongs to the spirit world, and like the spirit, is endowed with the supreme gifts of intelligence and free will. It is not contrary to reason, but, on the contrary, philosophically credible, and almost logically undeniable, that there exist above man, in the order of created beings, other beings, more perfect than he, and therefore more intelligent, endowed with great physical power, they being, in their turn, the lower beings of a hierarchy which is formed of series of beings always more and more perfect, until the most perfect is reached, the origin, the reason, and end all of all things. These are they to whom we give the names of spirits. The phenomena of dreams, hallucinations, abnormal powers of memory, of computation, the problems of telepathy, clairvoyance, hypnotism, and of alternating personality, the evidence of mediumship, of automatic writing and the like, in their cumulative weight, cannot be set aside as the results of fraud and hysteria.

Psychical research is an endeavour to find the perpetual basis that will correspond with a certain range of conceptual belief, including the belief that the spirit survives its material envelope, and can remain in communion (as distinct from communication) with those who still pursue their earthly lives. But it is here that we

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encounter the difficulty. The wordless communion of the bereaved with those who have passed into the unseen is to themselves a sacred truth, and even to the complete agnostic it appears as a dignified and a poetic fancy. To track down the truth or the fancy into the recesses of the unconscious mind, using the shifts and devices of automatism to bring it to a groping form of perceptual expression, seems to be sacrilege. What answer has psychical science to make to the accusation, beyond an appeal to history, to the fact that every science in its early stages of groping has had to live down the same accusation? There is some spiritual sense that is left cold by this reply.

"*Poor* man, he has gone!" So says the man of the world, as he stands by the bed of death. Why poor? Because he has left this world with all its joys and interests. He was alive once, but now he is gone. But "gone" where? Where has he gone? Yes, that is the great question to which we crave an answer. Again, the man of the world will answer at once, "He has gone to Heaven." Others, more careful, will say, "We hope he has gone to Heaven." Others who know some stern facts will say, "Poor man, we hope he is forgiven now, for his life was a sad one." Total annihilation seems impossible, for, however loudly some may affirm that the soul is only a function of matter, and, therefore, disappears with its material embodiment, we, nevertheless, live in a universe where nothing is destroyed, but everything is worked up into other forms. At all events to us, thinking and feeling creatures, a cessation of all the activities associated with the soul is an unthinkable proposition. But can we, then, for a moment believe that our individual consciousness, as it now is, will persist under new conditions? That is equally difficult to accept. And yet, apparently, it is the one thing for which humanity craves. Everyone, in his secret heart, wants individual personality to survive, so that he may recognize those whom he loves, and they, in their turn, may recognize him. And yet such a state of affairs under totally alien conditions is inconceivable. For personality depends on the body, to a large extent,

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and a particular configuration of corporeal atoms. The soul is *simple* and immaterial, and shows that hence it can neither corrupt of itself by being resolved into constituents, nor perish dependently on the corruption of the body. Therefore, it is of its own nature incorruptible.

There never was a day when there was wanting a section of the community striving to lift the curtain hanging between this world and the next. There have always been, in all parts of the world, and at all times, men and women curiously inclined, striving to force the hand of God, often to their own ruin. There never was a time in the story of our race but there have been wicked spirits striving to come into communication with the children of God in order to cheat Christ of the triumphs and trophies of His Passion and Death. The death-roll of Armageddon has brought a deeper yearning for the Communion of Saints than the world ever before felt. Few families in Europe to-day but have their empty chair. Men and women, who once lived materialistic lives and thought of little but pleasure and business, are reaching out towards spiritual desire.

When Socrates was discussing with his companions the question of immortality, just before the time when he was to drink the fatal hemlock, he gave his own views of the subject of a future life with a clearness not often equalled by subsequent thinkers. There is no reason, he argued, why we should fear death, because either it is a long sleep, and therefore the best of sleeps ; or else it is an introduction to a future world, under conditions of probable happiness, where we shall have the opportunity of meeting all the famous men of olden time. To the philosopher to whom rational and argumentative conversation was one of the supreme ends of existence, that vision of the future Isles of the Blest, in which he could cross-examine Achilles and Homer, and the rest of a goodly company, seemed to give an almost ideal satisfaction. And these alternatives of Socrates remain for the average man outside the Church—either death is nothingness or else it is the portal to something better

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than we have had in this world. The grave hypothesis, that it might be the portal to something worse, is excluded on the grounds that this universe is ultimately ordered by Reason and Intelligence, and therefore cannot have, as its final end, misery and chaos. Conceiving the souls of all those who have departed this life, whether in grace or in sin, the Church teaches that God allows the blessed souls in heaven to know what passes on earth, and to be interested in the fate of those living. Likewise the holy souls, who are temporarily detained in purgatory, most probably are endowed with this knowledge of what passes here below. Towards them our position is reversed, and we living here on earth are, by the mercy of God, allowed very quietly to assist them and to shorten the time of their purgation by prayer and good works. In this task the blessed spirits in heaven, in touch with us, are also engaged. But a very large number of people, with practically no dogmatic religious teaching concerning the relations between this world and the next, would give anything to know that the departed souls of those they loved here actually survive, and are the very same souls that were formerly on earth. To them modern spiritualism comes as a substitute for religion. It is no "new revelation," as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has brought himself to proclaim it is ; but just the old necromancy which has been practised with little variation since first Satan darkened the intellect and enslaved the will of man. There is no denying the possibility of spiritistic phenomena. After they are stripped of all chicanery and conscious fraud, and of all the operations of the subconscious intellect, there still remains a residue which is unquestionably preternatural in character. Viewed in the light of Christian revelation and orthodox theology, modern spiritism has three sides, its falsehood, its sacrilege, and its disastrous results. The falsehood of modern spiritism, as of all its mediæval and ancient forerunners, consists in the untruth of its fundamental assumptions. The first assumption of spiritism is that material beings can and do communicate with the disembodied souls of

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the dead ; the second that the attempt to open a way between the living and the dead is morally proper and expedient. The reverse of both these assumptions is the truth.

Spiritism is begotten of a morbid and fearfully dangerous curiosity, like that of our first parents, to know those things which are hidden by God ; and to seek such knowledge is to act contrary against the Divine Will. The most appalling of these effects is the weakening of the will-power. We all know that in our bodies are certain physical forces which, used in a natural and legitimate way, are of the very highest importance. Misused they bring ruin to our whole being. Doubtless, the part of our consciousness which lies underneath our ordinary modes of thought has some immense value in the ordering of our whole mental constitution. It is like the dragon which guarded the princess's garden. The devil or the demon is, so far as intellect is concerned, one of the greatest creatures that God has ever made, and that strength of intellect and firmness of will is not diminished one jot or tittle by the Fall. Once a thing of beauty, he is now a thing of malice. Our Lord describes him as a liar, and the Father of lies. He slanders God to man, and he slanders man to God. He is a deceiver, he is a tempter ; all evil meets with his approbation. The one consuming desire of that accursed creature is to bring all men to the misery which is now his lot. He is an example for us how to work. He is never elated by success, nor dismayed by failure. He has only a short time, and in that short time all that the gigantic intellect can do, by lying, by deceit, will be done to ruin the souls of men. If he tempts to sin, it is because of his hatred of God and of his hatred of us because we are like God.

When men like Professor Sidgwick, Mr. Podmore, Sir William Crookes, Professor Lombroso and Sir Oliver Lodge have given years to the scientific examination of spiritualistic phenomena and found that, though a great deal of trickery did unquestionably exist, they could not advance any material explanation for many of

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those phenomena; when it is remembered also that these searchings had converted Sir William Crookes from a "dogmatic materialist" into an ardent spiritualist and a believer in the immortality of the soul, and had inspired Sir Oliver Lodge's remarkable speech to the British Association—when these things were remembered it was impossible for any man with the shadow of a claim to education to say the whole thing was nonsense. Indeed spiritualism went so far back as to be lost in the past. There were unmistakable proofs of its existence long before the coming of Our Divine Lord. It was to be met with in every country in every age. It accommodated itself to the popular life of the particular country in which it found itself. In Turkey it was able to satisfy the Mohammedan, in England the Protestant Christian. In Germany its meetings were held under the cloak of science; and it worked with all necessary variations in France, Italy and other countries. For Catholics that was final. It was not final, of course, for those who believed that the whole of Christian history was a myth, and that the God of Love never gave His creatures any revelation concerning Himself.

And of the modern attitude of scientific opinion towards spiritistic phenomena the Presidential address on Continuity, delivered to the Congress of the British Association by Sir Oliver Lodge, affords striking testimony. In the course of his address he said :

It is my function to remind you and myself that our studies do not exhaust the universe, and that if we dogmatize in a negative direction, and say that we can reduce everything to physics and chemistry, we gibbet ourselves as ludicrously narrow pedants, and are falling far short of the richness and fullness of our human birthright.

And further on in his address, summarizing the results of more than thirty years of psychical research he declared :

The examined facts had convinced him that memory and affection were not limited to that association with matter by which alone they could manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death. . . . The evidence,

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to my mind, goes to prove that discarnate intelligence under certain conditions may interact with us on the material side, thus indirectly coming within our scientific ken ; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, perhaps ethereal, existence, and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous but promising shores of a new continent.

But the main difficulty, both of those who are attracted and of those who are repelled by the idea of communications from the beyond, is to reconcile the trivialities and the muddles that are encountered in research with any dignified conception of the unseen. Sir William Barrett makes no attempt to gloss over the fact that many of the phenomena are, or seem to be, bizarre or trivial ; they occur through the agency, mediate or immediate, of the unconscious mind, and need to be interpreted with the greatest caution and reserve until further research has taught us more about the workings of the unconscious mind. For instance, there can be unconscious and aimless impersonation of characters in fiction. Even if these occurrences are held to represent real communications from the unseen, distorted out of recognition by the dream mind of the percipient, they point to the conclusion that the unconscious interpreter must be always to some extent distrusted. But this difficulty is one that other scientific spiritualists are prone to underrate. Science is accustomed to apparent trivialities and contradictions ; Nature is full of them, and when the seen world puzzles us so much, why should the dim unseen be suddenly logical and coherent ? The question is reasonable, but it tries to meet an objection which is beyond reason. People who went to a *séance* yearning for this marvellous doctrine (which they had a right to expect if what the spiritualists told them was true) were rewarded with rappings, self-raising tables, and the other phenomena.

What can Catholics, then, have to learn from the so-called investigations of spiritism ? They know right well by daily experience that an unseen world of active

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intelligences surrounds them. They need no messages from dark chambers and mediums spirit-possessed to tell them that there are such things in reality as we speak about—black spirits and white, pure intelligences and discarnate souls, instruments of grace, implacable foes, and panting fiends baffled in their malice, as well as suffering souls and blessed spirits conjointly and triumphantly achieving the eternally progressive work of the Creative Will. Hence a decree of the Holy Office, 30th March, 1898, condemns spiritualistic practices, even though intercourse with the demon be excluded and communication sought with good spirits only. The Church condemns in spiritism its superstition, with its evil consequences for religion and morality. Spirit-rapping is one form of communication. Persons will sit round a table, press it with their hands, give over their will to a power that may be about the room, and unseen, and ask questions and receive an answer. There is an established code: three raps on the table mean “Yes,” and one rap “No.” There are generally four persons, or groups of persons, concerned: the “communicators” (that is, the spirits of the deceased) who send the message; the “controls,” through whom the message is conveyed to the medium; the “medium,” through whom the message is conveyed; and the sitters or inquirers to whom the message is delivered. There are various methods by which these messages can be conveyed, automatic writing being one of the simplest, as, for example, when the writer or medium, leaving his hand at liberty, writes whatever comes without any attempt to control it. The kind of method chiefly dealt with in *Raymond* is that in which the medium by waiting quietly goes more or less into a trance, and then speaks or writes in a manner different from his own normal or customary manner, under the control of the separate intelligence known as the “control.” Some suppose the “control” to be a sort of secondary personality of the medium, a personality possessed of a degree of clairvoyance or lucidity beyond that of the medium’s own natural consciousness, and known by the name of the

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“subliminal self.” This control or second personality which speaks through the medium appears to be more closely in touch with the spiritual world, or what, in psychical parlance, is spoken of as “the other side,” and is accordingly able to get messages from the departed, transmitting them through the speech or writing of the medium. Sir Oliver Lodge expresses the opinion that so clearly is the personality of the control brought out in some cases, so definitely do they exhibit a character, personality, and memory of their own, and so clear are the statements of the communicators, that is, of the departed spirits speaking through the control, that he regards the control as a real person, permanently existing on the other side, and occupied on that side in much the same functions as the medium on this.

The more elementary forms of spiritualism are the *séance*, the planchette (which is absolutely forbidden by the Church), and automatic handwriting. At the *séance* answers to questions or messages from what purport to be departed souls are given either verbally through the medium (who has passed into a trance), or by means of a code used to interpret “spirit-raps” on the walls. These verbal or coded messages and answers, as well as the results following the use of the planchette and the practice of automatic handwriting, are intelligible, and leave no doubt, in the minds of those immediately concerned, but that they have really come from the dead persons with whom they wish to communicate. Table-turning is another elementary form, and the same is true of the strange lights which sometimes appear in the darkened *séance*-room.

But the triumph of spiritualism is in what is called materialization. It is held that materialization is communication with the spirits of the dead, as a rule through a medium. A medium, as the word leads you to guess, is a go-between. Through the medium the spirit, or some spirit, addresses you. The medium, through whom this communication is said to be established, is a person with an unusual temperament, with great capacity for the spiritual,

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though this spiritual tendency is not necessarily religious in character. As a matter of fact, the average medium, judged purely from the human standpoint, is an ordinary everyday creature of average morality, plus the abnormal leaning for the spiritual that makes him or her what is known as a "channel of communication." Genuine mediums are scarce in proportion to the number of those who practise spiritism, for it is not every day that one comes across genuine and conscientious mediums. Sir William Barrett is very cautious with regard to mediums. He says : " There are, I am sure, many honourable and gifted professional mediums, far removed from the charlatans referred to in the last paragraph. The mischief largely arises when the ignorant public go to such honest psychics and expect an immediate return for their money. The natural tendency of the medium is not to disappoint the sitter, and the temptation therefore arises to supplement genuine by spurious phenomena."

It is claimed that there is in the human body a substance called *astral*, and that the spiritual influence extracts this substance from the body of the medium and changes it, or moulds it to what is like to all appearance the human body. Sometimes, however, the communicator takes control and speaks or writes in his own person. Other means of communication may be through a table or some other similar rough instrument, in regard to which the communicators on the other side say that they feel more directly in touch with the sitter than when they act through a medium or control. A light table under these conditions seems no longer inert ; it behaves as if animate, and the dramatic action thus obtained is very remarkable. A table, Sir Oliver Lodge says, " can exhibit hesitation, it can exhibit certainty, it can seek for information, it can convey it, it can apparently ponder before giving a reply, it can welcome a newcomer, it can indicate joy or sorrow, fun or gravity, it can keep time with a song as if joining in a chorus, and, most notable of all it can exhibit affection in an unmistakable manner." Let all possibility of fraud be excluded, as no doubt it may safely be in this

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case. We find that in these records there is very little evidence that the communications did not emanate from living minds. Those who sit have usually read something of the literature of spiritualism. They are familiar with a certain set of ideas concerning life beyond the grave, progress through successive spheres, and the like. The appearance of information of this order in fresh communications is not fresh evidence, rather the reverse. The minds of the investigators may have been at work, the medium may merely have given back to them what they gave, what was only part of a common stock of thought.

Sir Oliver Lodge is not without perception of the harm that may ensue from a general resort to investigation. He says in *Raymond*: "It may be asked, do I recommend all bereaved persons to devote the time and attention which I have done to getting communications and recording them? Most certainly I do not. I am a student of the subject, and a student often undertakes detailed labour of a special kind. I recommend people in general to learn and realize that their loved ones are still active and useful and interested and happy—more alive than ever in one sense—and to make up their minds to live a useful life till they rejoin them." And again: "It may be well to give a word of warning to those who find that they possess any unusual power in the psychic direction, and to counsel regulated moderation in its use. Every power can be abused, and even the simple faculty of automatic writing can with the best intentions be misapplied. Self-control is more important than any other form of control, and whoever possesses the power of receiving communications in any form should see to it that he remains master of the situation. To give up your own judgment and depend solely on adventitious aid is a grave blunder, and may in the long run have disastrous consequences. Moderation and commonsense are required in those who try to utilize powers which neither they nor any fully understand, and a dominating occupation in mundane affairs is a wholesome safeguard."

Finally, what benefit has the human race ever derived

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from these spiritualistic communications? Some men and women have been brought to believe in the reality of the spiritual world after death, who did not believe before, and that is a solitary advantage which can be pointed to by the votaries of this diabolical system of imposture.* Spiritualists cannot point to one single discovery in art, in science, in history, in medicine, or in morals, which can benefit the human race. They can point to many ruined bodies and souls, brought about by these communications. Jesus Christ said: "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

One common feature which distinguishes all such communications is not only that they disregard the authentic Church's teaching, but that they have no realiza-

* From the *Memorial of Mrs. Nichols*, published by her husband, Dr. T. L. Nichols, after her death, we take the record of an experience by no means unique: "Mrs. Nichols had a strong repugnance to what became known as 'spiritualism.' But while we were still living in New York, about 1850, she went to a medium, a simple common sailor, who had a room in Canal Street, where, without money or price, he sat as a physical and writing medium, and gave people communications from their spirit-friends. She became satisfied of their genuineness by getting communications from her own friends in the spirit world. In the midst of our earnest and conscientious efforts to do all we could for human progress, health, and happiness, there came to us, through Mrs. Nichols, a series of instructions, purporting to be given by spirits, on the Faith of the Roman Catholic Church, of which we were both as ignorant as most New England Protestants were at that period. The result was that, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, who had full knowledge of all the circumstances, we were received into the Roman Catholic Church. Sudden conversions are common enough; and many Spiritualists have become Roman Catholics. Cardinal Wiseman, who received us very kindly when we presented our letters of introduction, said he had known several similar cases. I give the facts and do not attempt to give any explanation."

Elsewhere Dr. Nichols speaks of Cardinal Wiseman's active interest, adding: "It was at his residence that I first saw his eminent successor, Cardinal Manning, who some years later spent a night with us, and said Mass in our house, Aldwyn Tower, Malvern." Father Hecker and Father Lockhart were also among the many ecclesiastical friends, English and American, of Dr. and Mrs. Nichols, who regarded the disclosure by spiritism of an exterior communicating intelligence as a tremendous *fact* in support of Faith.

Perhaps the strangest of all strange conversions in a topsy-turvy world is that of Mme Mink-Jullien, who was lately urged, in table-rapping and automatic-writing messages, to believe in God, to love Him, and to pray. An explicit and deliberate atheist until "spiritualism" came thus into her life, she now became a Catholic; she had her four children baptized; and yet she is assured that these messages were the work of Satan, in some over-ruled by God. (See her *Les Voies de Dieu, Préface du R. P. Mainage*, O.P. Paris, 1917.)

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tion of sin and its consequences, and that they deny that man's time of trial is here and not hereafter. Whatever purification may be necessary after death, we either die in God's grace or we do not. A great contemporary writes :

I would advise them to have nothing to do with the attempt to seek consolation about the dead from converse, real or imaginary, with the spirits of the dead : and that mainly on three grounds : (1) that the best sort of consolation is to be found in putting your whole trust in Jesus Christ as the unique and final revealer of God and the spiritual world ; and that the limits of knowledge under which He lays us had better be respected. (2) That the inquiries suggested are sure to lead to a morbid and excessive preoccupation with the dead, and to upset the sane balance of the spiritual life. (3) That spiritualism is certain to develop a new sort of religion, a new kind of revelation, which, again, is fairly certain to be in more or less marked deviation from the belief of the Church and the New Testament ; and that if it is so, and if it is to be taken for granted that the sources of this new disclosure are really spirits, then we must consider that spirits may be of different qualities, good and bad, and that the penalty of presumptuousness may be deception.

The Church recognizes that the human body may be possessed by demons, because she has her prayers to drive the demon away. Therefore, at that moment, the demon is not in hell. And the Church will not allow us to believe that a lost spirit can be evoked from its place of torment practically at the will of man or woman. We are driven to the conclusion, then, that in this materialization we mainly deal, not with the spirits of those who were once upon the earth, but with demons who personate the friend or relative with whom you fondly believe you are in communication.

People who scoffed at the " invocation of saints " now get them to a dark chamber and summon " spirits from the vasty deep " to console them. They rejected the " holy and wholesome thought " of helping the dead by their prayers, but they now sit round tables muttering their shibboleth. According to an authority on this subject it is well known that the frequent aim of spiritistic

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communications is the promulgation of the doctrine that the Christian means of grace are useless, or at best unnecessary, and that final happiness may be attained regardless of moral precepts, and independently of God and the sacraments. Spiritism, then, implies a complete emancipation from supernatural religion and from the Christian law regulating the spiritual life of the soul.

Thus the Church has always discouraged or prohibited the attempt to hold intercourse with the dead. And if we examine the great mass of the records of information supposed to be derived from the spiritual world by "mediums," we shall not be led to assign any value to it. The Montanist prophetesses ("mediums" we should call them) became entranced, and, when thus unconscious, delivered oracles or revelations; and the sect of Montanists despised as superannuated the Church Catholic, which refused to acknowledge these communications; yet they convinced Tertullian, one of the ablest men of his day, of their truth. We look back on them now, and see they contained nothing of value—that Montanism was only an inferior form of Christianity, fanatical, and even tending to insanity. Thus, spiritism should never, from any motive whatsoever, although utilitarian, be justified by society or by the morality and well-being of the individual. Materialism indeed it utterly destroys.* But, as of old, if a man came from the dead the indifferent would not hear him; and even a belief in human survival after bodily death may carry a man but a little way on the road to God.

CLAUDE C. H. WILLIAMSON.

* Speaking in *The Month* of the "frantic denunciations" which Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond* has "provoked among prominent rationalists," Father Thurston, S.J., says: "They are up in arms because they see clearly enough that the recognition thus accorded to psychical research is a menace to materialistic science."

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CHRIST was speaking to a great multitude, when a woman of the people cried aloud: "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck." Whereupon, He said: "Yea, rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." From the early ages of Christianity it has been felt that this saying enshrines a mystery. The Fathers of the Church—St. John Chrysostom for example in the East and St. Augustine in the West—reminded the Faithful that the Mother of God had been declared Blessed amongst women (that is Blessed above all women) both by the Angel sent from Heaven, and by Elisabeth filled with the Holy Ghost. Moreover, the Queen of Prophets had herself declared that all generations should call her Blessed. This Blessedness was now affirmed by the assent of her Son. The word *εὐδύγε* translated in the Vulgate *quinimmo* and in English *yea, rather*, is undoubtedly an affirmation, though it points to something else, and carries the meaning: "rather attend to this which I am about to say, 'Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.'"

St. Augustine observes that Mary conceived Christ in her heart before she conceived Him in her womb, and that she was more blessed in conceiving Christ in her soul by faith than in the merely physical conception. Our Lady has a double blessedness attributed to her by St. Elisabeth: "Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb." And again: "Blessed art thou that hast believed." Her divine Son directed the attention of His hearers to that blessedness which came to His Mother from the faith which we can share with her rather than to that which is hers alone, beyond our reach—the actual Maternity of God. Our Lady kept the Word of God as did no other—not only in her womb, but also in her heart. "His Mother kept all these words and pondered them in her heart." She is the great exemplar of those in every age who hear and

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keep the word of God ; but even in her case spiritual blessedness, the blessedness which is the result of merit through co-operation with divine grace, is of a higher order than that which is something physical, a special privilege conferred by God, independently of any act of the Blessed one which we can hope to imitate. Thus, in a very different connection but emphasizing a similar lesson, Christ said to His Apostle : " Blessed art thou Thomas, because thou hast seen and hast believed ; more blessed they who have not seen and have yet believed."

This patristic explanation of the words of Christ, as far as it goes, seems to me absolutely convincing. It is absolutely certain that Our Lord cast no shadow of doubt on His Mother's Blessedness. It is absolutely certain that His Mother both kept, and did, the Word of God with unmatched carefulness and perfection. It is absolutely certain that Our Lord, according to His wont, wished to turn the thoughts of His hearers away from an exclamation that might lead to no result in practice, to that which would be of moral utility to themselves. Yet, to tell the truth, I have always felt that something remains to be explained. As a child I had it impressed upon me that Our Lord spoke in this manner because He foresaw the devotion that Catholics and all Oriental Christians (Schismatic as well as Catholic), would pay to His Blessed Mother, and that He wished to put us in advance on our guard against it—against that which is commonly and odiously known amongst Protestants as Mariolatry. I felt, even as a child, that this was impossible and unthinkable, yet undoubtedly Christ's words are at first sight disappointing. We should have expected that Our Lord would have enthusiastically welcomed and emphasized the saying of the woman from the crowd ; we find Him, on the contrary, turning away from them and insisting rather on a blessedness that was not in her mind at all. Again, though the patristic explanation of His words is most true, yet it could not have been understood at the time by those to

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whom He actually spoke. Now, whenever it is recorded in the Gospels that there was a meaning that lay beneath the surface of the words of Christ for which His hearers were meant to search, this fact is invariably made clear. In this case there is nothing of the kind in the narrative. I have felt, therefore, for many years that there was some light that remained yet to be shed on this passage. Yet where was such a light to be sought? It could not be found in Holy Scripture itself; it was certainly not to be found in the extant writings of the Fathers. It seemed that one would have to wait for the Light of the Life to come before this difficulty (with many others) should finally be dissipated. It may therefore be understood with what interest I have had lately a conversation with a friend in Egypt, which, new to me as it is, seemed to give us even here below the further light of which, perhaps, many besides myself have felt the need.

My friend, M. le Comte Debbane, is a Brazilian whose family has lived long in the East, where he was born. He belongs to the Greek Catholic Rite; is devoted not only to his Rite, but also to the study of Holy Scripture; he is also well versed in the customs of the East. When I was speaking to him about these words of Christ, he surprised me by saying that he did not believe that the exclamation of the woman to which Our Lord was replying had any direct reference to His Mother. That sounds sufficiently startling to a European; yet I am assured that, to an Oriental, this view will seem even obvious. To understand the real meaning of conversations recorded in the New Testament it is of importance to translate them mentally from the Greek into Syriac or Arabic languages which have a close affinity with the Syro-Chaldaic (Aramaic) spoken by Our Lord. Any one who has lived in Syria or Palestine, or even in Egypt, will often have heard this cry on the lips of a woman: "Blessed be the womb that bare thee and the paps that gave thee suck." It is a colloquial expression frequently employed by women in the East, and means simply: "Blessed are you." It is a homage

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rendered directly to the person addressed : the womb or breast of his mother are mentioned as it were figuratively, by a convention of style. At most they mean by indirect allusion ; " Blessed is the mother of such a son." The Oriental, in order to strengthen the force of his words of praise or blame, will direct them to the kinsfolk of his friend or enemy, even though the kinsfolk may be utterly unknown to him. Perhaps he is enraged and begins by saying to the object of his malediction : " Curse you ! " Then as his fury increases, to make his insult stronger, he will say no longer " Yelaanak," or " Malaoon inta," in Arabic *curse you*, but now " Yenal abook u abu abook u abu abu abook," that is : " Cursed be your father and the father of your father's father." And if he wishes to go still further in his wrath, he will cry out : " Yenal abook u ommak u abu ommak, u abu abook u illi khallefook "—" Cursed be your father, and your mother's father, and the father of your mother's father and all who have gone before you." All the time the father and the mother and the father's or the mother's father and all the ancestors thus comprehensively and violently assailed, may be entirely unknown, even by name, to their assailant. The whole force of the insults is directed against the man himself. If one takes the trouble to listen to any discussion amongst Arabs in the streets, for example amongst the numerous coachmen, so soon as the dispute becomes a little warm, one's ears will be assailed by a very rain of these expletives : " Yenal abook u ommak," directed against absent parents and other relations. They are mere colloquialisms and mean simply, " Curse you." Thus Dr. Cohen gives, " Cursed be the breast that suckled such a man," as a Rabbinic phrase in common use.*

Inversely, the usual method of praising any one is to praise his parents and his *entourage* generally. Women, especially in Syria, often cry out : " Yeslam el dahr illi hamalak, Yeslam el laban illi radatu," that is, " May God protect your mother : may God save the womb which

* *Ancient Jewish Proverbs*, p. 51.

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bare you : blessed be the milk which you have sucked !”—expressions which mean simply “May God protect you.” These are expressions used principally by women. Consequently, a visitor to the East will hear them seldom, for in the East a woman will not speak in public, least of all before a crowd. This makes the enthusiasm and courage of the woman in the Gospel the more noteworthy, when, against all usage, she raised her voice and invoked aloud blessings on Our Lord’s head. Men will employ such expressions of praise but seldom if at all, since in the East it is against good manners to speak in public of a woman and her concerns,* or to use such words as womb and breast. Therefore men will say, Yeslam abook. Ybaied Allah aslak: “May God preserve your father !” “May God give peace to your father’s soul !” “May God render your ancestors glorious !” and the like.

It is not meant that this mention of father and mother or of other ancestors, whether in praise or blame, does not automatically suggest their remembrance, but that this is merely a secondary consideration, which does not enter into the thought of the speaker. When, therefore, the woman of the people cried aloud : “Blessed be the womb that bare Thee,” she meant simply : “Blessed be Thou !” There is here no parallel with the exclamation of Elisabeth : “Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,” where blessedness is directly ascribed to Our Lord and, separately, directed to His holy Mother. Examples of the indirect form of address abound in the Bible. For example, we find the Queen of Sheba, when she wished to praise Solomon, exclaiming : “Blessed are thy men and blessed are thy servants, who stand always before thee and listen to the words of thy wisdom. Blessed be the Lord thy God who hath been pleased to set thee on His Throne,” when all the time she meant to say, and was understood to say merely : “Blessed be Thou, O Solomon ;” or, we may observe the form of

* Cf. *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, by E. W. Lane.

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the imprecation of David against his enemy : " May his sons beg their bread and be cast out of their dwelling places ! " where he meant simply : " May God punish *him* according to *his* deserts."

If, then, the woman of the people who cried aloud : " Blessed be the womb that bare Thee," meant to say : " Blessed art Thou, O Lord, and blessed is Thy Mother," Our Lord's answer is exactly what we might anticipate. He who insisted so constantly and so strongly on the importance of the practice of humility would hardly have been likely to answer : " Yes, I am blessed and, certainly, my Mother is fortunate to have borne such a Son." We know how the apocryphal Gospels, which have quite missed the true spirit of the Evangelical narrative, thought to increase the glory of our Lady by attributing to her the working of miracles from her childhood up. Mahomet, who had read of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother only in these apocryphal and often heretical books, puts into the mouth of Christ this exclamation : " Blessed am I on the day of my Birth, Blessed I shall be at the hour of my Death, and Blessed on the day I shall be raised to Life "—an exclamation suitable on the lips of His disciples, but one to which we who know the canonical Gospels feel sure would never have been spoken by the Divine Master Himself. In the inspired narrative all that tells us of Our Lord and His Mother is intended to illustrate their incomparable humility, as well as their shrinking from ostentation and unnecessary publicity.

It was a custom amongst the Jews not to introduce a subject abruptly, but to avail themselves of something that was passing at the moment upon which they might hang what they wished to say. From this custom Our Lord did not depart. When He observed Simon and Andrew about to cast their nets into the sea, He took the opportunity to say to them : " Henceforth I will make you fishers of men " ; He saw a man sowing in the fields and observed to those around Him : " A sower went forth to sow," and developed the Parable of the

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Sower ; His Apostles forgot to bring the bread they needed, He took occasion to warn them against the leaven of the Pharisees. Many similar examples will occur to the mind. When, then, the woman in the crowd cried out: "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee," it was in accordance with His ordinary habit that Our Lord took the opportunity to speak of the blessedness within the reach of all, basing what He said upon the word Blessed, in evident allusion to the passage in Deuteronomy familiar to all those who were listening to Him ; "If thou wilt hear the Voice of the Lord thy God, . . . to do and keep all his commandments, . . . all these blessings shall come upon thee . . . Blessed shalt thou be in the city and blessed in the field, blessed shall be the fruit of thy womb."

Moreover, M. Debbane observed to me that there was nothing in the circumstances that would have made the woman in the crowd think of the Blessed Virgin, with whom in all probability she was not acquainted. Our Lord was at the time in Judea, at a certain distance from Jerusalem. He had just healed a possessed man and answered the blasphemies of the Jews who attributed the miracle to Beelzebub. His Blessed Mother had not cast out the evil spirit, nor was she blasphemed. She would not in her own person have occurred to the mind of the woman of the people at all. Her exclamation was a courageous defence of Our Lord Himself against the envy and insults of His enemies.

But it may be objected that the Evangelist elsewhere records that once, whilst Our Lord "was yet talking to the people," He was told that His Mother and His brethren were without and that they wished to speak to Him. On hearing this, He answered : "Who is My Mother and who are My brethren ? He then stretched forth His hands towards His disciples and said : Behold My Mother and My brethren ; for whosoever shall do the will of My Father who is in Heaven, the same is My brother and sister and mother."

It is impossible for me within the limits of this article

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to discuss this passage at length. But I do not think that any close parallelism between the two incidents really exists. No one can deny that the Blessed Virgin alone is the Mother of Jesus in the literal sense of the word. Our Lord's intention in this place is manifest. According to His custom, He caught at the words of *Mother* and *Brethren* in order to direct the minds of His hearers to the sublime truth that He had not only a Mother and kinsfolk on earth, but also in a unique sense a Father in Heaven. He would say to His disciples : you can all become to Me as My kin,* and therefore be My Heavenly Father's children, if you will act as children should, striving to do your Father's Will.

Whilst He was about His heavenly Father's business the claims even of His earthly Mother must needs be in temporary abeyance. Our Lord had taught the same difficult lesson to His Blessed Mother when as a child He was found by her and by His foster-father in the midst of the Doctors. St. John Chrysostom remarks that in both cases, immediately after emphasizing this lesson of His necessary independence of earthly ties when engaged in His Father's work, He showed that He did not forget what was due to His parents on earth. From the Temple "He went down to Nazareth and was subject" to Mary and Joseph ; whilst, after He had given the lesson concerning His Heavenly Father, it would appear that He went out of the house to His Blessed Mother.

But two further difficulties may be raised against the thesis of M. Debbane. It may be urged that this interpretation, if true, can hardly have escaped the attention of the great Fathers, Latin and Greek ; and also that the Venerable Bede assumes that the woman in the crowd was the type of the Church, which daily applies the words of the woman in the crowd to the Blessed Mother of God. With regard to the Fathers there is no question here of contradicting their *doctrine*. If they thought, as they undoubtedly did, that the

* In Oriental languages " the figurative expression mother and brother and sister " is used to express the general sense of kinship.

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words "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee," referred primarily to the Blessed Mother of God and commented on them on this supposition, we must remember that neither St. John Chrysostom nor St. Augustine was acquainted with Syriac. The streets of Byzantium and those of Hippo or Carthage were as unaccustomed to the sound of Arabic as are the streets of London. The only Father of the Church who wrote in Syriac works of any length that have come down to us is St. Ephrem. It is well known that St. Ephrem wrote as enthusiastically on the Glories of Mary in the fourth century, as did St. Bernard in the eleventh, or St. Bonaventure in the thirteenth, or St. Alphonsus in the eighteenth. Now, it seems to me very significant that St. Ephrem nowhere in his extant writings refers to the words of the woman of the people, as I think that he almost certainly would have done had he understood them as referring to the Blessed Virgin. Canon Lamy of Louvain edited and translated into Latin nineteen Hymns of St. Ephrem "on the Blessed Virgin Mary." The first of these hymns begins thus: "The Virgin has invited me to sing of her mystery, which with awe I contemplate. Grant me, O Son of God, Thy wondrous gift, that I may enrich my harp and depict the image most beautiful of Thy Mother." Hymns VIII, IX and XVI are entirely concerned with our Lady's claims to Blessedness. I will give their substance:

Hymn VIII

1. Come, let us call Mary Blessed, the poor little Virgin whom the King's Son hath enriched. Great is her blessedness and her memorial is manifold and her praises all peoples multiply. Mary said: All generations shall call me Blessed, on account of Him to whom I have given Birth. And I, too, in turn will call her Blessed, because she has herself invited me. And to her, O ye wise, must this debt be paid.

2. Truly Blessed is she who was chosen to be the Mother of the Father of all, and to give of her milk to the nourisher of all. Blessed be the Redeemer of all, who dwelt within her. Blessed is she who has become to this world a fountain flowing with all

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good things. From her has arisen the Light of the world. Let all them pronounce her Blessed as much as is meet.

3. Blessed is she who conceived and was given offspring with virginity intact ; Blessed is she who, without knowing the pain of wives, has exulted in the fruit of mothers. Unequal is my mouth to tell forth her Blessedness ; since that most Blessed one is in all things admirable, who kept inviolate the seals of chastity, and obtained offspring that took away the dolours of childbirth.

4. Blessed is the Virgin whose Beatitudes are so multiplied that all peoples are enriched by means of her childbirth, and all nations eat of the Fruit of Life, that from her sprang forth without its coming to fail. Blessed she who knew not man, and by her child hath blotted out the malediction of Adam's Fall.

HYMN IX

1. Blessed art thou, Mary, daughter of the poor, because thou hast become Mother of the Lord of Kings ; and holily in thy bosom dwelt He, of whose praises the Heavens are full. Blessed is thy breast that suckled Him with burning love. Blessed thy mouth which seized with desire of Him, gave Him fond endearments. Blessed thy arms that embraced Him. A chariot thou art and thou didst bear the Fiery One.

2. Blessed art thou, Mary, because thy bosom was the palace of a King. . . . From the tribe of Juda is thine origin, and of the House of David thy lineage. Illustrious is thy race, since, remaining a Virgin, thou art made mother of the Son of David.

3. Blessed art thou, Mary, because thou didst carry the lion's whelp whereof wrote Jacob (Gen. xlix. 9).

4. Blessed art thou O Blessed one, because through thee was loosed and taken away from women the malediction of Eve . . .

5. Blessed art thou, O Mary, because thy Child has appeared on a Chariot utterly wonderful . . . Blessed art thou because thou hast embraced Him as thy child, loved Him as His Mother, and adored Him as do the Angels.

6. Blessed art thou, Mother most blest, because all generations, with loud voice, call thee entirely Blessed on account of the Infant born of thee. . . .

HYMN XVI

1. The Blessed Virgin heard the Angel's salutation, and on receiving it she conceived . . .

2. Blessed art thou, Mary, because in thee dwelt the Holy

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Ghost, of whom sang David. Blessed art thou who wert worthy to receive from Gabriel the Father's Salutation. Blessed art thou who wert made as though a chariot for the Son of God . . .

3. Blessed art thou, Mary, because the Bush seen by Moses figured thee forth. Blessed art thou, Mary, who wert to thy Babe, as the veil wherewith Moses covered the splendour of his face. Blessed art thou, Mary, because from thee came forth that single ray which cast the sun in shade. The same ray it was that irradiated Moses of old on the mountain top, and to-day sends forth its beams to the farthest bounds of the earth.

4. Blessed art thou, Mary, because all the Prophets in their books depicted thee . . .

5. Blessed art thou, Mary, because in thy Virginity thou art called the new Mother. Blessed art thou, Mary, because thou wert designated under figure of the earth which produced Adam, and thou wert made mother of Adam's Lord . . .

6. Blessed art thou, Mary, because thou wert made the most glorious Mother of the King of Kings. From thee sprang that Fruit, desired and glorious, which is full of all virtues. Blessed art thou—yea, wide fame has thy blessedness in cities and congregations—because thou gavest birth to Christ, the world's Saviour, who by His grace has saved His creatures.*

In such glowing words as these does St. Ephrem the Syrian amplify and glorify the Mother of God—but whereas the woman in the Gospel spoke directly to Christ (only referring indirectly to His Mother) the Saint, like Gabriel and Elisabeth before him, speaks directly to the ever-Blessed Virgin Mother.

The woman of the people who, full of admiration at the wisdom of Christ, cried with a loud voice: "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck," spoke more truly than she could ever have imagined. Her voice has reached to the ends of the earth, and is ringing in our ears to-day. Most truly was she the type of the Catholic Church which has made those words her own, but the Church in no way requires us to believe that she who spoke them first, addressed them directly to our Lady or understood the full force of that which

* I have adopted the English translation made from Professor Lamy's Latin by Fr. Livius, C.S.S.R.: *The Blessed Virgin in the Fathers of the First Six Centuries*.

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she was saying. Such words are full of fruit only when uttered by those who know something at least of their tremendous meaning, as is the happiness of all who have been taught the Christian Faith, and believe that the Blessed Virgin's Son is Himself God blessed over all things for ever. *Super omnia benedictus Deus in sæcula.* St. Bernard, addressing our Blessed Lady, has written: "Not because thou art Blessed, on this account is the Fruit of thy womb Blessed; but because He has prevented thee with the Blessings of sweetness, on this account art thou Blessed." Yet, surely, the woman who cried out from the crowd is blessed too and has received her own reward—the reward of courage and generosity, if not of faith. We may well hope that she listened to the admonition of Christ and learned to do the word of God and keep it. She it was who suggested to the Church—and surely this is a reward in itself—the great words which Priests and Religious are instructed to make their own each day after the recitation of the Divine Office: *Beata viscera Mariæ Virginis quæ portaverunt æterni Patris Filium. Et beata ubera quæ lactaverunt Christum Dominum.*

O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS.

THROUGH CONVENT WINDOWS*

MISS DELAFIELD'S NOVELS

I

ALTHOUGH anti-nun literature of a violent kind has died a natural death, another type of book, of a more subtle influence, belittling rather than aggressive, has appeared in its place. Three such novels† have lately exasperated the Convent girl, whose sacred memories they affront; and something in the nature of the retort courteous, or indeed of the reproof valiant, seems due as the expression of the indignation of readers who are baffled by the books' external fidelity to detail and their lack of true internal spirit. Laughter is one of the valuable things in life, for it takes us at least momentarily out of ourselves, and lets in something that seems to belong to eternity rather than to time. A writer who can draw upon our healthy mirth, therefore, is too precious to be easily neglected. The opening chapters of *Zella sees Herself* promised the reader a continuous treat of interesting fun. The conversation between the Baronne and Mrs. Lloyd-Evans on the subject of Zella's education is so very much alive that it gave the impression of being produced from memory rather than from imagination; and we moved on delightedly into the heart of the book.

But soon the tone became disturbing; something was out of tune. It is not fair, perhaps, to read into a

*Though "nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room," the world, more and more aware that Redemption came by a woman, may well fret at their withdrawal from many of its daily affairs. We have no nun now to be called, as St. Teresa was, "that gad-about woman"—she who pined for her cell. But we have nuns (who mostly do hide themselves) sharing St. Teresa's "large draughts of intellectual day"; and one such has been persuaded to put her pen at the public service, and to let the world see itself now and again as it is seen from convent windows.—ED.

† *Zella sees Herself, The Pelicans and Consequences.* By E. Delafield.

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book more than the writer puts there ; but here are things about which there must be no mistake, because they touch essentials. It is in the Conventual part of the story that the reader who knows becomes puzzled, perhaps angry. She is aware of a false note, and yet she cannot locate it, so vivid are some of the outside touches. That the author has been a Convent girl herself seems certain from her sense of surface realism ; yet she has missed the soul of such an experience—that potent and dear memory which is not merely the glamour of early association, but “ something far more deeply interfused ” : something to which one can go back in times of strain and stress. It is this having something to go back to that is the valuable part of Convent training. There can be but one cause of the extraordinary after influence of such recollection. Newman, in one of the poignant early sermons at St. Mary’s, when he was under the spell which Oxford from out a far past fragrant with Catholic realities still exerts on the sensitive spirit, speaks of this subtle sense of retrospection, as powerful as it is elusive : “ Such are the feelings with which men often look back on their childhood, when any accident brings it vividly before them. Some relic of that early time, some spot, or some book, or a word, or a scent, or a sound, brings them back in memory to the early days of their discipleship and they then see, what they could not know at the time, that God’s presence went up with them and gave them rest. . . . They are full of tender, affectionate thoughts towards those first years, but they do not know why. They think it is those very years which they yearn after, whereas it is the presence of God which, as they now see, was then over them, which attracts them. They think that they regret the past when they are but yearning for the future.” If this be true of dear human associations, how much more defined and local, so to speak, are these perceptions where the Real Presence has been the actual centre of such a habitation. The Incarnation is the heart of life, and the Blessed Sacrament is its extension into all time and place. The mere living in such an environment

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must uplift and spiritualize; and, even in a book where there is little enough of reverence and perception, one is aware of an atmosphere of innocence emanating, not only from the rather commonplace group of girls, but in some indefinable way from the writer herself, making one strongly suspect that she has shared in gifts which she may not recognize as such. Wordsworth wrote more truly than he knew of—

Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.

If we take such books as Miss Delafield's seriously it is because they deal with matters that, if not serious precisely, are vital, and as such, important. The writer may have worked out her stories with no idea in particular; her sense of humour plays equally and carelessly over things true and false; but she cannot be irresponsibly frolicsome when she touches on realities. About Zella herself, opinions may differ. A girl who is deep enough to discover her own insincerity is too deep to stop at the mere surfaces of life. She has possibilities, in spite of her chameleon-like tendency to take the colour of her surroundings. Perhaps Zella, like Maggie Tulliver and others of her ilk, is too much for her creator to manage. Anyone who has had experience with girls knows that it simply could not have been like that. Something would have happened; someone among those devoted to the training of children would have understood and touched the right chord and helped her out of herself. Certainly if she did not deceive the Baroness, she could not have deceived a whole Community of nuns who knew how to conduct what had the reputation of being a good school. But this is not the false note of the book. That is to be found in the study of convention. Any kind of life may be encrusted with convention; it belongs to the

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superficial character of human intercourse. The important part is whether there is something real underlying the convention. And this is where the author has not discriminated. Underneath the familiar Convent externals there is an interior spirit that matters. In the religion which Zella accepts there is something too true for her to escape ; she is dealing with facts, not merely with her own emotions. The old nun who turns out the fussy contents of her pocket has had her heroic moments and has discovered the philosophy of life. The hackneyed phrases, which may appear platitudes in their use, are none the less true in themselves, and originated in spontaneity and inspiration. A sense of humour ought to be a sense of proportion, but here the spirit of fun gets very near to the spirit of contempt, tolerant perhaps, but manifestly tinged with bitterness. The *dévôte* French aunt is made to appear a gentle fanatic regarding Zella's alliance with one not of her Faith, yet underneath her conventional protests lies the love that holds the keeping of Law as its proof ; she is perfectly justified in her fears for her niece's spiritual welfare. So much depends on the way such things are presented. It does not matter if the story is lively and amusing, provided that truth itself is not made to look ridiculous ; but in *Zella* humour runs riot, and just as Theosophy is shown up as a pose, and Anglicanism as a sham, so Catholicism is made to look like a superstition, and religious life as a convention. I do not think this is intended, but it is certainly the impression given ; and impression, after all, is the important thing. Our "darling young" are much too precious to be offered only negations (in which the book abounds) ; they have capacity and desire for the great affirmations of life, and it is running grave risks to belittle these.

The conversation between the Reverend Mother and M. de Kervoyou is manifestly absurd and improbable. No sensible woman (and such she appears at other times to be) could possibly be so silly. "We are all occupied in working for the greater glory of God," returned Rev.

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Mother impersonally, "from the smallest of our children to our Mother Provincial herself. You have heard of our dear Mother Provincial? So many people of the world keep up an intercourse or at least a correspondence with her." Louis de Kervoyou was not one of these, and said so as delicately as he could. "Ah well, perhaps your little daughter will have the joy of seeing her one day. She is in Spain now, but may be in England next year, and then what rejoicings for all our English houses!" And this highly imaginary person goes on talking emotionally of the canonization of the Foundress and other local matters which nuns do not discuss with strangers, from sheer good taste if not from religious reserve. Fancy anything so utterly foolish as this going on in a convent parlour—it is on the subject of Zella's music: "Our music mistress in chief, Mère Marie Rose, will be pleased to have her. She is the most patient of teachers, a person of the highest virtue, sanctifying herself very rapidly, I assure you." The best that can be said of the conventual parts of these books is that there is no record of any breach of charity; on the contrary there is gentleness and kindness shown throughout. But the whole thing is made to look ridiculous.

James is a delight, as well as a fanatic, on the subject of convention. He, too, misses the mark in forgetting to look for what may lie beneath; but his very priggishness about sham will probably help him on to reality. His Cardinal's robes are very becoming, and one is tempted to exploit his possibilities.

Zella's last pose, although a commonplace one, is the truest; and, as the reader may be allowed a more hopeful outlook than the writer, she feels sure that Truth is at hand for the poor little thing, if she can get away from the sight of herself long enough to catch a glimpse of it.

II

If *Zella sees Herself* awakens in the reader a subconscious suspicion that the author has a grievance against

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nuns and mothers, *The Pelicans* accentuates this impression. In this story a young girl becomes a Catholic and enters the Convent; the reader is introduced into a noviciate and made acquainted with the daily life of Sister Frances Mary. Some critic has spoken of the book as a "merry" one; but to many it must seem singularly unhappy, with that unhappiness which comes from the cynicism of youth. Let us hope that the "years which bring the philosophic mind" will soften or illuminate the outlook on life of one who appears to see it in all its aspects as only a very miserable business. And it is miserable unless we accept time in terms of eternity; for it is time which hurts and distresses a being born for eternity; and our wretchedness or secret joy depends on whether we see things from the point of view of destiny or from the limitations of our transient condition. *The Pelicans* is a less light-hearted book than *Zella*. We are grateful for Lady Argent and Mrs. Mulholland; they relieve the depression of the story and they do make us laugh. The writer's humour is always welcome. If only her penetration equalled her powers of observation, she would be invaluable. But the religious department gives us only realism without reality. It describes rather a dead body than a living thing. Poor little Frances passes her time in a fruitless struggle with sleepiness, the endurance of chapped hands, long kneelings, difficult meals and general discomfort. By the elaborate insistence on details, which are no harder than those in the lives of many a nurse and energetic woman of the world, we are led to conclude that her death is the natural consequence of the strain. It is superfluous to say that no sensible novice-mistress would allow things to go so far. Nor was there any occasion for it. Frances got at least seven hours' sleep and many a girl of her age gets less. Again, it is the impression that counts; and here the impression is altogether false: there seems to be nothing more in it all than mere stoical endurance. There is no hint of that which turns existence into Life, of the Central Personality which makes all the difference, even as, in a human

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way, one person can make the hardship of any woman's life seem light because of love. Love must focus in a person. Without the Person of Christ all religion is vague and idealistic. A genuine nun is a perfectly sane individual who has to live on truth or she cannot live at all. She is a philosopher, *au fond*, as well as one who must know something of love and life, and think her own thoughts about these matters with as much independence of mind as do those who judge her. For within the law of God and those other restrictions of vow and rule which she has voluntarily chosen as the protection of her interior liberty, she is a very free creature—one, too, not without a sense of humour. The discipline necessary to any corporate life is a reasonable condition of the external order and tranquillity which she gains by joining an organized body. The same is true of any other co-operation, civil or military. But tricks of speech, maxims appropriated in an artificial way, mannerisms, spiritual ambition, the strain of stoical endurance, these can never carry a soul through experiences which are only strange because they are logical. Religious life itself is too simple to challenge the complexity of interpretation brought to bear on what is only an attempt to make the conditions of primitive Christianity possible in a world which is either hostile to it, or which does not choose to live according to its principles. The element of personal consecration is introduced by vows, which (as do also the marriage vows) express the desire of the heart for complete surrender. Love is manifested in duty; but knowledge is the consciousness of love; and to this the soul aspires by prayer, without which the fruitfulness of her life must suffer as well as her own happiness—

Quam bonus te quærentibus—
Sed *quid* invenientibus!

And always it is the Person of Christ, living, alluring, vivifying, which is the centre, the meaning of it all. Nowhere in *Zella* or *The Pelicans* is there a suggestion of that which alone can make a life of renunciation either

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attractive or livable. Even if this is not enunciated (as, indeed, it need not be) one should feel it all at the back of what appears to be Catholic fiction; the reader should be made aware of the true background of the amusing foreground, without insistence. Father Benson does not preach about all this in his novels, but he makes it understood and realized, because he understood and realized it himself. Compare the account of Frances' clothing in *The Pelicans* with Mary Weston's reception in *A Winnowing*, seen even through the very doubtful medium of Lady Sarah, and one perceives the deep meaning of the one (in spite of the amusing mentality of the onlookers) and the emptiness of the other. And this although the priest writer did not actually share the nun's experience. "Catholic—and temperament," observes Lady Sarah's husband, "Two inscrutable mysteries." And temperament has something to do with it certainly, in the sense that a nun must be a perfectly normal creature, with a capacity for living by the theological virtues as well as by the counsels.

For the rest, there is one possession in this vale of tears to which every soul can and must attain, and that is the peace of her own innocence, in whatever state it can be best assured. To some, Religious life would be a hindrance, not a help; to others there can be no satisfaction, to speak paradoxically, except in sacrifice; that holocaust which is not consumed in the solemn act of renunciation, but which goes on burning, until the mystery called Time is passed over, and this mortality is swallowed up in Life. The word Life is what it all comes to—life with a capital L. This does not lie in the mere external machinery of an ordered existence, of human origin, framed for the evident requirements of the situation, and subject to human limitations. What *is alive* in the midst of this necessary organization is that secret invitation called vocation, in which the soul has no initiative, nor indeed any part but acquiescence, yet without which she could not take the supernatural step. To force a situation of this sort is to precipitate a tragedy. It is not pious

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imagination that has invented the words of the sacred Text which so clearly enunciate, first, that the call is of God's choice, not of our own seeking ; second, that even in this life there will be a hundred-fold compensation for the renouncement; and, thirdly, that the soul will be fruitful. It is a summons not only to a distinct and separate apostolate, but also to the closer imitation of Christ in the conditions of His earthly existence. If Calvary has saved the world, Nazareth is the special inspiration and salvation of Religious. And so the apparent futility of "customary life's exceeding injucundity," with its seemingly empty spaces, that mystery of pain called "Desolation,"* that "Dark Night" through which even the pure soul of a Thérèse of Lisieux has manifestly passed, all this becomes intelligible and valuable as the necessary training of the soul to fit it for Love. One crowded hour of glorious life is worth it all. Each individual vocation is a separate secret between Christ and the soul ; but, on general lines, there are types of vocation. To some, the predominant inspiration is zeal for souls ; to others, sacrifice for sacrifice is the central idea ; the case of the squire in *A Winnowing* (to quote from fiction) is not uncommon ; the call (not of course in such a preternatural way) from a life of tepidity and carelessness to the Fear of the Lord which is the beginning of Wisdom : "All in a moment I saw that it was true that the Catholic religion was really true, not just in a pious sort of way, but solid, solid as a rock—judgment, hell, heaven and the rest of it . . . and I knew I'd made a frightful mess of things. I—I was frightened to death. . . . I can't go on with this footling sort of life."

To many, it is just love, longing to give itself away—to be used by God as something that belongs utterly to Him and can be treated as His own. To very young souls it often comes with a blind sense of exquisite and pursuing love, to which the soul responds with unreason-

* John Ayscough, in *Marots*, has vividly analyzed the states of "consolation" and "desolation" in the spiritual life.

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ing delight. *In odorem tuorum currimus ; adolescentulæ dilexerunt te nimis.* The idea of sacrifice may not enter in at all, the soul follows its own mysterious pleasure. It is just : " I will go to the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth."

But the joy belongs to the reward as well as to the inspiration. " I will *lure* her into the wilderness : and there I will speak to her heart." First the lure, irresistible and real, the most real thing in life, something, indeed, to go back to ; then the wilderness—and here the pain of Time comes in, for joy belongs to eternity, and no soul who has been drawn by this ineffable enticement can escape the desert that lies between the two Eternities ; yet even in the desert there is the memory whose sweetness cannot be effaced—and the hope of that which can make its sterile sands blossom like the rose—the word to the heart. Coventry Patmore says somewhere, and experience proves it true : " Nothing remains in man which is not insinuated with some delight."

It is the sense of this which one misses in *The Pelicans*. In spite of her own assurance of her happiness, the precise assertions of the nuns, and the voluble corroboration of good Mrs. Mulholland, there is no evidence of any real experience in Frances' pathetic little venture—there is no *inside* to it all. In the earlier stages, she seems to have had some emotions and received some impressions ; but there is no indication of anything vital. She seems to leave things generally to the Prior of Twickenham. " I suppose Father Anselm will settle all that. He is my director. Oh, Rosamund, it's such a relief to know that one can't do wrong as long as one is obedient. I just have to submit my own private judgment to what the Church teaches through her priests and it's such a comfort." This is very misleading—No, Frances has not got the essential of a Religious vocation, good and gentle as she is.

In a *A Winnowing*, which might be read as an antidote to the false impression given by *The Pelicans*, Mary Weston asks Sister Teresa if she is really happy. " It's

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hard to put into words," she said slowly. "Words mean such different things to different people. Let me answer it like this. For no conceivable reason on earth would I leave the Convent. I would sooner die ten times over. Suppose I woke up and found the whole thing a dream, and that I was living in the world, I think my heart would break." The very incoherence of this carries a note of conviction. Again, in Mary's conversation with the Prioress there are real words meaning real things which we find nowhere in *The Pelicans*. When Mary tells her story, the nun says :

You have done that which is very common in the world. You have attempted to silence the voice of Our Lord speaking in the heart. . . . Oh—well—we must ask ourselves why it is that Our Lord asks such a thing at all. . . . I will tell you. It was because He saw in you a power, a capacity. Is it not so? A seed (no more than a seed, my child), yet it was there, and He saw it. Now Our Lord does not trouble Himself . . . I should say that He does not trouble souls for whom He has no intentions, such as can do nothing great for Him. . . . There is, that is to say, in each soul an interior castle, as our holy Mother, St. Teresa, tells us, and for many that interior castle is at rest. Our Lord dwells there in peace ; He gives such graces as are necessary, but He does not proclaim Himself. Now with you it is not so. He has proclaimed Himself.

And poor Mary has to pay the price of the choice, or hers will be one more of the many Great Refusals.

"Do *you* believe He calls me?" asks Marotz of Poor Sister, who replies wisely : "Who am I, Marotz, that I can force myself into God's confidence? Some signs, half outward, one may think one sees, or think one misses. That is all. And no signs are infallible either way. . . . But God is more than any one way of serving Him." I have quoted the two priest-novelists because, although obviously outside the actual experience, they have penetrated into something of its meaning. Miss Delafield, on the contrary, approaches the subject at most from a Protestant standpoint. In fact, there is a note of protest, even of resentment, running through it all.

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The reader is evidently expected to see things through Rosamund's eyes; but Ludovic paralyses even this groping vision. "In Heaven's name why? What is the object of it all?" "I can't really see any object in it myself (replies Rosamund) but from their point of view it's—it's self sacrifice; and so it becomes desirable." "To propitiate a Being whom they call the God of Love?"

The cynical question can best be answered by illustration; we shall leave the rest to Rosamund. To look back upon this last century of modern life and see what nuns have meant to the world by the sinking of the individual into the efficiency of the whole, is to realize, with a kind of fear, what that world might have been without them. In the United States alone, where Catholicity is so evidently the leaven of that vast mass of heterogeneous humanity, the influence of the nun lies at the very root of its civilization. In the enormous parochial schools of crowded cities, supported by the voluntary contributions of the Faithful, children refuse to be taught even by Catholic seculars; they insist upon and get, their nun. That means that fifteen or twenty nuns may have to serve one big school. Multiply this by the ever-increasing Catholic parishes of only this one country and by the Convent schools for the wealthier classes; follow on the calculation into the splendid increase of priests and nuns, of Catholic marriages, of good citizenship, just because of the knowledge of Jesus Christ given in early youth by those who truly love Him and care more for His interests than anything else; add to this aggregate the contemplatives who pray for the toilers, those who devote their lives to the orphan, the sinner, the aged, the poor, the stricken, the ignorant all over the world, because of one Person Who inspires all service with Love and Life; put the sum of all this over against the frivolous question of Ludovic, and one can but be struck with his phenomenal insignificance in a spiritual world which he elects to criticize since he has, obviously, nothing else to do. But let him have his answer as well as its illustration. "There is only one

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thing which counts" (Rosamund at last discovers) "and that is loving—and loving is giving."

III

Consequences brings this increasingly unhappy trilogy of helpless young women to a close by the suicide of the heroine (a sort of elaborate Zella); and it is with a sense of relief that we realize that she cannot be resuscitated for further exploitation. Miss Delafield has out-Hardyed Hardy in her genius for bringing a carefully selected combination of unfortunate circumstances to bear on a highly emotional and abnormal nature. It is the story of a girl who fails in everything—friendship, love, social life, and as a last venture, religious life. The key to her character and its necessary outcome is given in a family scene where Alex breaks down before her parents in open avowal of unhappiness:

"But what is it you want, Alex? What would make you happy?" her mother broke in piteously. In the face of their perplexity Alex lost the last feeble clue to her own complexity. She did not know what she wanted—to make them happy, to be happy herself, to be adored and admired, and radiantly successful, never to know loneliness and misunderstanding again; such thoughts surged chaotically through her mind as she stood there sobbing, and could find no words except the childish, foolish formula "I don't know."

What she wanted, poor child, was the whole of love, and heaven on earth. The remedy for such a type is a happy marriage, which would give her a normal existence and take her out of herself; and it is strange, indeed, that, in all her world of men, there was not one to be found to discover her finer qualities, and the gentle attractiveness which is apparent to the reader, in spite of her weaknesses. But the author is manifestly determined that her protagonist is to remain miserable to the bitter end, and so the melancholy tale goes on, unredeemed by the faintest flash of the humour and liveliness of Zella. Alex Clare seems to have grown up in a Catholic nursery

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and a Convent school without the slightest knowledge of God, of her own soul, of the meaning of life. While, in the words of a contemporary review,* the book "develops in accordance with a cast-iron scheme in which all things and all persons are designed for her discomfiture," and "there is an element of exaggeration about the whole," some lesson may be drawn from the manifest, if unmerited, reproach running through all these books. It is as well for those of us who come nearest to the soul of the child—mothers and nuns, who are responsible for the first important impressions and their later development—to see to it that this precious charge be given only what is real and living and true in its early religious education; that the nursery training may not be mere worldly convention, nor the school training marred by conventional trivialities of another sort; so that, in spite of the possible perversity of the growing girl herself, there may be always something deep and true to go back to. We cannot be sure that our children will use the best that is given them, but it is our part to give them that best.

For the rest, this is a poisonous book for these same precious young, and can do real and lasting harm. It gives the cheap impression that God is not in His heaven and nothing is right in His world; it fosters the unhappy habit of being sorry for oneself, to which an emotional nature is only too prone; and it gives no stimulus to healthy effort and supernatural outlook without which any life must be a tragedy.

The writer pronounces, rather inconsistently, her own judgment on her pathetic heroine, in one sentence: "Sometimes she wondered whether the impending solution to her whole destiny, still hanging over her, would find her on the far side of the abyss which separates the normal from the insane." And the problem confronts the reader: "Who can minister to a mind diseased?"

* *Times Literary Supplement* for June 5th.

NORFOLK HOUSE :

1746-1815*

THE Regent's daughter, that spirited young lady, Princess Charlotte, writing in her seventeenth year, says of Charles Duke of Norfolk : " He is in his exterior rough, but he is a diamond within." This is an extract from some Papers which have lately come to light at Norfolk House, little, if at all, known to the public, and which throw much fresh light upon the nobleman thus described. As bearing upon a period very similar to our own, both in Foreign and Irish affairs, a brief examination of these MSS. seems particularly appropriate at the present time.

The Dukes of Norfolk, in the Eighteenth Century, played an important part in national affairs, though the attachment of most of them to a proscribed religion cut them off to some extent from public life. Duke Thomas, who succeeded in 1701, spent some months in the Tower on account of supposed Jacobite intrigues. But there was already a party amongst the English Catholics disposed to give up the cause of the Stuarts. At Stonyhurst there is an interesting MS. giving an account of an interview between the Chevalier and a Jesuit Father, in which his Majesty (as he is there described) earnestly invokes the Society to use its influence on his behalf lest the Catholics of England should give up his cause. But all in vain ; for Duke Thomas of Norfolk was succeeded in 1732 by his brother Edward, the ninth Duke, who at once attached himself to the House of Brunswick. A

* It is proposed to print, from time to time, papers and letters of historic interest still remaining unpublished in the muniment rooms of Catholic houses. The present instalment, mostly based on manuscripts at Norfolk House and at Stonyhurst, illustrates, like its predecessor dealing with papers at Everingham, the paralysing effect of the unspiritual Eighteenth Century upon even Catholic life in England. The religious lapse of the 11th Duke of Norfolk left him, however, still a warm advocate of Catholic Emancipation, in regard to which, as well as to the Irish question and to the American Revolution, some new light is now thrown on the acts and opinions of the Prince Regent and the political leaders who corresponded with " the wicked Duke."—ED.

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sincere Catholic, he used all his influence to bring his co-religionists round to the reigning family, his attitude having important results in 1745. For the friendship of the Duke towards the Georges was personal as well as political. So much so, that George III was born in Norfolk House, the tattered splendours of the room where the event took place still surviving in a forsaken part of that mansion. From this period also dates that association of the Norfolks with the Whig Party, which lasted for a century and a half. Through the death of the two nephews of Duke Edward, Charles Howard of Greystock came to the title as tenth Duke in 1777. The second cousin of his predecessor, he belonged to a Jacobite branch of the family, and seems to have suffered something for his religion, or his politics ; for among the Papers at Norfolk House is a letter, congratulating him on his accession to the Dukedom, from the famous General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, in which he remarks : " I shall not trouble your Grace by repeating my vows that you may long have the opportunity of exerting in your most illustrious station those virtues which you have acquired in affliction and persecution, the school of heroes." The General then goes on to compare the Duke's experiences to those of David, Julius Cæsar and Constantine under similar circumstances, and proceeds to pay him a compliment which, coming from so great a philanthropist as Oglethorpe, to whose " strong benevolence of soul " Pope bears witness, is all to the Duke's credit. " Long, very long may your Grace enjoy the happiness of being a benefactor to mankind, which has always been your chief aim and delight." This Duke Charles, a literary man and something of an antiquary, was already elderly when he became Duke. He signed the petition which, the year after his accession, led to the Catholic Relief Bill ; and the commentary of the country was seen in the Gordon riots. The feeling of the injustice done to Catholics by the national attitude towards their faith " induced in the Duke," as one of his biographers says, " a constant melancholy of mind." But he died, we read in a letter

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from a Nun at Paris, "so that his edifying end greatly consoled his friends."

The subject of this article, Charles Howard, Junior, of Greystock, as he was called until his father became Duke of Norfolk, had little reason in his youth to anticipate his eventual succession to the highest honours of his House. There seemed nothing before him in those days beyond the obscure position of a Catholic Squire in the remote county of Cumberland. Three or four hundred letters addressed to this nobleman survive at Norfolk House, and form in themselves quite a little history of the period. We find in one portfolio several letters referring to his early life and to his first marriage to Miss Coppinger, an Irish Catholic lady. He had at this time no prospect beyond Greystock. The correspondence on the subject of the somewhat modest settlements, and the wedding-licence granted by the Protestant Primate of Ireland, have been carefully preserved, and perhaps represent the only romance of a life-time. Several letters are from a friend called Kennedy, in Dublin, in whose house the lovers appear to have had opportunities of meeting. The first of these, written in 1766, contains humorous allusions to the courtship and to the anticipated opposition of Mr. Howard's parents. But in the second letter, dated June, 1768, the scene had quite changed; for in the meantime the marriage had taken place, and Charles Howard had already become a widower. A remarkable change, too, had come over his prospects, for the sudden death of his remote cousin, Philip Howard, had made him heir-presumptive after his father to immense wealth, and the highest title in the Peerage.

Writing a letter of condolence on the death of the young bride, Mr. Kennedy says: "My dear Friend,—Though I have experienced many disappointments and misfortunes for my years, yet I can assure you with great truth that no one incident of my life ever affected me so deeply as the great loss you have sustained. In fact it was the severest stroke that could possibly befall you and your friends . . . Owing to the embroiled state of my affairs

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owing to our infernal Popery laws, I have been prevented coming to England, though I would not attempt to alleviate my friends' grief by reason. Religion alone can afford comfort and resignation . . . and much, on account of your great share of religion, will be expected from you by your friends." Mr. Kennedy, fearing that his young friend will sink under the blow, reminds him that now his life is of the utmost consequence. This is still more insisted on in a letter two years later : " I beg to recommend myself to you, as nobody is likely to have such extensive power, and that you will be so good as to excuse this liberty, as my suffering for my religion occasions the necessity." He also refers to the proposed second marriage of Charles Howard in terms which suggest that it was not a marriage of affection like the first. " Whenever you change your state, which in one of your consequence is unavoidable, be sure that we shall sincerely congratulate you." Mr. Kennedy appears later to have been appointed agent or Secretary to his friend. Miss Scudamore, Mr. Howard's second wife, had a fortune of £27,000, besides her estate and house at Holme-Lacy, but she was not a Catholic ; and probably this fact contributed to the step her husband took nine years later in conforming to the Established Church. The lady eventually went out of her mind, and there were no surviving children by either marriage. Mr. Howard's executor attributes to these unhappy matrimonial circumstances the evil courses into which his friend fell in later years, a man, he says, cut out for domestic happiness.

After his father became Duke of Norfolk in 1777, Mr. Howard, junior, was known as Earl of Surrey, and from this moment the volume of his correspondence vastly increases. Of particular interest are seven large packets of letters, beginning with one from David Hume to the tenth Duke, in 1760, and ending with a letter from Sheridan in 1816 ; there are several from the latter, and, indeed, from all the statesmen of the day, especially the Whig leaders. For Lord Surrey, now a Protestant, and Member for Carlisle, at once identified himself with the

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advanced wing of the Whig party. When the American War had already broken out, he contributed to a fund intended to increase the comfort of American prisoners in England. How, one wonders, would conduct like this have been judged by the Press of to-day ? Sir John Lee, a future Whig Attorney-General, writing to Lord Surrey on this matter, says : “ You may depend upon it that never again shall we see the revolted Provinces acknowledge the Sovereignty of the British Crown ” ; and then he ventures on a prophecy which sees its happy fulfilment to-day : “ We may have a favourable alliance with them, but no subjection.” Later, Lord Surrey took an active part in the overthrow of Lord North’s administration. But it is his attitude on the Catholic Question that will interest us most, for upon this cause he was to stake his political existence, although the old fervour of his religious feelings while he was still a Catholic had failed him. Political ambition and a dissipated course of life had obscured in him the sense of higher things. For, as an old writer has it :

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again.

Lord Surrey became eleventh Duke of Norfolk in 1786, and one of his most frequent correspondents was Mr. J. Brook, the Somerset Herald, who had occasion to write to his Grace as Earl Marshal, and who combined business with anecdotes of various kinds which make his letters very entertaining. Writing in January, 1790, Mr. Brook says : “ I am told that the Prince of Wales honoured the Beefsteak Club with his company one Saturday since your Grace left town. He had often appointed to go, but was prevented, and this time went with his brother of York at 5 in the evening unawares, and staid till 10 ; he drank two bottles of port, and when he went away he said to his brother, ‘ To-night, Frederick, you must put me to bed—last night I took care of you.’ I understand he talked much of your Grace, lamented you was not there, and described with great glee an entertainment he

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had lately given to the Duke of Orleans, your Grace, etc., the different effects ebriety had on you all, particularly that you showed feats of activity, etc., etc." It is remarkable that Mr. Brook follows up this interesting story, which he no doubt knew would be palatable to his correspondent, with information of a different character : " I hear from a Lincolnshire gentleman that Mr. Heneage of Hannynnton, nephew of Lord Petre, and lately come of age, has declared his intention of conforming to the Established Church. Mr. Gifford of Chillington, and Mr. Plowden of Plowden, are said to have done the like last year." There was probably never a worse period for the defection of old Catholic families ; and the example of the Duke of Norfolk himself cannot have been without influence. And even among professing Catholics the temperature of faith was often almost at freezing-point, as witness the proceedings of the Catholic Committee and the Cisalpine Club. And we find that, though the Duke had crossed the line into the Protestant camp, he still took an interest in the affairs of the Catholic Committee, and was apparently consulted by its members. Carefully bound up among the Duke's letters is a copy of the letter of Dr. Walmsley, Vicar-Apostolic, suspending the Rev. J. Wilks for his conduct in connection with the Catholic Committee. Mr. Wilks quotes the query of the Bishops, " Whether the Committee intended to proceed further in the business of the Bill without the approbation of the Bishops," and then gives his own reply at length. The one object of the Committee, and no doubt of the Duke himself, was to secure the adoption of a fuller Catholic Relief Bill by Parliament without troubling too much about the opinion of the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities.

Whatever may have been the motives which prompted him, Duke Charles was a most sincere advocate of Catholic Emancipation. As early as 1778 we find an excellent letter from Burke to him on the subject of the first Relief Bill. And later on the Duke took the deepest interest in the Irish question from this point of view. We know how the conscientious opposition of George III to Emancipa-

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tion in Ireland precipitated the rebellion of 1798. At this time the enlightened policy of those Whigs who, like the Duke of Norfolk, followed Fox and Grey had the doubtful advantage of being supported by the Prince of Wales. In 1801 the King was again manifesting symptoms of insanity, and a Regency once more seemed imminent. Everybody expected that the Prince of Wales would immediately call upon Fox and his friends to form a ministry the moment he became Regent. At this critical moment the Prince sent his confidential agent, Captain Morris, to Norfolk House, and, not finding the Duke at home, the Captain wrote the following letter, preserved among the MSS., and dated February 24th, 1801 : “ My Lord Duke, I am charged with a commission made to me this morning from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, through the medium of Col. Mc'Mahon, to offer to your Grace and anxiously to hope for your acceptance (if a Regency should be established favourable to him), the Vice-Royalty of Ireland to be accompanied with full power for the Catholic Emancipation of the Kingdom ; and I am further informed that his Royal Highness deems the appointment of your Grace the most appropriate, and feels it a singular pleasure in having it in his power at least to express his wishes. This, my Lord Duke, is the full extent of my Commission, and I am now at Norfolk House meaning to have communicated verbally with your Grace ; but, not finding you, I have put my message on paper, and, as your Grace knows the hand, and the matter at present is wished to be attended with privacy, I shall only say without signature, I am your Grace's most obliged humble servant.”

But as it happened the King on this occasion recovered his mental balance without an entire collapse, and the undutiful eagerness of his eldest son was once more disappointed. The Ministry of All the Talents which followed on the death of Pitt brought Fox and his friends into office ; but the Catholic question was shelved for the time on account of the great stress of Foreign Affairs, and the King's determined opposition. There are some

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interesting letters to the Duke from Lord Howick (later Grey) and from Lord Holland during the course of this Administration. After the death of Fox, George III insisted that the Catholic Question should never again be mentioned. The King knew that he had the nation at his back, and a new House of Commons confirmed in power the Ministry which had been reformed on a Tory basis. An attempt at a coalition with the Whigs was made in 1809, and there are many letters about the failure of the proposal. For the Duke of Norfolk and his friends continued to rely on the fact that, if the Prince of Wales succeeded as Regent, or King, the Catholic Question might be re-opened with effect.

They were destined, however, to encounter a cruel disappointment. Just eleven years later than the date of the note left by Captain Morris at Norfolk House, the Prince found himself in the position so long coveted. The King was permanently out of his mind, and the Prince of Wales, after occupying the position of Regent with partial authority for a time, was about to enter upon his full powers. But since 1801 a change had come over the views of "that illustrious person" as he is sometimes described in these MSS. Mr. Percival, who was now in office, was particularly strong in his opposition to the Catholic claims. And the Prince Regent was somewhat unreasonably expected by his Whig friends to dismiss Percival, and summon them to power at once. George III had so insisted upon the prerogative of dismissing ministers that no one questioned the power of the Crown in this particular. The Prince of Wales, however, for various reasons had fallen quite out of love with the Whig leaders, especially Grenville, and, now that he was really in power he found himself more in sympathy with Tory ideals. At such a crisis in European affairs as that of 1812, it would perhaps have been unwise to dismiss a Ministry in which the country had confidence, and introduce such a bone of contention as the Catholic Question undoubtedly was. The Prince desired a coalition Ministry, which could only be formed if such questions as Reform

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and Emancipation were shelved. He had not, however, the courage to adopt a straightforward attitude, but took refuge in a shuffling policy, particularly exasperating to his old friends. He adopted the expedient of writing an open letter to the Duke of York in which he summed up the position in a very sensible way. The copy of this letter, originally sent by the Regent himself to the Duke of Norfolk, has been preserved ; and bound up with it are various others bearing on the crisis. The whole packet was carefully put together, with an index, by Mr. Howard of Corby, the Duke of Norfolk's kinsman, and great friend, who writes a little preface : " Having been at Norfolk House during this period, and receiving from the Duke of Norfolk and other gentlemen, such as Sir Arthur Pigott, Lord Carlisle, etc., authentic accounts of what was passing, I think that some extracts from letters I wrote to Mrs. Howard will connect the history of these papers, and afford a clearer understanding relating to what then passed." Mr. Howard produced in this way a most vivid picture of the Regent in difficulties ; and, though he severely blames the Prince, we cannot help feeling a certain amount of sympathy for his Royal Highness. Pressed on one side by his old friends, and on the other by the necessities of his position, the Regent had a most uncomfortable time ; for he was before all things, like Joseph Surface, " a man of sentiment." I need not quote at any length the letter which the Prince of Wales wrote to his brother of York, for that is a well-known historical document. Sufficient to say that, with an extraordinary want of humour, he enlarges on his desire as a dutiful son to act only as his father would have wished him to do on such an occasion. He then writes about the glorious course of the War, and the necessity of keeping the present ministry in office at such a critical time, and he ends : " I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed, would strengthen my hands, and constitute a part of my Government. With such support I shall look with confidence to a prosperous

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issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain has ever been engaged . . . You are authorized to make these sentiments known to Lord Grey." Mr. Howard of Corby, thinking of nothing but Catholic interests, is scarcely a fair judge, but I suppose he represents the feeling of his Whig friends when he thus comments on the Royal epistle: "The Prince in this paper declares his wishes that the principles of the present Government should be proceeded in, but goes on saying everything that should invite a refusal (from the Whigs), or damn them for their dereliction of principle into the same degraded state as himself." Mr. Howard then quotes an anecdote which illustrates the opinion entertained of the Prince by his greatest political ally of past days: "Mr. Fox's opinion once expressed at going from a dinner at Norfolk House, at which I was present, and which Dudley North related to me. Mr. Fox was then rather cut. He said to Dudley North: 'He's an uncommon pleasant fellow, but as hollow as a Pear.' Mr. North replied: 'Surely, Sir, no one speaks more highly of another than he does of you.' Mr. Fox, pointing to Dudley North, answered 'To you.'"

In another letter Mr. Howard tells us of the impression produced on Statesmen generally by the opening weeks of the Regency: "He (the Prince) neither tells the Ministry that he will support them, nor Opposition that he retains the same sentiments as last Spring, this want of decision and manliness of character must be destructive of the confidence of both parties, and affords but a bad prospect of the future." Further on, Mr. Howard complains of the influence of Lord and Lady Hertford, and their son, Lord Yarmouth, of which the Whigs were unreasonably jealous. And then he says: "No one knows what is to be, but there are strong apprehensions that he (the Regent) will do ill in Irish affairs." In a later letter the writer continues: "Yesterday Col. McMahon called here, Norfolk House, to say that he had a message to the Duke from the Prince. It is supposed that the Blue Ribbon will be offered him without political pledge by the

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Prince himself." The Whigs, however, including the Duke, were determined to stand together on the question of Emancipation. Mr. Howard continues: "Lord Moira is as firm as possible, and so are all our friends, in making the Catholic Question an absolute requisite. The Duke of Norfolk has written a very explicit letter. He impresses on the mind of the Prince that his protection is reckoned on by the Catholics; and, as the Duke also as nearly as possible tells him, he has promised it. It is said the Prince has been crying all night . . . Lord Hutchinson, it is said, refuses to go to the Palace unless the Prince declares his intention to fulfil the pledge to the Catholics which he made through him." Mr. Howard thus concludes this letter to his wife: "I have just seen the Duke and asked was your visit from Lord Dundas a pleasant one. No, replied the Duke, the reverse, the Catholic question is to be resisted." On February 20th the Duke of Norfolk had an interview of an hour and a half with the Regent which he describes in his journal: "The Prince stated his proposition to leave the Catholic question as open to the opinion of each individual, both in the Cabinet and in Parliament. . . . When pressed to support him and his measures I positively declined if the Catholic claims should be rejected, and intimated my wish to withdraw from political interference." To return to Mr. Howard's letters: "On February 21st the Prince gave a dinner party, at which he commenced a long tirade against the Opposition, Ministry, etc., and spoke for an hour with great heat against the treatment he said he had received. . . . The Princess Royal went out in tears, but went to the Opera afterwards. Lord Yarmouth placed himself behind her, but with much spirit she beckoned to Lord Grey to come to her, and Lord Yarmouth was obliged to give way, and she kept Lord Grey there." Then comes a touch in Mr. Howard's letter which is very characteristic of the period, and of its presiding genius, the Prince Regent: "On the 23rd Lord Moira was by appointment to go to Carlton House. He went there; the Prince told him he had too much wine, and could not talk on busi-

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ness, but said : ‘ I have conceded the Catholic Question, therefore all’s well, ain’t it ? ’ ” But Mr. Howard continues : “ Notwithstanding what he said about the Catholic Question, they do not give credit to its not being opposed. This is a terrible state of things.” Later on we have the anecdote about the Princess Charlotte, which I have already quoted : “ The little Princess, who corresponds with Lady Barbara Ashley, wrote a letter in which is the following passage : ‘ The Duke of Norfolk reflected eternal honour on the name of Howard by the manner in which he rejected my father’s offer ; he is in his exterior rough, but he is a diamond within.’ ” Commenting on this, Mr. Howard says : “ She must be our trust, but it is long to wait. She writes to Lady Barbara very often, and they say very well and naturally, scrawling away as fast as she can.” The Duke of Norfolk had been made to suffer for his firmness ; for the vacant Garter, which had been offered to him, had by this time been bestowed upon the other great Sussex magnate, the Duke of Richmond. Probably this provoking disappointment had increased the admiration which the Princess Royal felt for the Duke of Norfolk, who, as Earl Marshal, certainly ought to have had the Garter. Our MS. here gives the following verses, attributed to Byron, on the Princess Charlotte weeping at the dinner at Carlton House :

SYMPATHETIC ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY :

Weep, Daughter of a Royal line,
A Sire’s disgrace, a Realm’s decay :
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a Father’s fault away.
Weep, for thy tears are virtue’s tears—
Auspicious to these suffering Isles ;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by a People’s smiles.

Mr. Howard concludes his narrative with a brief allusion to the negotiations following the assassination of Mr. Percival. Speaking of this tragedy, he notes : “ I have often thought it most fortunate that Bellingham, the murderer, was neither a Catholic nor an Irishman, had he

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been either there would have been no end of imputations."

After this unexpected event one or two efforts were made to form a Cabinet which would include some proportion of Whigs. Lord Moira, better known as Rawdon Hastings, and later as Lord Hastings, Viceroy of India, again acted as medium between the Opposition leaders and the Regent; for not only was he in great personal favour with the latter, but he was also an enthusiast on the Irish question. It is the usual fate of go-betweens to be blamed for the failure of their efforts, and Lord Moira did not come off scatheless. But the attitude of Lord Grenville was really more responsible for the breakdown of the negotiations. Not only was he jealous of the Hertfords, but he had already wrecked many ministries, or attempts at ministries, over the Catholic Question. Admirable as was his faithfulness to this great cause, we must admit that he was as tactless as his more celebrated father, and we feel the truth of what Sheridan said of him: "I have known many men knock their heads against a wall, but I never before heard of a man collecting bricks and building a wall for the express purpose of knocking out his own brains against it." Whatever the cause, the Whigs succeeded in putting themselves absolutely in the wrong in the eyes of the country. For, as we can so well understand at this moment, the death-struggle with Napoleon made all other considerations seem subordinate.

The last letter in this packet is one written by a Mr. Hurst just after the final triumph of Lord Liverpool and the Tories in Parliament, June, 1812: "I now give up the political ghost," says the writer, "we were beat to the Devil last night, and Liverpool confirmed minister by a vast majority. Grenville, Grey, and even old Sherry, almost universally condemned. What the times may afford I know not, but our friends will, I fear, do everything to keep them in. Majority for ministers almost 430. Yrs. W. H." And so the Whigs found themselves excluded from office for another eighteen years, and, as Mr. Howard sadly concludes, "The Catholics for

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the third time had the cup dashed from their lips, derangement, perfidy, over-fastidiousness the causes."

But we find from the letters in 1813 that the Prince-Regent made another effort to come to some friendly understanding with the Duke of Norfolk, and, as on many other occasions, the Blue Ribbon was again dangled before him. Captain Morris writes, in November, 1813: "The confidential agent of a Supreme Head yesterday entered into a conversation with me on the subject of your Grace's personal and political feelings towards his illustrious Master, saying that very warm and friendly dispositions towards your Grace existed in the breast of that high Personage, and that the least expression of an acquiescence on the part of your Grace to reunite with him in personal and political friendship would be met by the most cordial joy and sincere regard on the part of his Master. He added that if your Grace would lend your friendship and strength to the support of his Government you would have the first Garter that falls, and that all your friends would be provided for as you wish, and that for your aid and countenance of his Government you should have whatever station your inclination might lead you to prefer." This was just two years before the Duke's death. There is no doubt that he would have been readier to fall in with this flattering proposal if he had not been so devoted to the cause of Catholic Emancipation.

But several other subjects of political interest occupied the mind of the Duke of Norfolk. He posed as a Patriot, and was for ever harping upon the growing power of the Crown. In this manner he made himself thoroughly obnoxious to George III, who naturally disapproved of the sympathy which the Duke expressed, both with the American and French Revolutions. By a bold speech on one occasion the Duke laid himself open to severe rebuke from the King and his ministers. The Whigs were celebrating Fox's birthday in 1798, and the subject of their enthusiasm at the moment was Reform. At the dinner on the occasion, the Duke, his zeal perhaps inflamed by wine, proposed as a toast: "Our Sovereign, the Majesty

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of the People." This smacked a little too much of Paris ; and, shortly afterwards, the Duke received his dismissal from his Lord Lieutenancy, and from the Colonelcy of the West Riding regiment. The latter was a particularly severe blow, as the Duke had taken immense pains to make his regiment efficient. It is said that the letter of dismissal from the Duke of Portland arrived at Norfolk House when the Prince of Wales was dining there. When the latter saw his host change colour, he said : " What's up ? " " Read it," said the Duke, and they both burst out laughing. It is interesting to see this very letter still at Norfolk House. And with it are bound up all the letters which followed on the subject, again made up into a little book with an index by the painstaking Mr. Howard of Corby. In a rough copy of the Duke of Norfolk's letter to the King, we read : " But lest a misrepresentation of some unguarded expressions on a late occasion, when nothing could be distinctly heard, should produce an unfavourable impression on the mind of my Sovereign towards me . . . my only meaning was to express a wish to support Mr. Fox in his constitutional endeavour to obtain a reform in the representation of Parliament, a measure in my opinion favourable to the stability of the Constitution . . . Your Majesty has not in your dominions a person more ready to sacrifice his life and fortune in your service than your Majesty's dutiful servant, Norfolk, Earl Marshal." There is also a letter from Fox to the Duke, announcing his intention shortly to propose a similar toast. This he did the next day, the result being that the name of Fox himself was erased from the Privy Council. In consequence of the Duke's dismissal, Sir Thomas Gascoigne of Parlington, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment, also resigned his commission. He, like the heads of so many other Catholic families at that time, had followed the Duke's example in changing his religion. The Prince of Wales, to mark his disapproval of the Government, offered to be Colonel in the place of the Duke.

We notice in this affair that the trouble originated

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through the Duke's interest in Parliamentary Reform. In this matter he was indeed a pioneer. A year or two before Pitt, as Prime Minister, brought in his abortive Reform Bill of 1785, we find the subject mentioned by the Duke, who was then Earl of Surrey and member for Carlisle. Addressing his constituents, in 1783, he says : " Having accepted the appointment of a Commissioner of the Treasury which vacates my seat in Parliament, I now solicit through your favour to be again returned to that situation. The restraining the influence of the Crown within proper bounds, the reformation in the profuse expenditure of public money, and above all the restoring of the right of representation to the people, were the great national objects I had in view when I solicited your votes." The correspondents of the Duke used to supply him with information as to particularly egregious cases of inadequate representation under the old system. Thus Mr. Brook, writing from Scotland in 1792, says : " There are but twelve voters for the County of Banff " ; and, later, he writes that " in the County of Inverness there are but twenty-three voters."

We find among the MSS. a copy of Cromwell's attempt to reform the House of Commons, as if the Duke had been studying all sources of information on the subject. There is also a remarkable document, sent to the Duke by the Rev. C. Wyvill in 1786, in which the writer says : " The enclosed paper is a copy of that which I received from Dr. Franklin last summer during my stay at Paris, and soon after I had transmitted to him the explanation of Mr. Pitt's plan for reforming the representation of the people. For conciseness and cogency of reasoning I think your Lordship will find it one of the ablest pieces written on the subject . . . I think it will be prudent so far to yield to the prejudices of those who still continue anti-American as not to publish the Doctor's piece with his name affixed." Franklin's paper is on the general principle of representation, and begins in the manner of the Declaration of Independence : " No man or body of men of any nation can have a just right to any privilege

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or franchise not common to the rest of the nation." Franklin ends by saying that, if it is impossible to effect reform in any way except by buying out the borough-mongers, that must be done, as Pitt suggested : " As men when they cannot otherwise recover property unjustly detained from them, advertise a reward to whoever will restore it, promising that no questions shall be asked." Mr. Wyvill ends his letter by saying how much the cause of reform owed to Lord Surrey, " as his influence had been exerted for it with so much zeal and steady perseverance in every change of political situation."

The Duke was also interested in the labours of William Wilberforce, and of Samuel Romilly to alleviate in different ways the lot of suffering humanity. He mentioned the latter in his Will ; and, after the Duke's death, we find this acknowledgment from Romilly in a letter to the executor, Mr. Howard of Corby : " I am very deeply affected by the testimonies of his friendship to me which he has left after his death. I very deeply lament his loss, which is very great to his private friends, and will be greater to the public." " The Wicked Duke," as he has been called, had then his better side. He did himself more credit in his public than in his private life. Wraxall says of him, " Nature had cast him in her coarsest mould." And, at Arundel, we may compare his portrait by Gainsborough with the charming picture of his third cousin and successor, Bernard Howard, by the same artist. It is the contrast between prose and poetry, or rather between the material and the spiritual :

As when a painter poring on a face
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children.

Certainly he carried his roughness to excess, both in manner and dress. His friends said that the style of coat he habitually wore was inflicted on him by his Confessor as a penance—an indication, perhaps, of what was thought

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of his real religious opinions. He loved to appear as the plain rough man, too great to need to affect greatness ; and he was sufficiently a man of his age to be involved in a duel, his antagonist being Lord Malden. It was all about a contested election at Leominster, and there are quantities of papers on the subject. For, in spite of his reforming projects, the Duke was not more particular in his electioneering methods than were other people of his day. The duel passed off harmlessly, as the combatants were apparently not good marksmen.

The Duke was deeply interested in the disposal of his Church patronage, and, not content with the large number of livings in his own gift, he was constantly applying to the Lord Chancellor, and other exalted personages, on behalf of clergymen whose interests he wished to further. There is an undated letter from Lord Thurlow, in which he says that though nothing delights him more than to oblige the Duke in the matter of Chancellors' livings, he would like to know the name of the clerical candidate which his Grace had omitted to mention. Perhaps the Chancellor was wise, if the story is true that on one occasion the Duke engaged to present to a living if the aspirant, himself the head of another ancient Cumberland family, should succeed in drinking his patron under the table. This can have been no easy task in the case of so seasoned a toper as the Duke. However, it was successfully accomplished, and the good clergyman was able to ring for the butler to carry his Grace to bed. The Duke was, in other respects, a typical John Bull of the period ; and, in spite of all his glaring faults, had something in him which attracted affection. But there can be no doubt that the example he gave by his secession did more harm to the cause of religion than anything he was able to effect in advancing the interests of Catholicism could do good. His career was a tragic failure. But as I began this article by quoting the testimonial of a Princess, I will conclude with an appreciation from a humbler admirer who had known the Duke all his life. This enthusiastic old lady, asking for the Duke's interest in favour of the well-known

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musician, Charles Wesley, the brother of the still more eminent composer Samuel Wesley, writes :

Much loved Noble Duke of Norfolk, I have ever and invariably loved and honoured you and your Father's house, that good old stock of ancient truly British nobility. To the very name of Howard my heart beats its highest pulse of veneration. With exquisite delight have I read of your words and deeds worthy of the unshackled independence of a truly British Peer. "The first and foremost in the page of honour," have I cried out in transport. This is our Duke, our own Duke of Norfolk, the very Charles Howard of whom at 18, a youth just emancipated from Douay College, I entertained expectations I never could give up, and I am proud his honest heart has proved I was not mistaken. I thank you, Sir, in my country's name, I thank you for your zeal for her sacred laws and the rights and liberties of her children. Suffer me also to have an occasion of thanking you also for the favour I have to solicit, not for myself, for never would I fatigue the ear of greatness for ought that it could bestow upon me ; but for a son, the most dutiful regardful of an aged Mother ; a man of talents and genius of the first rate in the musical line, pleasing in his temper as is your Grace, and innocent from and ignorant of every vice as your Grace was when you first left Douay College. The place of Organist of the Charterhouse is vacant, he is one of the candidates, and I am bold, trusting to some *relique* of your Grace's ancient goodwill and kind regard for the old woman who you honoured with your notice in Paris thirty years ago, and your Mother to the last of her life with hers ; to solicit with all earnest entreaty the Duke of Norfolk's patronage, protection, and influence to favour Mr. Charles Wesley, the Protestant, not the Catholic, son of the late Charles Wesley the clergyman, the place of Organist to the Charterhouse. He is not a Methodist, and he is in the awkward predicament of not having his Father's and Uncle's people to serve him on that account, and to have a thousand prejudices in those that would admire and encourage his talents were it not that his name is *Wesley*. You, noble Sir, are superior to such littleness of mind. Your heart would not let you listen for a moment to its petty sneaking whispers. I would it heard his music, it is not the echo of other echoes, but the sound of genius striking out from soul to soul, soul shaking harmonies. Should the condescending goodness of the very soul of the souls of all the Howards induce your Grace to do this kind action, and procure for Charles Wesley

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of No. 1, Chesterfield Street, Maribone, this employ, or any other in your Grace's power to obtain, to render happy a dutiful son and his aged Mother (a gentlewoman born, her Father's house that of Gwynne in Wales), your pleasure Noble Duke of Norfolk would in so doing scarcely exceed mine, proud of every opportunity of being your Grace's most indebted, grateful, affectionate servant, N. Freeman-Shepherd.

With this impassioned panegyric we can suitably conclude.

R. CECIL WILTON.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

AMERICAN diplomacy in Copenhagen, "the listening gallery of Europe," appears to be conducted by Irishmen. Minister O'Brien left for Tokyo and was succeeded by Mr. Maurice Egan of the Catholic University of Washington, who now records ten years of whispers in *Ten Years near the German Frontier* (Doran). Under three Presidents, Mr. Egan supplied his employers with accurate hints of the German point of view. The Lutheran form of propaganda he saw through as a Catholic. The Sleswig question he understood as an Irishman. The Kultur which enticed so many wealthy and professorial Americans had no charms for a disciple of Archbishop Ireland. It is an open secret that King Edward wished him to come to St. James's. But as Dean of the diplomats and as a Catholic in Denmark Mr. Egan enjoyed a unique position. The Germans decided to know all about him, and a chapter is given to their detailed information. McKinley had offered him, it was there said, a secret mission to Rome concerning the Philippines. He was poor and allied with the Russians! Though Mr. Egan had used the New York *Freeman's Journal* to attack "the Prussian Holy Ghost," a Prussian Serene Highness visited him and said, "The Catholic German in America, whom Bismarck almost alienated from us, revolts against the false Americanism of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, whom the Kaiser rates as a son of the revolution. Your Catholic University has begun to be moulded in the German way. Mgr. Schroeder was highly considered. . . ." "Was," said Egan, "I happen to know that he was relieved of his professorship because of those very dominating qualities you value so much."

The Chapter on "Religious Propaganda" does justice at last to Archbishop Ireland, and it is surely time. Archbishop Ireland may have been wrong on the School question. Men may say that Cardinal Manning made him a Manichee on the drink question, as well as an advanced thinker on the social question, and a critic of

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the Jesuits to boot, but, as a disciple of Manning, he had imbibed the hatred of Kaiserism which set him supremely right on the pan-German question. "Vision" made him right when the Entente Governments were feebly blind. Of the German-American Catholics whom Bismarck despised as apostates from culture he was the friend and father. But he set his strong hand against the Cahensly movement and defeated any attempt to de-Americanize his German flock. He was victorious in St. Paul and in Rome, and the Kaiser never forgave Archbishop Ireland or his friend Cardinal Rampolla. Mr. Egan says: "Bavaria and Austria, backed up by Prussia, protested against every attempt on the part of Rome to give him the Cardinal's hat." And why? Because he—"with Cardinal Gibbons, the Bishops Keane, Spalding, O'Gorman, and Archbishop Riordan, seconded by the present Bishop of Richmond, Dennis O'Connell, had defeated after a frightful struggle the attempt of Kaiserism to govern the Catholic Church in this country." One wonders how much was suspected by the French and English diplomatists at the time. They thought it was an Irish affair, a local fight, and failed to realize its world-wide importance. But President Benjamin Harrison realized what was going on from an American point of view, and thanked Cardinal Gibbons for a victory as useful to the State as to the Church.

It was Germany's mighty bid for the United States, and Germany had been the first to see that the Church is one of the keys to the great Republic. But the Irish American Bishops contumeliously threw her back. The importance of that struggle may be gauged by the backwash which swept back upon Europe not only submerging Archbishop Ireland's red hat but helping to militate against Cardinal Rampolla's chance to succeed to the Papacy. Kaiserism had been insulted not only in America but also in Europe: "The Pope had even accepted the French Republic; and for the part of Cardinal Rampolla and of Archbishop Ireland in this the Kaiser hid his rancour." But it was the Kaiser who

Near the German Frontier

inspired the Austrian veto which prevented Rampolla's becoming Pope: "The Emperor William had curbed the power of Rampolla, as he hoped to destroy that of Archbishop Ireland in the Great Republic of the West. A powerful Church with a tendency to democracy was what he feared." He was not afraid of the American Congress or of the British Embassy in Washington. He was afraid of a simple great-souled Irishman, and consequently the German influence which was able recently to bring about the creation of two German Cardinals *in petto* was able to keep the red hat from Archbishop Ireland. The Holy See declines to be bullied in the appointment of Bishops, but the Cardinalate is not a sacerdotal office, as the Powers seem to have realized. Not until the Kaiser was in exile, did the Papal Delegate Archbishop Ceretti inform Americans that, had Archbishop Ireland lived, he would have reached cardinalitial honours. Now that he is dead, men see how far-sighted he was, whose simple program twenty years ago was Catholic Republicanism in France, Home Rule in Ireland and no Pan-Germanism in America. It entailed a line-up of the Celtic, Catholic and Democratic influences against Cæsarism. Only when France and England took a leaf from the Prussian book have they had to suffer for it in America. During the first agonizing years of the war the Allied diplomacy in America was often glad to take refuge under the robes of that unconquerable twain, Ireland and Gibbons. Amusing but futile efforts were made to discredit them both at Rome by Germans, who forgot that Pope Benedict was once the shadow of Rampolla and that his election had conveyed a distinct disapprobation of meddling Kaiserism. Rampolla had loved France and the American Archbishops; and as Cardinal Gibbons went up to salute the present "Gloriously reigning Pontiff" he was not afraid to whisper, "*Fac Ireland Cardinalem!*" Mr. Egan's book is the first to give a hint of this great religious drama; and, though he does not tell all, he tells enough. His master-work was negotiating the sale of the Danish West

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Indies to the United States. He had feared that if the Pan-Germans absorbed Denmark, the Indies would fall to Potsdam. The secret of his success in a most delicate and protracted affair was his lack of what is considered fair diplomatic procedure. He applied neither pressure nor bribery ; but Scavenius, the Danish Minister for foreign affairs, happened to have an Irish grandfather ! So the bargain was struck.

An Irish American, who had been a consul in Germany, came to sound Mr. Egan as to the Presidential Election. The Germans had realized before the Allies that "Wilson means war." Though the Germans looked to the Irish to hold up troops in Ulster, Mr. Egan describes how shamefully the wife of the Hon. D. I. Murphy and Miss Boyle O'Reilly were treated by officials. The damage caused to the exquisite lace of the latter, once part of a surplice of Cardinal Rampolla, almost caused an international incident ! Though Catholicism is under the ban in the Scandinavian countries, it is interesting to hear that the British Minister, Sir Esmé Howard, was "the only man in the British diplomatic service who could have remained in Sweden retaining the goodwill of the Swedes and his own self-respect in the last four years," while the most effective piece of propaganda in Scandinavia was "The Clock of Roland" by the Danish convert, Jorgensen. There is some diplomatic advantage in being in touch with the Holy See. Wiser than any English or American officials was Cardinal Diomede Falconio, Franciscan and Diplomatist, who wrote to his old Washington friend, when he went to Europe : "War is not improbable in Europe ; you are too optimistic. Let us pray that it may not come ; but as a diplomatist you must not be misled into believing it impossible." O most excellent though now alas ! deceased Diomede, you foresaw as John Ireland foresaw ! May the Vatican ever have such seers to serve her !

S. L.

Kingdom of Heaven

OF the literature illustrated by *What is the Kingdom of Heaven?* (Methuen) and *The Secret of the Cross* (Constable), a verse from the Book of Genesis may be cited to show the drift and expectation: "The earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." It is a literature that comes like a sequel to the catastrophe in which our civilized world has gone down. What brought it to an end? We take up the pages of Mr. Clutton Brock or of Mr. Holmes; and we are told that the movement calling itself "science" has made it impossible for the average man to believe in any hitherto recognized Church; while the same science, emptying reality of human values, cannot fill the vacuum it has created. Orthodoxy is dying; dogma has fallen obsolete; and religion wields far less power outside its own doors than mascots or mediums. Supernatural claims vanish before the reign of law; historical Christianity is not the Gospel. We are threatened with universal bankruptcy. Or, speaking in an older style, chaos has come again, thanks to the science by which dogma was demonstrated to be a fiction, and to the dogma which, striking in its own defence, excommunicated science.

What then is left? Scepticism? But we cannot shape our lives without an aim; an aim supposes an ideal; Where shall we seek it? The quest of a prize worth winning appears to furnish our only escape from despair or degradation. Better "infinite unrest" than the materialism into which modern nations have thrown themselves, only to slay one another by the million without knowing why. The highest art is the art to live. These new seekers turn fiercely on such guides as were Huxley and Spencer, charging them with treason to their fellow-men, since they pretended that if "laws of comfort" were made laws "of conduct" a Millennium far more beatific than the Christian hoped for would arrive. But no whit less fiercely do they quarrel with organized religion, on the very ground that it is not

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religious enough. In spite of the confusion and the darkness, they cry out that the spirit is moving upon the face of the waters. Mere scientific knowledge has proved in vain ; the Churches find their audiences dwindling day by day ; yet these layfolk, utterly opposed to clergy and creed, keep a high heart and look on to some great Restoration. "Back to Christ," exclaim in many varieties of dialect, these pioneers, "Let us be neither Protestants nor Catholics, but Gospel Christians. We will construe the nature of God by what Jesus tells us about His Father ; and the duties of man by what He did and suffered. Seek first, not science or dogma, but the Kingdom of Heaven ; the secret of the Cross remains the world's salvation."

"Lay sermons" of a kind so unexpected, at once devout and critical, have their significance, which we cannot pass by. Mr. Clutton Brock, for instance, declares in two successive sentences that he is "hostile to Christian orthodoxy," yet owes to it all he most firmly believes. The mere title of Mr. Holmes's book, *The Secret of the Cross*, might have been taken from a Catholic saint's meditations. And the goodwill of these writers towards religion, as revealing higher truths than science has any faculty of perceiving, is unimpeachable. So far well. But how are we to refrain from censure of indefinite terms, loosely-guarded statements, and more than all, of such startling unacquaintance with Catholic teaching, as yields "no light, but only darkness visible," at the close of the argument ? To Mr. Clutton Brock it would appear that "Christ's doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven has been ignored." Not, I answer, holding in my hand the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, by the Catholic Church. Why did he not look into them before making this charge ? The Communion of Saints, he would be taught, exists here and now, while binding Heaven and earth in one. It was not the old dogma, but its enemy, private judgment, that fixed a great gulf between secular and spiritual things, and made of the tomb a gateless barrier between the living and the dead. We know that

The Secret of the Cross

the Kingdom is the same as the Church; when our author insists that "fellowship is life and the lack of it is death," a Roman doctor may be excused for murmuring "*Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus.*" It is melancholy indeed to find a scholar who refutes the aberrations of Protestantism, its anti-social principles and forensic scheme of salvation, imagining himself to have thereby overthrown the creed of Christendom. Were we required to describe the Puritan, how could we do so more aptly than as the disciple who turns away from the Sermon on the Mount to Judaism, industrialism, secularism, stage after stage? Why, too, should we condemn dogma? Because it is false, or because it is definite? Definition is not falsehood, unless mathematics are a delusion. Thanks to Mr. Clutton Brock's peculiar method, we cannot gain a clear view of his object; and he opposes dogma, science, and the Kingdom to one another, instead of reconciling them, as they were surely reconciled in the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, by intellect dedicated to the service of Faith.

With Mr. Edmond Holmes we can afford to be brief. He writes more pointedly than Mr. Clutton Brock, whose lofty vague language provokes him; and he is frankly agnostic as regards any objective nature of things. On the whole, he reminds us of a Comtist who would fain look upon the Lord Christ as Humanity's leader and pattern. He too believes in art, cultivates emotion, and preaches self-sacrifice. God is the true self. We shall do wisely to hold that "in the heart of man as of nature, there is a quenchless fountain of ideal goodness, of Love and Light." This, he considers, was the gospel which our Lord preached; and in it there was nothing of metaphysics. "To live for Humanity is to live for the Universe."

I seem to have read much of this philosophy in George Eliot's pages, somewhat more grandly set out, many years ago. Mr. Holmes will not hear of "the supernatural"; but he comes very close to admitting "the unknowable"; and reticence in answer to the question, "If a man die

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shall he live again?" takes out of our aims and motives their immortal value. Meanwhile, books like these undoubtedly proclaim a quest which leaves behind it the haughty and triumphant, yet now self-refuted, disbelief of the last century. They may prove the beginning of a pilgrimage that will end by making of Reformation and agnostic science episodes in man's wanderings, from which he has come forth desperately wounded, but a believer in Christ and His Church. The world is entering on a new stage; we must prepare to meet its demands.

W. B.

THE literary movement perhaps more widely than the Oxford movement (though that was partly a literary movement too) has been one great force of the Catholic revival, and it gives welcome sign of its vitality in *The Rhyme of the Servants of Mary*, by Helen Parry Eden (Burns & Oates). Literature, and not painting and not music, was the chosen vehicle of revelation—not St. Luke himself had the Holy Ghost for coadjutor when he took to the brush instead of the pen. It is fitting, therefore, that literature should remain a great agency for God; that even secular literature should link up with the gospels; and that from the ranks of men and women of letters should proceed neophytes in numbers not relatively exceeded by the followers of any other profession. From one of the happy number, Mrs. Parry Eden, we have now this *Rhyme*, fine in performance, and giving promise, when her theme widens, of amplitudes to come.

Meanwhile the Servants of Mary are lucky in their Tertiary-minstrel. The gay delight of the Dedication to the Boys of St. Philip's Priory, Begbroke, is followed by a note of repining which its own beauty instantly refutes:

O Queen, too late I come to weave thy crown.
Where are the daisies Catholic Chaucer plucked—
Now when the flowers of speech are overblown

Liturgica Historica

And the last rind of rhetoric is sucked ?
What is my Rhyme? a ruined aqueduct
Which, from its broken arches, drips and spills
On the parched plain the water of the hills !
Yet, Queen of Cana, sanctify this marriage
Of Verse and dear Devotion ! Thou whose least
Word with Thy Son averted the miscarriage
Of a poor banquet, save *my* wedding-feast ;
Let not my guests rise thirsty and displeased ;
Plead with His bounty and replenish thence
The failing measures of mine eloquence!

It is precisely because the dull prose of sermons is worn threadbare, and can do nothing new to reconcile us to the cruder kind of legend, that the burnished artistry of Mrs. Eden is all to the good. So we are taken through the story of the Seven Holy Founders in the Florence that was "as good and bad as any" of the cities of Italy that warred and feasted and famished in the days of King John in England and of Rome's Innocent the Third. The final invocation of the Seven by the poet must keep on our page its high companionship with her already quoted opening lines :

O seven stars, O shining Pleiades
Of sanctity, O constellated peers,
Who bring the summer to uncharted seas
And stud the vaultage of eternal years
And know no setting! . . .
And pray for me who to a later lip
Holds up this vintage of Senario's vine ;
Bless the poor cup whose worthless workmanship
Brimms with that brave quintessence, for the wine
Is yours indeed, the goblet merely mine ;
But both are hers to whose immortal glory
Her servant consecrates her Servants' story.

W. .

THE issue of *Liturgica Historica* by Edmund Bishop (Clarendon Press), deepens, if anything could deepen, our sense of loss at the death of its author, Edmund Bishop. An Oxford convert, he early consecrated himself to the study of the liturgy ; and by means

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of unwearied research and patient observation of the *minutiæ* of the relevant documents, he found himself ahead of all other scholars of his time. Bishop, unlike other writers both Catholic and Protestant, never felt the spell of the "theory." The document was *the* teaching thing to which the enquirer must be, in the first place at least, absolutely subject. So it was that Bishop's time was largely spent upon the actual documents. Here his competence was unrivalled, and he was the referee to whose judgment numbers of scholars were glad to submit. It is not too much to say that almost every first-rate scholar was indebted to Bishop for private help given with a prodigal hand. We need do no more than mention his part in Dom Suitbert Baumer's *Geschichte des Breviers* and Dr. Srawley's volume in the *Cambridge Handbooks of Liturgical Study* edited by the late Dr. Swete. It is of interest to recall that at Dr. Swete's invitation Bishop agreed to write a volume for this series to be entitled *The Roman Sacramentaries*. But, on second thoughts, he came to the conclusion that no useful work, enabling readers to help themselves if they so desired, could be written until several documents were rendered accessible in printed editions. Now that Mr. Wilson, of Magdalen College, Oxford, has published (with the assistance, let it be noted, of Mr. Bishop) his edition of the *Gregorian Sacramentary* (Henry Bradshaw Society), the position is substantially improved.

But, alas, Mr. Bishop is no longer with us. He has, as it were, left us a parting gift in this posthumously published volume of his papers, actually collected, revised and passed for press by himself. A stately royal octavo of 500 pages, it contains twenty-eight papers on liturgical and antiquarian subjects. There is the masterly paper on the *Genius of the Roman Rite*, no longer to be found merely at the end of a volume of stray papers collected by an Anglican scholar. Of general interest also are the studies on the *Origin of the Prymer*, the *History of the Christian Altar* and the very important *Early Roman*

Catholic Education

Mass Book which originally appeared in the pages of the DUBLIN REVIEW. We must not omit a word of thanks to the Clarendon Press for the handsome *format* they have given to a volume which is a monument to Edmund Bishop.

S. M.

IN *Catholic Education* (Longmans), Dr. J. A. Burns, I.C.S.C., has given us a study of transatlantic conditions which calls for absorption rather than comment. Briefly it may be said that the Catholic policy in America secures advantages and deals difficulties. The Catholics of the United States bow under the mighty burden of supporting entirely schools for a million-and-a-half children; and, if they were able, would not flinch from providing for the same number of their children who are at present in the State schools. Though originally and nominally Christian, these schools, owing to non-Christian immigration and American love of unsectarianism, have become wholly non-religious. "Positive Christian teaching has thus been practically eliminated from the public schools," says Dr. Burns. The State of Illinois was the most recent State to bar the Bible and even hymns from its schools. This has been well described by the Protestant educationist, Robert Ellis Thompson, as the "scholastic taboo of the Living God." Dr. Burns does not accuse the State of being hostile to Christianity, as in France, but of adopting a principle "the consequences of which were not forecast." In time it became as impossible for polyglot and polysectarian America to provide a common religious standard for her public schools as for her Army or her railways. A feature of Russian stations used to be the Chapels dedicated to the State Creed, and furnishing spiritual consolation for the defects of the State railways, but these doubtless have been abandoned for the same reason which in the main has driven religion (though not morality) out of the American school—the collapse, gradual or sudden, of the orthodox Christian tradition. Hence the reasons and necessity of the

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Catholic school, without which the Catholic Church in America would be hamstrung.

At enormous cost and sacrifice the system of parish schools, high schools, colleges and universities has been built up by the Catholic community. Perfect correlation has not yet been achieved ; but the rôle of the high school, often due to the efforts of a single enthusiast, is pointed out by Bishop McDevitt of Harrisburg, formerly Superintendent of the remarkable school system at Philadelphia, as one promoting efficiency and economy and as "erecting certain educational standards which the parish schools endeavour to reach." The Catholic high school braves formidable competition by teaching a few subjects and teaching them well. Dr. Burns sees that an opportunity lies in opposing the widespread American ideal of superficiality by thoroughness. In the elementary schools the Church has a really greater advantage over the State owing to the teaching Orders. Not more than one in five is professionally trained of the State teachers, who lack besides the spiritual *esprit de corps* which comes in the novitiate to their Catholic compeers. With these Sisters it is a life-work, uninterrupted by marriage or ambition, and one, incidentally, that is often crowned by University Degrees. The result is, that in localities it is often possible to obtain better education at a Catholic than at a public school. Catholics go only through necessity to the public schools ; but non-Catholics come, when they come, by choice to those belonging to Catholics.

S. L.

FROM the Canada of discordant cries of race and religion a book that is not a pamphlet, and a statement that is not a *cri de guerre*, is welcome, though its title is a synonym for war. *The Clash*, by W. H. Moore (Dent), a study in nationalities, is a comprehensive and courageous attempt to view the Canadian problem in the light of historic, if forgotten, local facts and of the Allied philosophy abroad. The French-Canadians have kept

The Clash

their blood purer even than the Jews ; and they have retained language and religion as the Jews have not. The Ontario campaign against the French language can be compared with Bülow's against the Polish, not to the disadvantage of Bülow. Ontario politicians cannot be credited with even Bülow's "inadequate words of sympathy." Ontario was once French, nay, it was carved out of Quebec: "The ashes of French-Canadian martyrs mingle with the earth of old Ontario. If Patrie is the living memory of a nation's dead then Ontario is a veritable sanctuary to the French-Canadian people." French place-names were changed to English in Ontario, and on such false evidence the French language is banned in Ontario. "Such reasoning is unsportsmanlike," complains our English writer. Race superiority is as much a fallacy in Canada as in Prussia. The Anglo-Saxon is said to be superior. A little racial conjuring shows that the French-Canadian is not from Brittany, which would make him at least the equal of the Welsh Bret, but from Normandy, whence proceeded the conquerors and civilizers of the Anglo-Saxon ! Again, the French language, which the English-Canadian bans as a Catholic influence, he has to use commercially in Spanish America, where it is known and spoken officially, unless he prefers to learn Papal Spanish or hire a German interpreter ! So much for the trade argument in reference to French as spoken in Canada. It is a pure French and less a *patois*, perhaps, than Normanized Anglo-Saxon.

Differences must arise between the product of the State Ontario Schools, where God "is a formal and formless visitor," and the Church Schools, Quebec, which are intended to be "flowing streams making glad the City of God." The State School instructs, whereas the old Scotch Dominie educated the Protestant. We hope it is true that "the Roman Catholic no more neglects business than the Protestant neglects religion." Meantime the circular containing Regulation 17, which deprives the French child in Ontario of instruction in his parental tongue, has come before the Privy Council and

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has been found to be "couched in obscure language" itself! It is not difficult to gather that the traditional culture of Canada, like that of Alsace-Lorraine, is French; and there is nothing to take its place. The French-Canadian possesses the finest collection of folklore in the world. His critic and rival has nothing to offer him instead. For song, drama and architecture, the English-Canadian turns to New York: "Where New York erects a forty-storey building, Toronto builds one half as high and boasts." But the real trouble is not æsthetic or sentimental. The English Protestant prefers town-life, and the Catholic farmer from Quebec is making his way into the wilderness the other will not occupy. With the French-Canadian follows the School and the Church. Hence the clash, and restriction, when it is realized that his language, teaching and religion are inseparable. In Ontario there have been strikes of French school children as in Poland. It is pleasant, on the other hand, to know that the rights of British Protestants in Quebec have been "splendidly preserved."

The immediate entanglement of this question with the issues of the war was natural. French-Canadians shied at equal military service, believing they were deprived of equal rights in the school. A deep truth is expressed in one sentence: "Perhaps neither nationality fully realized that the French-Canadian had ceased to be French until the Great War." The French-born, like the British-born in Canada, hurried across to the War. It could only be "bitterly unfortunate" that any English-Canadians remaining should revile their French neighbours. "Nationality may be steered, but it cannot be towed." The elections were made little less than a religious war; and forgotten were the old days when the French, who had held Canada for Britain, welcomed the exiled Loyalist from the States, and when Scotch Presbyterians repaid the loan of a place of worship, while theirs was building, by a box of candles and a hogshead of Spanish wine presented to the Recollet Fathers. To the outsider it could only seem that a blind and fatuous struggle had been

“ Pastor Halloft ”

opened in the name of political mischief, ungrateful morally, and ethically contravening the Allied principle it was invoked to serve. The English-speaking Catholic does not think the French were wholly wrong. A gulf has been created between the English language and the Catholic Church. Across this gulf the Irish, at war equally with the Ontario Orangemen and with the French linguists, have thrown a rope.

To understand the French-Canadian position we might suppose that Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French had remained a distinct aristocracy and plebs in England, and were apart in religion and language, that the Norman rulers were at war with France and in alliance with Germany. They would be impatient if the Anglo-Saxons demurred at fighting for an ancestral Germany which had derided the Bible they still prized, or because they could not have Anglo-Saxon in the Board Schools. But it would be an occasion for national conciliation rather than a political clash—based on appeals to “the conquest.”

S. L.

SOME of the pastoral problems in the American Church are gently but fearlessly set forth in an anonymous volume *sub titulo* “Pastor Halloft” (Longmans). In what is described as “true biography,” Pastor Halloft met the saloon-evil by means of “trustworthy Catholic saloon-keepers,” an often maligned class, who brewed a better beer than that provided in the haunts of vice. The immoral pharmacy he met by apprenticing boys to Catholic druggists and setting them up in business ; boys who had learnt a little Latin with a view to the priesthood. The *pro* and *con* of clerical smoking is argued in excellent literary form : “Was it not a Cardinal who brought tobacco to Italy from Spain ? They still call the leaf Santa Croce after the title of his Church.” He concludes, “Tobacco moderately used is, like wine, a gentle stimulant, a soothing anodyne, an antidote to boredom. But it should be of good quality.” Pastor Halloft criticizes two points in the American Church, the Seminary

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and the Monsignori. We have no right to criticize; so we can only quote for our own European good perhaps. Seminaries under secular management "produce a type of priests intelligent, often well-informed, nearly always hard workers and gentlemanly. But they lacked, as a rule the supernatural view-point. The motives were little if at all superior to those of the average layman, who tends to his business because it is profitable and respectable. They rarely go out of their way to draw souls to God without distinction of race or place." This is a hard saying. We are far more inclined to agree with his dislike of American Papal Counts against whom Cardinal McCloskey registered his disapproval at Rome. Pastor Halloft sees a danger in American Bishops "making Monsignori of favourites when such distinction involved no other obligations," as undemocratic, and he recalls Andrew Jackson's refusal to be buried in a royal coffin.

S. L.

AN unexpected addition or query to Irish History has been made by Michael O'Brien, Historiographer to the Irish Historical Society in America. *A Hidden Phase of American History* (Devin Adair), by suggesting that any scrap of Revolutionary History could still remain hidden by malice or ignorance, rightly carries a challenge. American school history has been recently found offensive, not only to British visitors but also to Irish investigators. The British find too much recorded about themselves, and the Irish too little. Mr. O'Brien has studied in detail a statement once made before a Parliamentary Committee, that "half the rebel army were Irish." Official testimony, given at the time, is, of course, a mine to the modern Irish-American who, when his loyalty is attacked, can point to the share his people had in setting free the States. After the success of the Revolution, historians like Bancroft suppressed as much as lay to Irish or Catholic credit. Except for Charles Carroll, who unconscionably outlived all his contemporaries, no Catholic was admitted among

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the Fathers and heroes of the Revolution. Yet, as Mr. O'Brien remarks :

What more gallant spirits figure in American military annals than Capt. John Brady, the revolutionary scout and frontiersman, or Timothy Murphy the hero of Saratoga, or Major John Kelley, who destroyed the bridge at Stony Brook on the retreat from Trenton, thereby saving the American troops from capture, or Lieut. James Gibbons who led the forlorn hope at the storming of Stony Point, or Capt. William O'Neill and his gallant band who held in check a British force at the battle of Brandywine ?

As soon as it was seen that the Irish Cause approximated to the American, the Irish at home and abroad helped the rising. Bancroft recorded the Irish Parliament as hostile to the Colonies and the despatch of the best Irish troops against them. Landlord Parliament as it was, Lecky records the "bitter indignation" of the pro-Independence Opposition, while the native element Connolly, Daly, and even FitzGibbon, were as vehement for the Colonies as Burke and Barré in the English House. Chatham realized that "the whole Irish nation favour the Americans." From all over the world Irish officers offered their services, a Count O'Donnell commanding Poles in Lemberg, a Baron O'Cahill commanding French at Strasbourg. Of Rochambeau's famous French troops two regiments were Irish. In Ireland efforts were made to prevent the shipment of military stores against the Colonists, while recruits had to be tied to the transports. A curious letter described how "Lord Kenmare, who, on this occasion, took the lead, had his recruiting party severely beat up in Tralee, and their drums broken to pieces." American prisoners like Ethan Allen were hospitably supplied by the gentlemen of Cork ; and Irish merchants in Spain entertained John Adams. The Revolution was less a contest between English brothers than is supposed. The Loyalists were largely English and Scotch. Even the Jacobite Highlanders stood by King George. Speaker Galloway wrote to Lord Dartmouth : "The English, Scotch and Irish, by far the most part of the latter, have principally composed the rebel regular

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army." General Clinton reported "the emigrants from Ireland were in general to be looked upon as our most serious antagonists." It was no wonder that the Irish expected to be mentioned in the Peace Treaty; and we find Sir Edward Newnham, Washington's Ulster correspondent, inquiring of Franklin "whether Ireland is mentioned." But apparently Franklin's Address to the people of Ireland seems to have been as idle in another way as Shelley's. Only while in despair do folk turn to Ireland's cause.

Mr. O'Brien points out that Bancroft's assertion that the British recruited Catholic or Irish regiments in America was only true in skeleton form. In spite of Sir George Trevelyan's statement that "Irish Catholics showed little inclination to enlist in the Republican Army," the Irish steadily deserted to Washington. But one statement is as good as another, so it is essential to refer to sources. Mr. O'Brien, with a plodding energy rare in Irish historians, has examined the muster-rolls, and by laboriously counting names has proved that 35 per cent. of the Revolutionary Army was of Catholic-Irish name. Adding the Irish with non-Irish names makes the figure "substantially 38 per cent." To clinch his assertion, he adds an appendix containing the 3,841 soldiers of the names of Burke, Conolly, Connor, Dougherty, Kelly, McCarthy, Murphy, O'Brien, O'Neill, Reilly, Ryan and Sullivan. From another ninety Irish surnames he gathers 8,352 more. There has never been so painstaking a piece of work accomplished in Irish History before. Its simple presentation disposes of Trevelyan's grave statement: "It is probable that there were not three hundred real Celts in the whole Continental line. The rest of the co-called Irish were emigrants or the children of emigrants from Ulster, and were of Scotch descent." The time has come to dispose of that absurd misnomer, the Scotch-Irish, applied to Irish and often the descendants of pure Milesian stock, because they became Protestant! It has been amusingly described as the pall of decency which is sometimes used when the

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descendant of a Connaught Catholic has a Freemason funeral! Scotch-Irish may mark a change of religion or name, but it does not change blood. The James Smith who signed the Declaration of Independence was an Irish MacGowan from Dublin. To label him, or General Sullivan, Scotch-Irish (as Senator Lodge does) is a pure anomaly. Scotch-Irish is as ridiculous a phrase as Scotch-English. Strictly, it should only apply to the Irish in Scotland. Historically the Columbian missionaries were Scotch-Irish, though to them the term must have been a pleonasm, since *Scoti* was the mediæval Latin for Irish. In America it has acquired a certain conventional sense, which does not decently cover a fall from the Faith or a rise in society. The so-called Scotch-Irish of Ulster were not always divided in religion, and seldom in race, from the native Irish. The settlers from Scotland, whether recruited from Lowland rabble or border reivers or Gaelic clans, were a mixed cargo, but it is difficult to stretch a gulf between O'Neill and MacNeill, between O'Donnell and MacDonnell. The English tongue in Ulster was part and parcel of the Anglican atmosphere. Jeremy Taylor, when Bishop of Down, found Protestants as well as Catholics speaking Irish, which was the traditional tongue of Scotland as well as of Ireland. For a Hebridean clan to settle in Ireland was a return of the *Heraclidæ*. The true Scotch had a Celtic component, which enabled them to become as Irish as the Irish, even to the point of revolution and the extent of exile, but they never called themselves Scotch-Irish! In America they fought side by side with their Catholic countrymen, and both stocks called themselves Irish.

This great part taken by the Irish in the Revolution seems at variance with the official census of 1790, which gives the Irish percentage as only one and six-tenths of the population. But the muster-rolls of 1775 show that either Irish numbers were greater then in the national make-up or that they sacrificed themselves in the war so effectually that the later census could not discover two per cent. ! The muster-rolls of 1775, for instance, show

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250 O'Briens; but the faulty census fifteen years later only revealed 73 O'Brien families with 376 members all told. Likewise, 335 McCarthy soldiers in 1775 are represented by only 625 of the whole stock in 1790. Mr. O'Brien has certainly disproved the first American census.

What can be deduced is that a great deal of Irish blood, becoming alien to the Faith, forgot it was Irish. In the Southern States to-day the Church is slight and often slighted; yet the South has a full share of the 7,000 place-names and 253 counties which carry an Irish association. Where are the Irish who poured into Georgia and the Carolinas during the eighteenth century? An O'Brien founded Augusta and a McCormack Dublin in Georgia. The climate or other stock swallowed up the Irish leaving Gaelic place-names in fossilized protest against the Scotch-Irish nomenclature. Where are the Irish of Virginia who gave 69 names to Washington's Virginia regiment as early as 1754? After the Revolution no less than 388 Irish were granted land in Virginia for service to the cause of Liberty. Of their many inter-marriages one may be recorded. Denis McCarty, an exile after Limerick, married Sarah Ball, sister of Mary Ball, the mother of Washington himself. Hence, perhaps, we may trace Washington's abiding love of Ireland.

Mr. O'Brien's historical volume fills a real lapse in history. It may seem like a timely pamphlet, but it is also a permanent addition to the story of English-speaking peoples. The American Revolution was less a continuation of the English Civil War, of the fight betwixt people and king, than a bout in the feud between England and Ireland, the only bout in which Ireland won.

S. L.

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IRISH PAGES FROM THE POSTBAGS *of* MANNING, CULLEN & GLADSTONE

I

IT is noticeable of the historical *impasse* that lies between England and Ireland that its political depth cannot be bridged by religious sympathy. Between Catholic England and Catholic Ireland there has been little peace. Since Emancipation, English and Irish Catholics have collided in Parliament and in Rome, in imperial and social questions, in their attitude to the Sovereign, and in the antechambers of the Holy Father. This lamentable state of affairs must be attributed more to prominent laymen than to clerics. The English Hierarchy have stood for peace among Catholics, and, therefore, for peace throughout the English-speaking world. The See of Westminster is not unprovidentially placed at the meeting-point of Irish and English interests. Cardinal Bourne has ratified the Manning policy toward Labour and Ireland. The speech of his American delegate, the Bishop of Northampton, is remembered in Washington where Mr. Balfour's is forgotten. Some of Manning's policies have been shown by time to be wholly wrong. But others have shed the righteous glamour of the prophet who is rejected in his country. Manning's apocalyptic fear and distrust of Germany, from a purely spiritual outlook, is, perhaps, the one which most

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commends itself to his fellow-countrymen to-day. But he was right on Labour, as Benjamin Tillett lives to testify. And he was right in his whole attitude to Ireland, whatever went awry in the different schemes to which he lent a hand, regardless of the inevitable singeing. The following correspondence with Cardinal Cullen and Mr. Gladstone, collected from various sources—from St. Mary of the Angels', Bayswater, from Hawarden Castle, and from Archbishop's House, Dublin—deal with the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, with the Irish University question, and with Fenianism.

Though the clouds of controversy have passed away, the time has hardly come yet to give an enduring account of Cardinal Paul Cullen, Ultramontane and Constitutionalist, who ruled the Irish bishops, and therefore Ireland, for a quarter of a century. No Irishman since O'Connell has been more bitterly attacked by English and Irish alike. He warred with uncondescending grace against Dublin Castle, the Fenians, the Gallican spirit, and Archbishop Whately. Though he crushed the rising Nationalism of Ireland, yet at heart he was Irish of the Irish, as is revealed in his letters to Manning, who allowed himself to be instructed on all the sides of the Irish case. Though he condemned the Fenians, and even inspired Manning's condemnation of them, he snatched the Fenian General Bourke from the gallows on the eve of his execution. The executive at Dublin Castle were too startled to resist. Fenian and Orangeman feared him alike. Manning's attitude towards Ireland was more sympathetic; but he did not share the Irish Cardinal's hereditary and justified suspicion of British government in all their pomps and works. However, he allowed Manning to act and, in the good sense, to intrigue for him at Westminster on vital questions. The great inside part the two archbishops took in the work of Irish Disestablishment has not yet been made clear. When a double failure attended their effort to secure an Irish University, Manning bore the blame, though it embroiled him with both Gladstone and Disraeli.

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In March, 1865, Gladstone sounded the tocsin of Irish Disestablishment, and then Manning wrote: "I read your speech on the Irish Church, which set me musing and forecasting. It was a real grapple with the question. We were once united on the basis of your book on Church and State. You have departed, if not from that basis, at least from the application. Your whole policy is the separation of Church and State." Manning's own policy was to arrange a union between the English and Irish bishops, at least in theory, which could be consummated in practice by a simple league between himself and Cardinal Cullen. Their combined action to obtain Disestablishment seemed menaced by the outbreak of Fenianism, to which curiously Gladstone attributed the eventual passing of Disestablishment. Was that possibly to disguise the successful persistence and influence of the archbishops on himself? It was, perhaps, wiser to say he was afraid of Fenians than on whispering terms with Manning and Cullen. Gladstone's policy was straightforward enough and he was justified in dealing with the archbishops with his left hand while his right swayed the Commons, especially as their advice was moderate and almost supernaturally wise when they refused to accept glebes and endowments out of the spoils of a rival Church.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO ARCHBISHOP CULLEN

December 8th, 1865.—I believe we have such an identity of principles that we need only a fuller and more personal knowledge of each other to renew the union which once partially existed, and to make it both broader and more enduring.

December 8th, 1865.—My belief is that the bishops in England would desire to avoid contact with all political parties and to maintain a perfect independence, requiring of all Governments two things: (1) A cessation of the Anti-Roman policy in Italy; (2) justice to Catholics in the full sense, especially in education and the treatment of our prisons and poor.

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February 5th, 1866.—Your Grace will be happy to know that the Fenian prisoners in Pentonville have asked for Mass ; and the Government has granted it. This is a strange victory on which I make no comment, except “Thank God !” But it will console your Grace for the poor men. There is no doubt that the attitude of your Grace and the clergy of Ireland at this moment has done immense good, and has exhibited the Catholic Church in its true light as the source of public order and the upholder of authority. I have never known a more propitious moment to make the Government feel that they cannot do without us, but that our co-operation is to be obtained only by never outraging us again, not by proposing to buy it, not by paying money. The article in *The Times* was simply brutal. I cannot but think that a good opportunity will arise for some such declaration as the German bishops made in 1848, by which we may show that we uphold Government neither for what we can get, nor for anything we fear, but for what we are ; and that we can never rest till we are in perfect equality with our fellow subjects.

April 3rd, 1866.—Next week the bishops meet in London as usual. Might it not be well if we were to issue a letter to the Faithful, exhorting them to peace ? We might express our sense of the sufferings of Ireland, and of the duty of a just legislation to remove them ; and also show that the same principles which are subversive of the Government of the Holy See are subversive of all Governments, and that the principle of loyalty to the former includes also loyalty to the latter. Would our doing so hinder, or help in any way, the position of the bishops in Ireland ? I shall feel grateful for a few words as soon as your Grace can give them.

April 26th, 1866.—The meeting of the bishops passed off very well ; and they would be most glad to unite in any co-operation with their brethren in Ireland. I may add, in confidence, that they expressed a very strong feeling of disapproval of the conduct of the *Tablet* towards your Grace, and other Irish bishops. I think I may say

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that, if we could devise some occasion for a joint act, they are all ready to unite in it. I did not find some of them inclined to the Pastoral I sent your Grace. One reason alleged was that it seemed to admit the existence of disaffection among our flocks. I, therefore, did not press it. But could we not draw up a declaration based on these two principles : (1) The integrity of the United Kingdom ; (2) the admission of Catholics to perfect equality of rights and privileges.

May 29th, 1866.—I yesterday heard with great delight what I assume to be the reason of your passing through London. I have long felt, and often said, that for your own sake, as an old and tried servant of the Holy See, and for the sake of Ireland, which would thereby receive a token of the Holy Father's love, and also a glory in the sight of the world, I desired to see you in the Sacred College. Believe me that, though you have older and closer friends, there is hardly anyone who, on public grounds, rejoices more truly than I do. I trust many long years may be granted you to hold firmly the helm which is in your hands. We are in stormy days, and at any moment may be *ludibrium ventis*.

CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

February 7th, 1867.—Your address at Birmingham was very much liked here in Dublin. I thought it was exceedingly good, and well calculated to soften Protestant prejudices. I fear that, in Ireland, we shall get very little from the present Government. Lord Naas and Lord Derby appear disposed to maintain the mixed system. In ordinary schools there is scarcely any mixture ; but the mixed system is fully carried out in the Model Schools and Queen's Colleges, with which we can never be satisfied. Miss Whateley, in the *Life* of her father, the late archbishop, has injured the mixed system very much in the eyes of Catholics ; but the Protestants, who formerly opposed that system, are now clamouring for its continuation. They now think that Dr. Whateley was

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wise in his generation. Your Grace spoke rather too favourably of our Poor Law Guardians. In general, they treat the poor badly. Wherever the Protestants have a strong majority they give scarcely anything to the Catholic chaplains. Even in the very severe weather which we had, they could not be induced in this Union (North Dublin), to give any outdoor relief. However, where the Catholics are pretty strong on the boards a good deal of liberality is displayed. In Limerick (where there is only one Presbyterian pauper), Dr. Wilson, the moderator of the Synod of Munster, applied for, and got, £20 per annum for attending him. In the north they would scarcely allow the same sum for attending fifty Catholics.

February 8th, 1867.—I have heard that Father Lavelle has been writing to your Grace on the subject of Fenianism. He did a great deal of mischief by encouraging that movement in the beginning, but he managed to keep out of the clutches of the law. It appears to me that it would not be safe to correspond with so reckless a gentleman, or to notice him at all. If there be any stir on the part of the Irish in Glasgow, or in any other town in Scotland, in favour of Fenianism, it is probably due to the letters of Father Lavelle.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

February 10th, 1867.—I will take care not to be led into any correspondence with Father Lavelle. As soon as I saw *The Connaught Patriot* I thought I saw his hand in it. I had the honour of being there named and denounced with your Eminence. We were described as driving the Fenians from their faith. I made it a reserved case last December year; and since then I do not think I have had to give faculties more than fifty or sixty times at most; from which I infer either that the Fenians do not come to their duties, or that they follow Father Lavelle's theology and do not confess their union with the Fenian Society. Probably both are true.

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CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

February 13th, 1867.—I am sorry to see that Father Lavelle had written so violent a letter to your Grace. If the principles laid down in that letter were carried into effect no Government could exist. Happily, no newspaper, except *The Patriot*, publishes Lavelle's effusions, and they cannot do much mischief. It is about six years since he commenced writing such letters to me; but I have never taken any public notice of them. Father Lavelle feels greatly hurt when his letters are left unnoticed. It would be a great triumph for him if he could induce a bishop or any person of importance to enter the lists with him. The only way to defeat him is to pass him over in silence. We have great reports to-day about a Fenian movement in Chester. I have heard it stated, on good authority, that the great rising was nothing more or less than a crowd of unarmed workmen who were going to witness a prize-fight, and who were obliged to travel some distance to avoid the police. I suppose before night the truth will be known. Anyhow, I think Ireland will take no part in such a foolish movement. Indeed, it appears that our Fenians are now getting more common sense. The only evil effect we have now to apprehend is the neglect of the Sacraments. However, I must say that there were never so many penitents at the confessional and so many communicants in our Churches as at present, notwithstanding all the Fenian agitation.

April 8th, 1867.—Will your Grace allow me to take the liberty of making an observation on a passage of your beautiful Pastoral, where you state that, if Ireland continue to progress for twenty years to come as she has in the last twenty, she will be like the provinces of the Rhine, or like Belgium. Unfortunately, the last twenty years have pressed very heavily on Ireland. We have lost about three millions of our population, about a million acres of land has been withdrawn from cultivation, our principal towns have been decaying, hundreds of villages have disappeared, more than three hundred thousand cottages of

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the poor have been levelled to the ground. Now, if things be as I think they are, and were they to continue their downward course for another quarter of a century, I fear the country would be more like Algiers or Palestine. Until something effectual shall be done for the country, it will be impossible to put down Fenians. The total disendowment of the Protestant Church would put an end to a grievance and an insult.

August 17th, 1867.—The Government appear disposed to give some part of the property to the Catholic bishops and priests. In my opinion the proposed division of the property of the Church would contribute to uphold Protestantism in Ireland, producing the same result as the suppression of ten bishoprics by Stanley in 1836. Besides, if we accepted any endowment, all the Nonconformists, who now having nothing to say to us, would assail us with great violence and soon succeed in depriving us of anything we might have obtained. Probably, too, the poor Catholics, now so generous, would withdraw their oblations on seeing us accept a portion of the Church property which they abhor, so that in a short time we might be reduced to the condition of the poor priests in Italy. Finally, if Parliament undertakes to divide the spoils of the Establishment, I am sure they would not give us anything worth accepting.

II

It is easy to be wise after the event, and review the morality of the Fenians. Both archbishops took the sternest view that Catholic doctrine would permit them. But Cardinal Cullen failed to see that the Dublin confessionals were full, because of the Fenian movement, and not, as he wrote, "notwithstanding all this Fenian agitation." Manning laid down that Fenianism and Mazzinianism were convertible terms, and enjoyed the discomfiture he caused to English Conservatives who were then egging Mazzini and Garibaldi, that Father of Italian Sinn Fein, against the Pope. When Fenians joined the Papal army, and died for the cause of Canon

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Law and Order in Italy, he could not forbear to preach at their London requiem from the text, "We fools counted their life madness and their end without honour. Behold, they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints." His voice was as of one crying amid a wilderness of criticism and railing. He was not afraid to tell England that God would accept the Zouaves' "life blood as an offering to Himself." He appealed to Englishmen to perceive that these men were martyrs, and not hirelings. He contrasted the armies of Piedmont, waiting for the Revolution to accomplish itself within the Pontifical borders, with the neutrality of America in discouraging the Fenian descent into Canada. Manning could not be contented with mere repression of Irish turbulence. He became affected at once by the piety of the Fenians in prison and the heroism of the Irish soldiers in Italy. His heart yearned to them as that of a pitying parent.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

December 20th, 1867.—I have been, and am, in great anxiety. You know that our people look to us for everything. The Irish look to their clergy as Englishmen look to Parliament, and Irishmen look to us now with a keener feeling, because they have almost given up to look for justice from England. I cannot overstate the danger of this despair. The public papers, above all *The Times*, have driven this onward like a fierce wind. Their very praise of the Catholic bishops for their firm attitude at this time lessens the sympathy of our people. And that because it renders us suspect of the English policy of contempt and coercion. Your bold and just speech gives me both hope and strength. I can speak, and will speak, to our people in your words. But I neither can, nor will, in any other. Fill Lancashire with the spirit of your speech, and fill Irishmen with the hope of justice, and there is peace before us. If this fail, God only knows our future.

February 11th, 1868.—Ireland is becoming Republican, with not Red but American Republicanism. A calm and

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reasonable preference for the civil and religious equality of America, rather than the irritating and impoverishing inequalities of the United Kingdom, is spreading. This is invading even the clergy, and if it establish itself in the pastors you will have lost the people. I see no hope (for martial law and another '98 is not hope) but in gaining the confidence of the Irish. You can do it !

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

May 15th, 1868.—Late events have placed me in a difficulty as regards Mr. Disraeli ; and I have not liked to communicate with him lest he should take it as a request, and so lay me under a difficulty towards him. Nevertheless, I will obtain such information as I can, and report without delay. I will also take care that your Eminence's suggestion as to the Irish Church endowments shall reach Mr. Gladstone. Great progress has been made which cannot be wholly lost ; we shall have a hard fight.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

March 24th, 1868.—It is no question of religion, but of political justice. Anyone who believes the Protestant Church in Ireland to be the true religion must desire to see it disembarrassed of an injustice to a whole people, which would turn their hearts even from the twelve apostles. It is the most imperial question of our times, and the necessary preparation for a new civil order.

March 28th, 1868.—The Irish Establishment is a great wrong. It is the cause of division in Ireland, of alienation between Ireland and England. It embitters every other question. Even the land question is exasperated by it. All relations of life are tainted by it. The fatal ascendancy of race over race is unspeakably aggravated by the ascendancy of religion over religion. If this wrong were righted, everything else would be easier. I don't think it a leap in the dark, but a step onward into the light.

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LORD GREY TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

March 28th, 1868 (Private).—I beg to send you herewith a copy of a pamphlet I have published on the subject of the Irish Church. In doing so allow me to entreat you to give it your serious consideration and to use your great influence with the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland to induce them, if possible, to refrain from hastily declaring themselves hostile to the settlement I have proposed. I am strongly convinced that this mode of settling a very difficult question would be strictly fair and greatly for the advantage of all parties in Ireland. I am also of opinion that if not met by an expression of disapproval on the part of the Roman Catholics, it is probable that such a measure might be passed. I have good grounds for believing that many of the ablest members of the Protestant Churches, both of England and of Ireland, feel that the time is come when this question must be settled; and would not object to the scheme I have suggested. With their support, and that of the Roman Catholics, I think it might be carried, notwithstanding the opposition it would encounter from the most violent of the Dissenters and from those who still retain the old “No Popery” feeling. I am persuaded that it is only by some such compromise being carried by the aid of all friends of peace, whether Protestants or Roman Catholics, that a most bitter contest can be averted with all the evils it would bring in Ireland and on the Empire.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

March 30th, 1868 (Confidential).—The enclosed letter from Lord Grey will explain itself. I send, also, his pamphlet which accompanied it. I have given him no opinion; and I refrain from forming one till I know your Eminence’s mind. I perceive that men’s minds are tending to some such settlement as Lord Grey and Mr. Bright have proposed. Mr. Gladstone, ten days ago, referred approvingly to Mr. Bright’s plan, namely, (1)

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Disestablishment ; (2) Disendowment ; (3) Proportional *lump* sums to the three bodies ; (4) complete independence of all three from State control and influence. If your Eminence would kindly tell me whether, and in what degree, any such plan is possible, I should be greatly obliged. The excitement here is considerable. I am very glad to see that in Dublin the good people are praying.

April 2nd, 1868.—My own impressions, subject to correction, are as follows : (1) That no endowment can be accepted by the Church in Ireland which would even *seem* to be in violation of the noble Declaration of October last. (2) That to accept such endowment would destroy not only the independence and dignity of the Church, but the moral power and character of all concerned. (3) That to accept anything, the benefit of which would terminate in the clergy, would be most dangerous ; inasmuch as the people would feel that the clergy had been caring for themselves. (4) That though logically, and really, the clergy might remain independent, the people would not believe it. The unity, trust and affection of the people is of a higher order, and more precious than all the world. (5) That if any endowment be accepted it ought to be so applied that the people may be the *first*, and the *chief*, visibly and sensibly to feel the benefit : and that, not circuitously by relieving them of their contributions, but directly in its immediate uses. (6) That, subject to this condition, there is no reason why some scheme, not Lord Grey's, but like Mr. Bright's, may not be modified and accepted ; and in the accepting, purified of all inconsistency, State dependence, and apparent self-interest. (7) That by this course the Church in Ireland will put no bar to the settlement of this vast question, the greatest since the Tudor tyranny, because it is the pulling down of one whole wing of the Royal Supremacy ; and its moral reaction over the three Kingdoms is inconceivably great and far-reaching, both in enfeebling Protestantism and elevating the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church in Ireland would stand

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ready for either path, either complete disendowment or such endowment as is purified both of taint and danger. What such uses would be I hardly venture now to say ; but charity, and Catholic education, ecclesiastical buildings, and the purchase of land for pious and charitable purposes terminating in the poor, would be obvious.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

April 8th, 1868.—You will be glad to know that the Cardinal writes from Dublin : “ The victory was great indeed ; but it is necessary that the supporters of the Resolutions should follow it up and turn it to practical purposes.” The Cardinal goes on to say : “ I think all the bishops are persuaded that, were we to consent to a share of the spoils of the Establishment, our doing so would contribute to prevent any legislation. Our best policy is to adhere to the recommendations in our Resolutions that the rights of the poor should be attended to in disposing the property of the Establishment.” I cannot help adding this last passage : “ The Faithful in Dublin, and especially the nuns and clergy, devoted last Friday, the Feast of the Seven Dolours, to prayer and supplication, and I am sure their prayers and the intercession of the Queen of Sorrows contributed to the attainment of the victory.”

April 17th, 1868.—I have been much struck by the absence of all serious opposition to your policy, and by the extensive and various support given to it in England and Scotland. It is not so much a change in men's thoughts, but a revelation of what they have been thinking. What a course Disraeli has taken ! It must weaken him and his party.

May 8th, 1868.—Let the endowments be put overboard half-way between Galway and New York rather than mix them up with the question of your Resolutions.

December 4th, 1868.—I fully recognize the prudence of our not meeting now. All is changed since I wrote. Had you then been what you are I should not have written. And so you are at the end men live for ; but

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not, I believe, the end for which you have lived. It is strange so to salute you, but very pleasant. I take much consolation from the fact that what has made you so is a cause in which my whole heart can go with you. There are many prayers put up among us for you, and mine are not wanting.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

Holy Saturday, 1869.—Allow me to say with what satisfaction I have noted the course taken by your Eminence towards Lord Spencer; and also your attitude towards public events. I believe them to be both wise and courageous, and conducive to the best interests of Ireland. I may add that I know them to be approved in Rome. Mr. Gladstone has only done what I knew he would do; but he has done it well and boldly. The question is morally settled. Nothing but delay can now be attempted by the Opposition.

CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

June 8th, 1869.—I regret to state that I have been informed that of our very few Catholic peers, Lord G—— is gone over to London to vote against Mr. Gladstone's Church Bill. Such a course adopted by a Catholic lord will give great offence to the Catholics, and the noble lord's name will be held in the greatest opprobrium by our people. Perhaps your Grace could exercise some influence over Lord G—— in this case, and prevent him from bringing disgrace and ruin on himself and family. His lordship is a very good man; it is difficult to understand how he can make up his mind to support the Irish Establishment. It would be a great charity to keep him right. I fear the Lords will reject the Irish Church Bill. If so, we shall have unpleasant work for some time longer in Ireland. If Mr. Gladstone resigns, and lets the Tories in again, it is much to be feared that we shall have serious

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disturbances. I hope nothing will induce him to take so ruinous a step.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

July 12th, 1869.—I write one line to thank your Eminence for your letter of last week, of which Mr. Gladstone is by this time well informed. Every day I am pressed to say whether you would accept glebes. I answer, if unconditionally given, and if not a part of a scheme of concurrent endowment. But if the present Bill be risked by the proposal, no. Would your Eminence send me a word of guidance confidentially?

CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

July 13th, 1869.—I am sure, if the project of concurrent endowment is carried out, it will be made a pretext for annoying the Catholics and subjecting them to laws such as have been enacted for the management of Protestant glebes. It will also be a means of setting priest against priest. If the concurrent endowment were adopted, it would be difficult for us to maintain the voluntary system.

MR. GLADSTONE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

July 13th, 1869 (Private).—It was matter for argument whether, inasmuch as the glebe houses were to be surrendered to the Established Church on very favourable terms, some corresponding concession was not required by the principle of equality which was to govern the winding-up arrangements. But the vote of last night—which gave to three denominations, leaving 100,000 Methodists, however, in the cold, glebes as well as houses—is, or, rather, would be, a flat violation of all our pledges to the country. In your late note you have expressed so strongly and clearly your idea of the basis on which the late remarkable co-operation of the Liberal

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majority has been founded that I see you think, like me, it is the only possible basis. The question whether any other basis would be abstractedly better is a question at this moment for debating societies. On Thursday, at a quarter-past five, I shall move, please God, to restore to the Preamble the words of our solemn compact with the people. I have no doubt of the thorough soundness of the body of your co-religionaries. As far as numbers are concerned, we shall on this particular question have enough and to spare. But I think you will share my hope that, with a view to unbroken moral force, there shall be no defections. I therefore mention as rumour, for which I cannot be personally responsible, and yet not an idle rumour, three men, very different one from the other, who on this occasion would, I believe, be the better for a little confirmation in case you should have any discreet opportunity of conveying it—Moore, Blake, and Blennerhasset. After dealing with the Concurrent Endowment by the Preamble we shall proceed, I trust, to knock down the rest of the House of Cards.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

July 13th, 1869.—I have to-day spoken with Blennerhasset in the sense that it will be better to lose the Bill than accept Concurrent Endowment. Yesterday I said the same to Mr. Moore. After my conversation I went to the House to see Mr. Cogan and Mr. Maguire. Mr. Moore had told me that, with few exceptions, all the Irish members wished for the glebes. For myself I had rather see the Church in Ireland left to work out its own re-endowment. If, since 1800, it has spent on churches, etc., £5,000,000, in twenty years it will have its glebes, if, indeed, it wants them. But, in truth, glebes are of less use to us than to others. I do not believe that the Lords have made any impression on the mind of the country by their amendments. They are too transparently the work of the Ascendancy Party at bay, and making terms of surrender at the least pecuniary loss. But if in any thing the Government departs, or seems to

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depart, from the known basis, which has been tacitly recognized, I fear the Lords will set the Government and the country at variance, and profit by the disunion.

July 14th, 1869.—The old endowments cannot be applied to religious purposes without breaking peace, wounding charity and hindering religion. In good men like Lord Harrowby it is a mistaken piety; in Aubrey de Vere it is poetry, to wish for their application to religious uses. Let all that can be applied to charitable uses sensible to the whole of Ireland. Finally, if any part can be so applied as to relieve the Land Question, it is given to the poor.

July 24th, 1869.—It will give to our divided and hitherto irreconcilable population the unity which France has long had, and Germany is on the way to form for itself. My joy over the event is not only as a Catholic—though that must be, as it ought to be, my highest motive—but as an Englishman to whom, as I remember you once saying, the old English monarchy is dear next after the Catholic Church. But at this time I will only add that I may wish you joy on personal reasons. I could hardly have hoped that you could so have framed, mastered and carried through the Bill from first to last so complete, so unchanged in identity of purpose and detail, and, let me add, with such unwearying and sustained self-control and forbearance. The three atmospheres of prudence are, perhaps, now sufficiently lifted off to give an opportunity of seeing you before you leave London.

MR. GLADSTONE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

July 24th, 1869.—Your last note was of much value, and showed me at once with what an accurate eye you had measured the situation. But I cannot thank you for it alone; I am much indebted to you on behalf of the Government for the firm, constant and discriminating support which you have afforded to our Bill during the arduous conflict now happily concluded. Should you happen to write to Cardinal Cullen, pray be kind enough

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to ask him to accept a similar tribute of acknowledgment from me.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

July 25th, 1869.—I am sure that Mr. Gladstone would be much gratified by any expressions on your Eminence's part, as the chief Pastor of Ireland. He has acted with great uprightness and great firmness. Let me give you and Ireland joy at this event. I feel it as a common joy in which I share. May God as greatly console Ireland as England has greatly afflicted it. Let me thank you for your Eminence's last letter, of which I made good use.

III

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

May 19th, 1871.—Yesterday I had a long conversation with two very advanced Irish politicians. They assured me that, three years ago, the desire for separation from England was greatly in the ascendant; that now the desire is equally strong for the integrity of the Empire. They ascribed this to a revived confidence in Parliament, and that to your two chief Irish measures. You have fairly earned this, which no English statesman has yet deserved.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

October 11th, 1871.—And now I wish for your Eminence's counsel on a grave matter—I mean the Home Rule movement. It is already astir in London, and the *Vindicator* is set up here to unite all Irish Catholics for its support. I will frankly open my mind to your Eminence about it. In the *personnel* I see somewhat to make one cautious and anxious. I see the danger that what begins in *Home Rule* may end in some wild excess. It may be that some already look beyond it. But so long as the programme of Imperial integrity is maintained, I

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am fully prepared for Home Rule. If the programme be violated, I should oppose that violation, and not Home Rule. I am strongly convinced that political questions ought to be Imperial. But that social, moral, religious, industrial questions (*servatis servandis*) ought to be local in the three kingdoms. I shall be compelled to speak, and I wish to speak, word for word as your Eminence does. Any discrepancy might be hurtful. Our agreement may, perhaps, have its good effect.

CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

October 13th, 1871.—In answer to your Grace's letter, I beg to state that I have determined to have nothing to do with the Home Rule movement for the present. The principal leaders in the movement here are professors of Trinity College, who never heretofore manifested any good feeling towards the people of Ireland; and Orangemen, who are still worse. Their object appears to be to put out the present Ministry, and get Disraeli into power, when they will all give up the present agitation. The line of action I am determined to follow is to look on until we shall know more about the tendencies of the system and its leaders.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

October 14th, 1871.—Your Eminence's letter is all I need. I shall carefully follow the same course. Already I have been asked to allow the use of the schools for meetings. The obvious fear is the International. "All rivers run into the sea."

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

August 23rd, 1872.—I am altogether unable to maintain the justice of our holding Ireland, if the Pope had not a just sovereignty over Rome. My belief is that the action of Italy upon Rome is like the action of America

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upon Ireland, the cause of overthrow to an unarmed sovereignty as the latter is perpetual embarrassment and odious oppression to a powerful one. I have never heard this argument met by reason, but only by Sir Robert Inglis's 25,000 men, or by a raid of Lowland Scots from Belfast to Cork. But this is the policy of Russia in Poland. If you wish to know the will of Ireland, ask the Irish in our Colonies and in the United States. You will never get it in Ireland, with 30,000 English and Scotch bayonets. The political representation of Ireland by thirty Catholic members out of a hundred is like the Roman plebiscite. Yet I believe our sovereignty to be rightful. Let the next Election be taken in the presence of 200,000 American troops. However, I will say no more, for the world is past reasoning. It is going on to its catastrophe, and nothing under God can stay it. Do not believe me, if you like. But do not disregard me. Steer your course as if the rocks I have laid down in the chart were as certain as you may, perhaps, think them to be moonshine.

MR. GLADSTONE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

August 26th, 1872.—Your argument from Ireland does not hit me, for I have not maintained the doctrine that Italy was entitled to absorb the Roman States against the will of their inhabitants. But over and above this I cannot accept your belief as to the people of Ireland. I know of no proof that they desire separation from this country. We shall know more on this subject, perhaps, after an Election under the Ballot Act. The largest demand ever made in Ireland, as far as I know, except the Fenian demand, has acknowledged the Sovereignty of the Crown, and has aimed at no more than is now enjoyed by States of the Austrian Empire. Even this I do not know to be the desire of the people of Ireland generally. Nor have I ever cast on America the responsibility connected with Fenianism. I believe the American influence, as it was (for it is now nearly dead) to be the *contrecoup* of an influence having its root and seat in

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Ireland itself. The bayonets in Ireland are Irish as well as English and Scotch ; but I know of no influence which they do, or can, exercise on the free expression of opinion.

IV

A parallel development of the correspondence of the strangely assorted Three touched the Irish Education question. The letters of the Irish Cardinal, the Archbishop of Westminster, and the Liberal Premier, survive. Disraeli, who at times completed the quartet, preferred to see Manning personally rather than to exchange letters. But the Irish University question ended by estranging Manning from both Gladstone and Disraeli. Only the superb mollitude which archbishops bear to each other prevented a breach with Cardinal Cullen, when the Irish bishops could not accept the arrangements and possibilities Manning had built up between them and two successive English Premiers, of whom he noted Disraeli lost his head but not his temper, while Gladstone lost both !

CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

August 17th, 1867.—I am altogether in favour of a Catholic University with an independent Charter for itself, and altogether under Catholic control. I think this is the desire of all our bishops with the exception, perhaps, of Dr. Moriarty. I am aware that some of the Catholic M.P.'s are opposed to this plan, and that they would prefer the system of the London University, with a mixed board, deputed to examine the students without taking into account where they studied. An attempt to carry out this system was made by the late Government by granting what was called the supplementary charter to the Queen's University. That grant pleased no party. If your Grace could suggest any way of proceeding likely to ensure our success, I would be most obliged if you would put me in possession of your views.

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ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

January 14th, 1868.—The day I received your last, and the copy of Lord Derby's letter, I wrote to Mr. Disraeli. Yesterday I saw him for a moment. He told me that he had acted on my letter, and said that he would see me again.

January 24th, 1868.—I know that the worst and most tyrannical enemies of Ireland and the Catholic Church are now urging endowment of the clergy to buy them and ruin their influence, and the union of the people and their pastors. They will even go the length of forcing it and leaving it to time to take effect. We cannot be too outspoken or too prompt. I have nothing good to report about the Charter, and I expect little from these men. What your Eminence says is certain. All places are filling up with partisans, and mischief is laid up for twenty years.

February 20th, 1868.—If the Government were to propose to Charter the Catholic University without giving endowment, would it not be best to accept it? Would not endowment come by force of events? And if they were to propose the admission of laymen into the Government, is it not possible to reserve the supreme control of the bishops over all its system? As I am likely to be asked these questions I should like to know what you would answer.

February 21st, 1868 (Private).—For reasons which I am not able to state I think it is of urgent importance that the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishop of Ferns should come over to London, if possible next week. If both cannot, I hope one will; but both would be better. I hope your Eminence will kindly excuse this, and make it known only to the two bishops, as I should think much harm might arise to us by any public notice of this letter.

February 29th, 1868.—I hardly like to express any opinion contrary to that of the Archbishop of Cashel. But I am not able to concur in the view that a Charter without endowment ought to be refused. Your Eminence

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may, however, be assured that in all this I simply repeat what I understand to be the judgment of the Irish bishops. Of one thing I am as certain as I can be, namely, that the hope of a Charter from the Liberal Party is not to be counted on. I still hope the Irish bishops may reserve their claim to endowment, and accept the Charter, which will give legal existence to the University.

March 11th, 1868.—The Government propose both Charter and Endowment. I trust this will get over our difficulty. The Government is willing to treat the details. And I think they can be so moulded as to make them possible to accept. I feel that this is our moment. A Reformed Parliament would almost certainly throw open all education. I have written to-day strongly to Mr. Gladstone, begging him not to obstruct the Charter.

March 14th, 1868.—I have just now had an interview with Mr. Disraeli. I feel no doubt that he sincerely intends to carry his proposal about the University if he can. But his hope of carrying it is by satisfying the Irish bishops. Mr. Chichester Fortescue last night declared that, if the Catholics in Ireland accepted the plan, he would not hinder it. I think I can say that will be Mr. Gladstone's line. If, therefore, your Eminence and the other bishops could examine and pronounce upon the plan, this would decide the question—the House permitting. I will, within a few days, get all the information I can upon the points your Eminence mentions, and I hope that the constitutional parts of the plan can be modified. I have heard the two last nights of the debate, and I feel assured that the Liberal Party will never offer anything so advantageous. Let me say that if in politics I am anything, I am a Radical. All my friends are among the Liberals. All my life I have been opposed to the Tory School. I say this because I fancy the Archbishop of Cashel may suppose me a party-politician.

May 25th, 1868.—I believe Mr. Disraeli would have an Irish policy if he could ; but his followers have made it impossible, as they always have and always will. My belief is that there will be neither resignation nor

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dissolution, unless some breakdown in the Cabinet comes, which might happen any day.

December 8th, 1872.—The Government are keeping their counsel so well that I have no knowledge of their intentions as to the Irish higher education. The only point is, I think, certain, namely, that both sides of the House will unite in refusing direct endowment to our colleges. To ask for endowment was, five years ago, hopeless and dangerous. To ask for it now would be still more so. I remember that your Eminence would have accepted a Charter without endowment. And I hope that the next scheme proposed may not be lost by demanding endowment.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

February 14th, 1873.—I thought your statement last night complete and as unassailable as it could be. What my transmarine brethren may think of your plan I do not know, but hope to hear. For myself, I would accept it for England. I say this under this reserve, so far as I can judge of so complex a plan on one hearing. I thought your steering first-rate, and your tone towards Ireland and the Irish not only generous but statesmanlike. The plan seems to me to rest on a base so broad and equal that I do not know how the Opposition, or your own doctrinaires, can attack it without adopting the German tyranny.

MR. GLADSTONE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

February 15th, 1873.—I really do not know whether I am most gratified by your kindness in communicating to me, at once and directly, your impressions about our Irish University plan, or by the spirit of equity and moderation in which they have been formed. I will make them known to my colleagues. On what I described as the negative side of the measure, namely, the removal of grievances and the guarantees for conscience, we have endeavoured to make it absolute and complete. And for this purpose we have even consented to limit the range

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of purely academic teaching. Our great object has been to disarm fears and apprehensions, and we feel that if once a spirit of confidence and co-operation is generated, many things may become practicable which would, if prematurely proposed, become impossible.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

February 15th, 1873 (Confidential).—I wrote yesterday both to Cardinal Cullen and to the Rector of the Catholic University, urging them to accept the Bill. I am fully prepared for objections, and am aware not only that I am more easily satisfied than they are, but am more easily satisfied than, perhaps, I should be if I were in Ireland. I saw Mr. Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote exchanging signals at the exclusion of Mental Philosophy and Modern History. This they will attack, but it is easy of defence. If you will read the pages I have marked in the pamphlet I send you will see what Mental Philosophy can be made to mean. Any man who attacks you in this will seem to me to be wanting in common sense or sincerity.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

February 14th, 1873.—Last night I heard Mr. Gladstone's statement. Your Eminence will see two things : That grants of public money to Catholic colleges were treated as *ex concessio* impossible ; that Trinity College retains its income by ceasing to be denominational, and by becoming open to all. The only side of the question I can judge of is the English and political side, and on this I would venture to say that I think it would be our best prudence to make as much noise as will lead our enemies to believe that we do not like it, but to hold fast by the plan. My reasons are : That it is certain we shall never get anything better ; that it is certain we may and, I think, should get something worse. Government has fixed the maximum of concession and consideration towards us, the best of them being judges. Their

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supporters will, perhaps, refuse even this. The Opposition will never rise to this maximum. And if we were to provoke any opposition in Government, I greatly fear the advantage we should give to the Opposition. All these are political reasons; but I am here in sight of the storm signals.

CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

February 25th, 1873.—I cannot see how we can in any way co-operate in carrying out the proposed measure, or remain silent whilst others undertake to promote. In the first place, mixed education, or education without religion, is directly sanctioned by the establishment of a Queen's College in Dublin, to be called Trinity College. This institution will have the immense buildings of the present Trinity College, with its libraries and museums, all of which, or nearly all, are public property, and, besides, £50,000 per annum. Secondly, the new University will be a mixed teaching body endowed with immense revenues, which will serve to attract Catholic students. Mr. Gladstone, in his speech, says that any of the present professors of Trinity College, who cannot be provided for in the new mixed college, may be appointed to chairs in the new university. In this way an ascendancy for Protestant teaching will be secured for the future. Moreover, it is reported that Mr. Gladstone intends giving professorships to distinguished Germans and Frenchmen who will bring Hegelism and infidelity with them, as Mr. Vesicour, a nephew of Guizot, did to the Cork College.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

February 26th, 1873.—Judging from the papers here, if it were thought that the Catholic bishops were not opposed to the Bill, an anti-Catholic noise would be got up. I cannot but repeat that I think it most expedient to raise a loud opposition on the endowment injustice. I write this with submission, and more as a politician or a watch at the mast-head than anything else.

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CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

February 27th, 1873.—I write one line to say that our bishops met to-day and will meet again to-morrow. All are sadly disappointed with Mr. Gladstone's Bill, and speak against it much more strongly than I did in my letters to your Grace. The Bishop of Limerick was the only one who attempted to defend the Bill. In the end we agreed to send a petition to Parliament against everything in the Bill that sanctions mixed education.

MR. GLADSTONE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

March 1st, 1873.—I think it right to point out that the paragraph in the Resolutions, which repudiates on behalf of the R.C. College introduction into the University of Dublin, however intended, is really war to the knife, and that a petition against the Bill would have been far less mischievous. How is it possible that this should not have been perceived?

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

March 1st, 1873.—Once more I fall back on what I said yesterday. Why not make two centres and two groups under one Chancellor? The circumstances of Ireland demand a treatment not less favourable than we receive in England. We refuse Oxford and Cambridge as mixed and godless. We accept the London University because we have no contact with it but for examination. Why not give a Charter to our University without any endowment except as under your Bill, by competition? I believe this last to be the best course, short of Mr. Pitt's policy. The Opposition cannot refuse it. The bishops, I am sure, would be greatly reassured by it.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO CARDINAL CULLEN

March 1st, 1873.—Last night the Opposition believed that the Irish members would vote against the Bill, and that, with them, they might defeat the Government.

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Immediately they shut up, and would not talk of endowment. They could not give it if they would, and they would not if they could. I will believe them when they will try a division on it, not before. Would it not be possible to demand an examining university distinct from Dublin, so making two centres in two distinct places in Ireland? The tyrannous Liberalism of this country can be cured by nothing short of a public disaster, which may God avert.

CARDINAL CULLEN TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

March 2nd, 1873.—I told my mind most fully. He* assured me that great care would be taken in appointing the new professors and that Catholics would be perfectly safe. I replied that we got similar assurances regarding the Queen's Colleges, and that the first appointment was that of an infidel to the chair of History in Cork, and the last was that of an immoral poet, a Mr. Armstrong, to the class of English literature. I had this poet's work in my pocket and I showed to His Excellency a wicked poem against the Confessional, in which the poet concludes with this prayer: "Now may the good Christ rid us of all priests!" Lord Spencer admitted that he had made this appointment himself, but said he had not seen the book of poems! His Excellency, in the end, said he could not make any promise in regard to amending the Bill, adding that he hoped we would not embarrass the Government too much. I replied that we should provide for the salvation of the souls committed to our care.

MR. GLADSTONE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

March 3rd, 1873.—I do not see my way to acting upon your suggestion, if I understand right, nor have I the means of knowing whether it would produce a soothing effect; but there is much that may come up out of the present confusion, as the public and the classes grope their way through chaos to firm land. What I understand

* Lord Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

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from you and from your brethren in Ireland is this : that two great items, which it might have been hoped would have been boons, are grievances, viz., the provision of a teaching body and the introduction of the R.C. college as such into the university.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

March 3rd, 1873.—I still say the Irish bishops have not rejected the Bill. Out of this shake to all parties may come a policy higher, bolder, broader and proportionate to your Church Act. *Sursum Corda*. Look higher and try what this country will admit to be justice to Ireland.

March 7th, 1873.—Lord Lyttelton told me to-day, at the Athenæum, that you are well and in good courage. Worse things might befall you than Housman's bitter levity. You will not, I hope, take to heart the opposition of the bishops in Ireland. Non-endowment, mixed education, and godless colleges are three bitter things to them. Treat it as an earthquake.

MR. GLADSTONE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

March 8th, 1873.—This is a blow to the Bill, but it could be borne. Your (my) demands are easily dealt with. I should be ashamed to offer a measure that did not concede them. I shall fight to the last against all comers, but much against my inclination, which is marvellously attracted to the vision of my liberty dawning like a sunrise from beyond the hills. For when this offer has been made, my contract with the country is fulfilled, and I am free to take my course.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

March 12th, 1873.—I cannot conceal from myself that there may be a providence of God in this check. This is not your fault, nor the Bill's fault, but the fault of England and Scotland and of three anti-Catholic centuries. As towards us, you went as far as you well could. The division of last night may give you back a liberty which the Nonconformists have heavily oppressed.

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MR. GLADSTONE TO ARCHBISHOP MANNING

March 13th, 1873 (Private).—You give no heed to the wailings and pleas of my old age ; but I do, and the future in politics hardly exists for me, unless some new phase arise, in which (as in 1868) a special call may appear. To such call, please God, I will answer if there be breath in my body. Your Irish brethren have received in the late vote of Parliament the most extravagant compliment ever paid them. They have destroyed the measure, which otherwise was safe enough.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO MR. GLADSTONE

March 18th, 1873.—I did not look for any other result, and I have no pity on wailings and pleas of old age. But I wish your party were dissolved and reconstituted. I remember your telling me that your majority was too great. The last election drew to you men who have no right to you. The Disestablishment drew about you the sons of Eldad and Medad, and I wish you were far from their embrace. My belief is that you will yet settle the Irish University question. After that, if you wish to go up Mt. Tabor I may be more willing to listen.

November 25th, 1873.—I am glad you have no Catholic in your Government. You will be stronger to save the country from conflagration, which a mountebank might kindle by sending Tadpole and Taper with a cry, “Faith or Freedom,” that is religious persecution and Imperial despotism. Is this hypocrisy never to end ?

February 5th, 1874.—Let me give you the appreciation of *Idiotes* on this election. It is the inevitable result of your whole policy. The country made a heroic act to disestablish the Irish Church, and having done it has been frightened at its own heroism, and is afraid of being asked to do anything great again, at least for a time. It is sitting down to take its breath. It sees, also, the logic of the Liberation Society, and is resolved not to continue the conversation. Next, it is frightened back by the Education Act of 1870. This has roused the Church of

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England and divided our vote. Thirdly, the country was afraid of the Nonconformist Radicals. Fourthly, Lowe has given a repulsive character to the Government. And Bright's return has renewed and increased the fear that the extreme faction would force their policy on the Cabinet. No doubt you suffer because you lead. Nobody can go first without receiving more stones than anybody else. I feel too, *stultus ego*, that you have exhausted the mission you undertook. Say what you like, you will have another. I do not confide in the ethical character of the Nonconformists. I have worked a good deal with them in the Permissive Bill affairs. They have each one swallowed a Pope, and I have no chance with legions of Infallibilists. And I like still less the Philosophical Radicals, Liberals, and Oriental despots of the *Pall Mall* type, and still less the strong-minded women. Only do not be sharpened or soured or saddened. There are three words for you. If I go on, you will burn me.

So the great men of other days had their Irish hopes and troubles, disasters and disappointments. And after they had died the death of the just, others came and reaped where they had sown—for the Irish harvest is always late, but not later than Doomsday.

SHANE LESLIE.

WM. SAMUEL LILLY

WILLIAM SAMUEL LILLY, a name long familiar in the world of letters as that of an accomplished student, writer, and defender of the Catholic Faith, was the eldest son of a Devonshire gentleman, Mr. William Lilly, of Windout House, near Exeter, and was born on July 10th, 1840. He lived into his eightieth year, dying after much suffering, but rather unexpectedly, on August 29th, 1919, at his residence in West Kensington. Like the observant Ulysses he had travelled in his time, beheld men and cities, made acquaintance with East and West. He read books in many languages and remembered what was in them. He reflected on the wise words of his teachers, marked the unwisdom of the multitude, took his choice of principles in early manhood, and while in the prime of life and with complete intellectual assent submitted to the Roman Church.

His career falls into two very distinct stages, which we may divide at the year 1870, when the success he had attained as a District Judge in India was checked and finally thwarted by bereavement with its consequent impaired health, and when he turned his thoughts to a second beginning in England, to the Catholic creed, and to literature as a profession. His first wife, as I have just intimated, a woman of rare mental power, died in their home on the banks of the Nerbudda, far from her native land. His second wife, whom so many will call to mind with deep affection, for she had an extraordinary charm of manner, a beautiful simplicity, and the secret of winning hearts, preceded Mr. Lilly into the Church. I do not know the precise date or place of his reception. It happened before 1873, in which year he became secretary of the Catholic Union of Great Britain—a post the duties of which he fulfilled until the end. He might have said truly that he was by calling a teacher, endowed with gifts as well as favoured by circumstances that laid necessity on him to write, to speak, to argue, to press forward into the hottest front of battle on behalf of truth, denied and

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assailed, scorned and out of fashion, in a century the most irreligious, according to Von Hartmann, which Europe has known. Mr. Lilly joined himself, therefore, to the group of Catholic laymen, of whom De Maistre, Manzoni, Ozanam, were leaders some hundred years ago, and Dr. W. G. Ward, Lord Acton, C. S. Devas, Wilfrid Ward, may be quoted as doing honour to it in the last seventy among Englishmen. He won his own distinguished rank therein, which will not be taken from him.

For the task in hand his qualifications were admirably adapted from first to last. When we unfold the course of studies he pursued we tell how he spent his days. With Mark Pattison's father he might have quoted that sentence in the Eton *Latin Grammar*, "*Concessi Cantabrigiam ad capiendum ingenii cultum.*" At an early age he went to Cambridge in order to cultivate his mind, a proverb no less true of him at seventy-nine than when he was only nineteen. The College chosen was Peterhouse, reckoned the most ancient of the University. His tutor, Adolphus William Ward, afterwards Principal of Owens College, now Master of Peterhouse and knighted, has won renown in many fields, but especially in the department of literary criticism, dramatic, poetical, historical. He enjoyed the reputation of being a profound German scholar, when German scholars were few at Cambridge; W. S. Lilly was among his favourite pupils; and he sent him to the perusal of Teutonic genius, of which the evidence meets our eyes in citations abounding on every page from a never-wearying pen. It is, however, a curious fact within my knowledge that when Mr. Lilly came back after his sojourn in India he had almost forgotten German. Six months of renewed attention to it gave him a mastery over its uninviting periods in subjects widely remote, from the abstruse terminology of Kant to the social economics of Roscher.

Yet I am not implying that Mr. Lilly's mind was formed on a German pattern. The priceless gift he perfected at Cambridge and never lost was a training in the classical languages of antiquity. He might philosophize

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(a little too much) in Kantian mood and figure; but his doctor of divinity was Plato, his professor of politics, Aristotle; and he turned to "the lofty grave tragedians" of the Attic stage for refreshment with a zest to which his correspondence bore witness until it ceased altogether. The authors he preferred were Sophocles in Greek and Horace in Latin; though by temperament and conviction a mystic, he found less charm in the oracular verses of Æschylus. Speaking broadly, there was no considerable work of the great classic writers which he had passed by unread. Horace he knew by heart, as he knew Pope, who resembled as well as imitated the Augustan satirist; the words of these two delightful singers dwelt frequently on his lips; the touch of Epicurean sentiment, although never his considered view of things, did not displease him. It lent an air of holiday to the brooding spirit, weighed down by thought, and a refined grace to companionship with him.

In 1859 W. S. Lilly was elected a scholar of Peterhouse, where he studied law, taking the degree of LL.M. as late as 1870. But in 1861 he passed into the Indian Civil Service, and in due course went out to India. He became acquainted with Tamil, Telugu, and Canarese, the Dravidian languages spoken in the Presidency of Madras, which have not, I am told, an original literature, but derive their topics and the treatment of them from Sanscrit sources. Stationed in native districts, and accompanied by his wife, Mr. Lilly gained notice from the heads of Government as a capable administrator. He could be severe when the state of things demanded it; and his appointment as Under-Secretary at Madras gave him an advance towards the highest positions never destined to be followed up. In 1869 his Indian prospects were terminated by the sad event of Mrs. Lilly's death and the failure of his own health, as already mentioned. But in serving an apprenticeship to rule over Easterns the young English student, alone in a great solitude, had fallen under their spell. He was moved by the sympathy of a Mohammedan friend who taught him resignation to God's will when stricken down beneath his great sorrow. Far from

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the Western crowds and systems, he learned what silence means, how marvellous are the fruits of retirement and tranquillity, how vain is the illusion of Maya, "the painted veil which men call life." The imperial arrogance of Islam spoke to some answering chord in his British breast ; he admired its manliness and vigour, its manifest right to control the feeble Hindus, were the English to quit their shores. Yet again, as we know by other instances, while turning with dislike from the infinite and often repulsive idolatries of these latter millions, he could not fail to be drawn strongly towards the vision of Buddhism and its founder, whose ethical spirit seemed to be triumphant in all possible worlds—at least, such was the mild contention of its monks and their sacred Scriptures. Between the Briton in the East and the Buddhist teaching there would appear to be some natural affinity, despite the fact that he is not a contemplative or given to sitting still.

At all events, it is impossible to read Mr. Lilly's volumes without calling to mind the saying reported by Diogenes Laertius of the Macedonian world-conqueror, "If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes." Had my friend not been a Christian convinced and unremoved, he would surely have turned for comfort to the "Four Noble Truths" of Gautama. Some drops from the enchanting cup of Nirvana had been sprinkled on his brow. I wrote of Amiel in this REVIEW many years ago, "That passion for the One, everlasting and unchangeable, which always returns when science has carried men dispersedly into all provinces of research, and when division of labour means confusion of thought, had taken overmastering hold of him." The attraction for Mr. Lilly of what I may term the spirit of Buddhism did not lie precisely there ; it was ethical rather than ontological ; but real and constant, so far as a genuine submission to the Church's teaching would allow. It gave him a point of view from which he was enabled to judge modern civilization like a pilgrim out of some distant planet. Amiel could "think himself down" to any degree of the impersonal, the unconscious, the subconscious, or so he imagined. We shall not come

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upon disquieting claims like these in the balanced periods of our Catholic writer, often as he gazed into the mysteries of our being. What we have to set on record is the general effect of Mr. Lilly's residence and meditations in Indian solitudes on his manner of dealing with problems in theology, and with arguments in controversy. He keeps ever before him a spiritual "Mercator's projection," as it were, of the religions of the world. He cannot forget the teeming myriads in Farther Asia, neither Christian nor anti-Christian, but disciples of Mohammed, Gautama, Confucius, Laotze, or moulded by the immemorial laws of caste in countless grades of a ritual which encompasses life and death inexorably. I do not know of any other among apologists to whom this thought is so unceasingly present, or on whose pages it flings so deep a shadow. In Mr. Lilly's philosophy, a religion which consents to be less than a world-religion is none at all.

And so, farewell to the Anglican Church, the "accident of an accident," the birth of a local compromise in the Sixteenth Century, which carries its Island wherever it goes. Emphatically a sect, national to its finest fibre, how would it survive when thrown into the devouring furnace of religions to which æons of time and hundreds of millions of believers are habitual ideas? If there is anything supernatural in Christianity it must bear these characters upon it. When Mr. Lilly, returning to Europe, looked round, his eyes were opened to the Papal Church; he saw Rome, certainly not less majestic than Benares or Mecca, the head and front of Christian history, with a background of dogmas, institutions, sanctities, miracles, and a proved exercise of redeeming power, not to be denied or put by. As a world-religion it challenged comparison with every other; as a philosophic system it stood above them all. Every Asiatic traveller would acknowledge its immensity, its mystery, its holiness; and its claim to a heavenly origin was the claim of Christianity brought down to the latest hour. Such motives of belief, with prayer and example close at hand, might well convince a sincere lover of truth, whose life had been shaken to its centre, and

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who was beginning it a second time. This well-known language of the "rebirth" unto a higher state would not have been foreign to a reader of Oriental lore. In one shape or another the passage of Mr. Lilly from his inherited English communion to the Universal Church must have been as I venture to describe it—the homage of the religious East to a yet more spiritual revelation, in which Reason found peace, and tranquillity was divine energy flowing forth upon the heart of man in silent streams.

We shall never look far into Mr. Lilly's tractates on his special themes without discovering the mystic in the logician. He sought whether in men or books the spirit which, not content with Bacon's "dry light" of reason, brought all its faculties to the acquisition of the Highest Good; which recognized in the "heart," as Holy Scripture speaks, a power, and in its experiences a disclosure from the Unseen, whereby reality is best attained. Naturally, then, he felt a kinship with Pascal, with Vinet, and above all with Newman. He had not long been a Catholic before he presented himself at Edgbaston, and so began the friendship, rich in consequences, illustrated by deeds as well as words of lasting import, that honoured master and disciple alike. To Mr. Lilly the interpreter of Catholic principles to be named first and followed at all times was the recluse of the Oratory, "biding so still at home." His selections from the forty volumes of Newman's publications, in particular from the date of conversion, went into several editions. As secretary of the Catholic Union he speedily gained the confidence of its President, the Duke of Norfolk, who respected his judgment and usually followed it. We are all aware that when Leo XIII opened his memorable reign, he was determined to raise Dr. Newman to the Sacred College. In the action, however, of the Duke of Norfolk on that great occasion, Mr. Lilly's discreet and seasonable share cannot be doubted, although he has, perhaps, left no record of the particular steps taken. A reference to them will be found in his *Essays and Speeches*, where he has reprinted

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his tribute to Cardinal Newman, when the end of that illustrious career came on August 11th, 1890. Another service he did when Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen made "the great mistake" of declaring in print that the Cardinal "has confined his defence of his own creed to the proposition that it is the only possible alternative to atheism." At once, and with success, Mr. Lilly destroyed the force of this attack by a letter to the *St. James's Gazette*, which the Cardinal adopted in the next edition of the *Grammar of Assent*. I pass quickly over the various addresses and other measures by which the Catholic Union supported Cardinal Newman's dignity, and did themselves honour in so doing. To each and all Mr. Lilly gave his devoted attention. And not only during the seventeen years of their friendship, but repeatedly after the Cardinal had left these "shadows and semblances," his memory was recalled, his telling arguments were quoted in Mr. Lilly's ever fresh pages, before the large and growing public which he had won to himself in England, America, and the British Empire. All his literary efforts, it is not too much to say, were dedicated to Newman's memory, and by his teaching ruled. They deal often with subjects which had come into prominence only subsequently to the master's chief creative periods; but the endeavour was to take such views as he would have approved, by applying his method to the matters in dispute.

From the year 1875 until a few days before he died, Mr. Lilly was occupied in this vast undertaking of Catholic Defence; and he has left behind him a volume which I am seeing through the press, entitled *An Invisible Kingdom*. That name would furnish a happy description of his doctrine taken as a whole; it contains a statement of fact, an appeal to faith, and a ground of belief. In his powerful discussion of first principles, *The Great Enigma*, we light upon a passage from the treatise "*De Deo*," which my revered master, Cardinal Franzelin, composed for his auditors at the Roman College—a passage of axiomatic significance in our schools. It runs thus: "The whole metaphysical order is constituted by the

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necessary laws of essences ; which laws are necessary because the Divine Essence postulates them. Hence the Divine Essence is by its own necessary perfection, and not by free will, the source and measure of the whole truth of metaphysics." Readers of Plato will declare without hesitation that in these words they hear an echo of Platonism fully rendered. They will be stating the fact ; but such Platonism comes down to us from the New Testament, the Greek Fathers, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas Aquinas. The world of Pure Reason, all these affirm, is founded on God's necessary thought, which is identical with Himself. Laws of numbers, of motion, of life, of ethics, derive their origin and value from the Infinite Mind. Our supreme Catholic poet has given to the " Ideas," in which Greek philosophy and Christian dogma conspire to set forth the final explanation of things, a glory of translucent verse, never likely to lose its radiance. And among Platonists of the Dantean wing I would reckon Mr. Lilly, subjoining as a caution that, however well-read in the works of Hellenic and modern metaphysicians, he had not been trained to the study of St. Thomas or in the scholastic tradition.

From motives partly of apologetics and in a high degree personal he was led to the defence of *a priori* truth as it is elaborated by Kant rather than by the Angelic Doctor. The effect is not always more satisfactory in his rehearsal than we feel it to be in those Sibylline books, the *Critiques*, which have transformed but surely darkened in the process, our world of Western thought. I shall speak to this point again. My drift now carries me simply to lay down, as the general impression made on me by Mr. Lilly's volumes, whatever their subject, that he saw the life of man, the course of all possible creations, in this way and no other, "*sub specie æternitatis*." Had he not done so, much of his work, entertaining, brilliant, learned as it was, would, in the absence of the light behind, resemble so much first-rate journalism, written for the hour. But even where it might seem of a passing or only occasional value, it never fails to keep the Platonic seal, to recall

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men's minds to that "*Fiat Lux*" which has kindled in us the spark of divine wisdom. I owe some apology, mayhap, for beginning my brief account of his contributions to literature with a preface from the Schools. Yet I owe still more to my deceased friend the duty of showing how profoundly metaphysical his beliefs were, and how they set him apart, once for all, from "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" in a scribbling age.

He wrote with ease, indeed, although not without preparation, often lasting over months or years. His continual reading, tenacious memory, and intercourse with an exceedingly various society of men and women, yielded as their outcome materials from almost every side, except physical science, and a style which held the middle tone between essay and history. Attention has been rightly called to its French qualities, the lively movement and social air, the lucid order and effective summing up of parts. In language Mr. Lilly, while using a wealth of quotation which disguises now and then his proper share of authorship, was more Latinized than idiomatic, sometimes to excess; for he wrote as he thought, and much of his meditation went on over the classical or French volumes he had constantly in hand. He was a student of Voltaire's prose works; not a great deal, I fancy, of his correspondence; and he caught from the universal mocker an occasional tinge of sarcasm or gaiety; but Voltaire's day is long ended. At the same time, editors of magazines know that good sword-play fascinates the public; and if our apologist had the skill to harness the philosopher of Ferney to his chariot wheels, it would be a Christian revenge. Mr. Lilly chose deliberately the path of journalism, where he might win the largest circulation for his views, an immediate hearing, and the fame which nowadays follows advertisement. I daresay no man, except Carlyle, has written harder things in condemnation of bad journalism than we come upon in the treatise which is called *On Right and Wrang*. Its author concludes a fierce indictment to this effect: "The newspaper press during the last quarter of a century"—that

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is to say, between 1870 and 1890—"has done more than anything else to *de-ethicize* public life ; to lay the axe to the root of duty, self-devotion, self-sacrifice, the elements of the moral greatness of a nation." He considers its main achievements to be the triumph of mendacity, the corruption of the intellect. Nevertheless (or should we not rather exclaim, therefore?) he went down into the arena, prepared like St. Paul at Ephesus, to "fight with beasts." He could not defend the Faith unless he attacked falsehood in its most formidable champions, the public looking on, and compelled to applaud whenever he brought his adversary to the ground.

We distinguish in his voluminous writings, which extend over forty-four years, a diversity of handling, as they happen to be addressed by Mr. Lilly to his fellow-Catholics or to the "man in the street," otherwise the "man of the world," who was utterly ignorant of our genuine teaching and indifferent to religion in any shape. Among his own people, in this REVIEW and our leading newspaper, his arguments were naturally drawn from all the Catholic premisses. But so to reason with unbelievers would be labour lost. Where authority is denied it ceases to have effect. We should bear in mind always, while reading an apologist, that he is under the necessity of discovering a common ground on which his opponent is willing to join issue. In this situation, every proposition he advances must become an *argumentum ad hominem*. To persuade Catholics only eloquence was needed ; the premisses were allowed on both sides. Not so when the world lay remote from the Church, permeated with sceptic doubts and the alleged certitudes of materialism ; in days when Darwin, Spencer and Huxley formed a triumvirate which tyrannized over public opinion. Huxley, for example, shut out St. George Mivart, the Catholic F.R.S., from the Athenæum Club, on no other ground than his criticism of the Darwinian hypotheses. Samuel Butler, a critic of another school, relates his own story of excommunication by the Press and, consequently, by the public, for having dared to cross-examine Charles Darwin's views

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from a hostile platform. The twenty years noted by Mr. Lilly for "corruption of the intellect" deserved that stigma. I cannot say whether Mr. Mallock's *New Republic* still circulates among readers; but, as a picture of the agnostic era, which was then coming in, and as a prophecy of its Dead Sea fruits, that remarkable satire and parody should be held in remembrance. Mr. Mallock also wrote a yet greater book, *Is Life Worth Living?* when he and Mr. Lilly were seeing much of one another. Scepticism, materialism, pessimism, and at last indifference to life itself, such were the aspects of a growing anarchy, which few Catholics had the art or means of discerning, but which stirred Mr. Lilly's zeal and determined his mode of approach to the anti-Christian forces.

Accordingly, in *Chapters of European History*, which affords a sketch of the Church's vicissitudes from Apostolic days to our own and was written for edification as its main object, the manner is not polemical so much as sympathetic; an atmosphere of devout fervour rests on its pages. I ought to have warned my reader that all the volumes I touch upon here came out parcel-wise, in the form of separate articles, which was the preliminary stage to their appearance as books when their contents had done duty in magazines. One agreeable consequence I remember was that the celebrated Russian Ober-procuror, M. Pobiedonostsev, feeling the power and charm of Mr. Lilly's paper on "The Christian Revolution," which dealt mainly with St. Augustine, himself translated it into his own language and spread copies of it far and wide. I was staying under my friend's always hospitable roof, when the great man's letter and translation arrived from the Russian Embassy. By and by Mr. Lilly compressed his two volumes into one, calling it now *Christianity and Modern Civilization*. It includes an effective account of Pope Gregory VII, and a chapter probably unique on the legal procedure of the Inquisition. But the new and revised edition does not please me so well as the original, which was bathed, so to speak, in the first golden splendours of a Catholic neophyte.

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Much the same has been my feeling in regard to the early and subsequent redactions of what *The Times* refers to as the "once famous" *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*, which came out in 1884. From force of association I am tempted to say, "The old is better." As time went on Mr. Lilly gained a firmness of touch and a sense of his own intellectual whereabouts (if I may use that ugly Shakespearean word) which entitled him to the master's dignity; but the comparative tenderness of younger days made way for something sterner, and the joy of battle, especially when party politics ruled the fray, became slightly truculent. There was a certain excuse for it. The denial of any First Principles having an eternal value converted leaders of opinion like H. Spencer to destroyers of mankind. Huxley gloried in sharpening his claws and beak against all who would not agree with him—and yet he had nothing better to teach than that "laws of conduct" emerged from "laws of comfort." Mr. John Morley, as he then was, took pride in his anti-theism, gave Rousseau's fatal philosophy a seductive English setting, and made an idol of Robespierre. The late Cotter Morison substituted an ignominious *Service of Man* for the service of God. The most captivating in style of English historians, J. A. Froude, indulged his fancy for anti-Catholic romance, and caricatured by extraordinary lack of scholarship the true Erasmus. But what of W. E. Gladstone? My friend judged him to be of the tribe of political sophists, for ever transfixed by the lightning strokes of Aristophanes, who betrayed Demos to ruin by their sycophancy, their love of power at any price, their watching "how the wind veered." Now a Catholic and a philosopher of the central school has certainly his own right to charge upon Jean-Jacques Rousseau the worst calamities of the French Revolution, and on his followers the evils of modern democracy. Mr. Lilly did so much, with vigorous denunciation of those who were putting numbers instead of values, to the peril of civilized order, and preparing its downfall. Was this a crime?

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In choosing for attack the giants, or mighty men of renown, whose dominion over minds will seem in a better time portentous, the Catholic David gave proof of a bold spirit, while running on the very edge of hazard. How did he come off? We may reply that the mere fact of assault gave earnest of victory. The truth, to borrow from Tertullian, asks one thing only, not to be condemned unknown. It would be impossible to exaggerate the ignorance of adepts in physical science or of cultivated men of letters generally, with regard to our faith and our philosophy during the period in question. Our difficulty was not to show the flaws in Spencerian or Darwinian systems, but to get a hearing before the modern court of appeal. An Index, banning Catholic writers, was in full force, admitting rare exceptions. Mr. Lilly, in taking the offensive, broke a way for himself by which others could pass. He did not lay claim to special scientific knowledge; he argued in the plainest terms which the subject would endure, but as a metaphysician. His affirmative rule was that which Cardinal Franzelin expressed in the sentences quoted above. His negative or polemical rule was to demonstrate the perfect inadequacy, the inherent contradiction, of the system he was engaged in pulling down. As now the Darwinian hypothesis which halted between the struggle for existence and Lamarck's organic appetencies no longer reigns; as the heroic self-sacrifice displayed in the war makes the "laws of comfort" sound like a sacrilege in presence of death; and as the huge fabric of Spencer's "synthetic philosophy" lies in ruins; we may at least declare that the cause to which my friend dedicated his life has so far won. "*Victrix causa Diis placuit.*" I will go a step farther and record my persuasion that his writings contributed, quietly but successfully, to the change in many minds, long secret but making itself gradually perceptible and at length asserting its power, from agnostic pride and the insolence of materialism to the present mood of inquiry or aspiration after some ideal world. In particular, I would maintain that the criticism of Spencer which travels through Mr.

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Lilly's books *On Right and Wrong*, *The Great Enigma*, and *Many Mansions*, leaves not a stone standing upon a stone of his pseudo-metaphysics. It is profound, and it is complete. Again, my confidence grows, after many perusals, in the destructive energy of reasoning applied to Huxley's mechanical system with its sham front of idealism; although Mr. Lilly's opening move was not the best, or was liable even to the counter-move, "Nego." But, as the *Spectator* observed, questions had been forced upon the doughty agnostic which he would find no small difficulty in answering. And he never did answer them. He let judgment go by default.

But Mr. Lilly's "environment" was larger than Britain. He reported on the towering creations of Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Kant; on religions, their founders, and their scriptures, such as the Buddha, Mohammed, the "Saints of Islam," the Sacred Books of the East. His volume, *Many Mansions*, for which I suggested the title and the motto from Aratus, holds the centre of all he composed; it is, perhaps, the best thing he did. In treatment we must own its candour, its freedom from the desire to snatch a rhetorical victory, and its acquaintance with abstruse far-away subjects. On Schopenhauer it is deservedly severe. The weaker points of a most opportune book are due to the strategical method which seems to allow the absolute validity of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*—an untenable idea—and to the absence of a positive refutation of the Buddhist fallacies. Its merit, and that is great, consists in the widening of horizons, the contact effected between Catholic Christianity and the religions of Asia, which is necessary if we mean to extend our conquests beyond the Western world. For manifestly "precept must be upon precept, line upon line," thus bringing out clear, by the comparative and critical method, the sovereign excellence of the Gospel, unless we are to sit down vanquished before a religious stalemate. Elements of the right solution are scattered through Mr. Lilly's works; and until we continue the labours of Bishop Bigandet, the Abbé Dubois,

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M. de Harlez, and others more close to our time, a volume such as *Many Mansions* will serve as a promising entrance to these "worlds unrealized."

All characters in our human tragedy seem as if they were drawing together—it might be for the Fifth Act—being called up on the same stage by science, research, exploration, conquest, and commerce. He that would be chorus-leader to the play must have a versatile art and adamantine convictions. By temperament Mr. Lilly added point to the saying, "*Quidquid vult valde vult*"; his resolution bordered on obstinacy, sometimes, indeed, was thought so. During our long intercourse of thirty-seven years, I never knew him to give up a principle or change his theory of life and conduct. To the family motto, "*Per ardua stabilis*," he stood ever faithful. He was no bigot, since he could render a reason for the faith that was in him; but by training, by disposition, and by circumstance, he took views which politeness termed conservative, but to the average man they appeared reactionary, out of date, and only not dangerous to modern civilization because few really held them. Mr. Lilly retorted by denouncing the "Shibboleths" of that average person, about whom he agreed with Carlyle—a master grim and great whose violent outbursts of scorn he enjoyed a little too heartily—and by laying his book, *A Century of Revolution*, in 1889, on the monument of the "Tiers-Etat" as a coping-stone. He fought, but with argument not mere invective, against the "false democracy" which Burke showed to be injustice and Stuart Mill serfdom. With Carlyle he believed that England, if not all Europe outside the German Empire, was "rushing down to anarchy and government by the basest." He never entered a polling-booth; he delighted to satirize the House of Commons. In a volume designated *The New France*, of which *The Times* in its obituary speaks with a kind of Liberal horror, he told many unpalatable truths concerning the Third Republic, a form of ostensibly elective rule which is "gerrymandered" by professional politicians, and which legislates against God and His Christ. Our English

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partisans of "progress to the bottomless pit" do not welcome those who tell them whither they are hastening. But of their latter-day achievements, "*si quæris monumenta, circumspice.*" The writer who can cite for the laws of human society Burke, for the fruits of sham democracy Mill, and for the Divine Rights of religion under any régime the Catholic Church, need not be afraid of speaking with his enemies in the gate.

France, its people, history, and literature, always occupied, and alternately charmed and irritated, Mr. Lilly's imagination. It might have been his native soil; perhaps I have heard of ancient ties which his kinsfolk claimed with a nation he loved—it is not too much to say—passionately. The lady to whom he was united after his second wife's decease, and who tended him with unremitting care during his frequent illnesses of latter years, is by origin of Geneva, French in language and disposition. In their pleasant home that exquisite idiom was constantly heard. Except Alfred de Musset, I am not aware of Mr. Lilly's devotion to any French poets; Molière, of course, he knew well; but the double masterpiece of analysis and interpretation in which he summed up the merits of the *Human Comedy* of Balzac, exalting its creator to the throne of a "French Shakespeare," could have been written only by a man who had travelled long years in the enchanted and too frequently plague-stricken regions of a literature still the most powerful in Europe for good and evil.

On this warning note I will close. Did the occasion allow, it would be an agreeable task to dwell on my friend's social qualities, which brought so many men and women within his large circle of acquaintance, and made his house the meeting-place of distinguished people, differing in creed or party or profession, but sure of entertainment in the best sense when they came together round his delightful board. I could tell of honours bestowed on him; election to the Athenæum Club, degree in Arts from Cambridge University, Lecturer at the Royal Institution, Honorary Fellowship of Peterhouse, and other adornments, none of which he sought. My

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recollections of our journeyings in Devonshire, or in Normandy or to the Austrian Tirol, are mingled with those of illustrious guests like the late Archbishop Ireland, and of the Eucharistic Congress in London, incidents that proved how full of practical wisdom the secretary of the Catholic Union ever was, according to the opportunities given. But now there still remain not a few splendid fronts of so wide and lofty a memorial, built by the energy of one man, never pausing for half a century, which we might contemplate with admiration. In his own array of volumes, not to dwell on the *Characteristics* of Newman and Manning edited by him, W. S. Lilly has bequeathed to Catholic students, as well as to the more thoughtful among the reading public, an inheritance "rich in the spoils of time," sound in the bases of philosophy, edifying as religion, and almost a library in itself. He is a sure guide to the high temples of thought. In submitting to the Cathedra Petri one so variously gifted made a sacrifice of greater possibilities of fame and influence than he could hope to win by turning away from the crowd to the solitude, entering as it were into a cloister of the intellect which worldlings would not visit. The deepest thought of his heart was belief in holiness before God. He revered the Saints, setting them far above any other manifestation of genius, in a sphere apart. Their judgment of life was to him absolute and without appeal. His writings bear testimony to my own personal knowledge of the man, who, living in society much, never lowered his standard or ceased to utter the solemn adjuration, "*Discite justitiam moniti, et ne temnere Divos.*" What he taught he practised. When the dread summons came he bowed to it with cheerful serenity. His years had been filled for a long while with trials of sickness; he had seen many friends pass away, and a world shaken by war still more agitated by the problems of peace. For himself he had fought the battle of life courageously, as a soldier of the Lord of Hosts; and it is my hope and belief that the last cry was "Victory!"

WILLIAM BARRY.

A NON-JUROR'S LETTER:

WITH A CATHOLIC'S COMMENTARY

I HAPPEN to possess twelve MS. notebooks of that sincere and powerful writer, William Law, author of *The Serious Call*, *Christian Perfection*, the *Spirit of Love* and other works. These notebooks contain transcripts from various authors, and some papers by Law himself, completed, but never published. One of these might interest modern readers. It states, lucidly, the position of a High Church Anglican of some two hundred years ago. It is in the form of a letter to a brother clergyman. Law was in Orders, but, because he would not take the oath of allegiance at the accession of George I, he was disqualified for active service, and, in the earlier part of his life he was tutor in the family of Mr. Gibbon, the historian's grandfather. This letter must have been written in that period, while he was still interested in the ecclesiastical question, which, later, after that he had accepted the teaching of the mystical German shoemaker, Jacob Behmen, seemed to him to be of no importance. In 1717 William Law, at about thirty years old, made his admirably vigorous assault upon Hoadley, the Whig and Rationalist Bishop of Bangor, on account of the latter's theory of an invisible Church of all true Christians. Law then asserted a visible, though divided, Catholic and Episcopalian Church. In his later days Law himself thought of the Church, not as a net catching all kinds of fish, or a field where wheat was mixed with weeds, but as an invisible and unembodied unity of all such souls as were really grafted to the true Vine, the spirit of Christ. In 1731, however, Law wrote three letters, published after his death, to "a Lady inclined to enter the Romish Communion," in which his argument is akin to that stated in the following unpublished letter. The MS. letter is not dated, but it must, I think, have been written in the period between 1720 and 1730. The first sentence indicates that Law, like many of the

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non-juring clergy, had once had doubts whether he ought not to join the Church of Rome.

The whole argument in this MS. is based upon the assumption that there was, in the days of St. Cyprian and, even later, in those of St. Augustine, "an one Catholic Church as visible as Christianity itself," but that, at some unspecified time, this one undivided visible Church ceased to exist, and that now there are various distinct and separate Churches, all descended from it, and of equal title. Thus an Anglican or Lutheran, who now says "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," speaks in a sense different from that of the men who drew up the Creeds. They had in mind a concrete Catholic Church, visibly united; he has in mind a Catholic Church which is not a visible fact, but an idea. This is the very line of division between Catholics, in our sense, and non-Catholics. In our view there never has been a moment, from the earliest ages to to-day, when there did not exist a single, visible, organically and avowedly united Catholic Church, and when there were not also, to an extent varying at different periods, outside communions, more or less remote, which claimed to be, in some sense, but were not admitted by Catholics to be, branches of the Catholic Church. This Catholic Church, of which the centre, made increasingly manifest in the evolution of history, is the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, is, we believe, identical with the Catholic Church of the Creeds. The Anglican theory of the Church is, so to speak, "in the air," because Anglicans will not accept the concrete fact, just as the neo-Platonist philosophy, according to St. Augustine, was in the air, because the philosophers were too proud to accept the incarnation of the Word in Jesus Christ. Be it observed that a Donatist could have used William Law's argument for resisting the call of Augustine, and remaining in the communion of his fathers and fellow-Africans, a communion undoubtedly based upon episcopal descent from the Apostles, and accused by its Catholic opponents not of doctrinal heresy, but of revolt and separation and breach of unity upon a purely ecclesiastical question.

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Law often speaks of the "one Church out of which there are no covenanted terms of salvation." In the Catholic Church the, so to speak, common law of "*extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*" is tempered by the equitable doctrine that many belong to the soul of the Church who do not belong to its body, and by the doctrine of "invincible ignorance." Moreover, another article of the Apostles' Creed, the Communion of Saints, is, perhaps, capable of far wider unfolding than it has yet received.

William Law often uses the word "schism" in arguing that the word is no longer applicable to the facts. The word is not much used at the present day. It is felt that a term justly applicable to the men who led the revolt from the Catholic Church is less applicable to the innocent inheritors of the separation. This differs, of course, from Law's view that there are no schismatics because there is no longer a visible Catholic Church.

William Law's unpublished letter is written with all his usual extreme lucidity and anxiety that there shall not be a shade of doubt as to his exact meaning, involving some repetition. He says :

"The many separate communions of those who call themselves Christians, having well-nigh rendered the Church of God (that city upon an hill) invisible; I have had many anxious thoughts with myself concerning my own state, frequently doubting whether I am in such external communion with the Church as to be thereby made a true member of the Body of Christ.

"The great piety, and great learning of men of different communions, who equally assert the right of their respective Churches, makes it impossible for me to yield to the judgment of one rather than another, so that in this inquiry I have no body of people to follow as a guide, but am forced to appeal to my own reason, which I cannot help distrusting in a matter where such numbers of learned men are equally positive on the contrary sides. This was not the case in the primitive times, for from the first foundation of Christianity to the times of St. Austin, there was no difficulty in this point. The one Catholic

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Church was as visible as Christianity itself. The divisions that then happened never obscured the sight of the Catholic Church; it was then as easily seen from any separate communion as a church is now from any common building. It is still plainly to be seen from the records of Antiquity and the Writings of learned men what that unity was, upon what principles it was founded, and by what laws and practices it was preserved.

“I fully believe this article of the Christian faith, viz., that there is but one Holy Catholic Church. The state of Christianity is confined to this one Church, the number of Christians is no larger than the members of this one Church. This is as certain as that Christ has instituted but one religion, whose doctrines and institutions are not observed unless they unite us into one Body. The same offices performed, the same institutions observed, but in opposition to this one Body, have no pretence to the blessings of Christianity. A Church set up against the one Church of Christ is but like any other worship that is contrary to that which Christ has appointed. Any person that should set himself up to be received in Christ's stead, ought to be renounced as Antichrist. And whatever communion is set up against, or instead of the one Church of Christ, ought to be looked upon as anti-Christian.

“I am fully persuaded that the unity or oneness of the Church consists in the unity of its external communion, when every part of the Church communicates with every other part of it, as fellow-members of the same Body. I firmly believe that our Non-juring Fathers and Brethren in their writings justly explained the unity and principles of the primitive Church. Had they lived in the times of St. Cyprian, or St. Austin, the principles which they now assert, would have rendered them at that time good Catholics. But, then, it may happen that a right knowledge of what the Catholic Church did, and might do, in the primitive times, may be the occasion of wrong practices and false claims in the present state of the Church.

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“For instance, if a person, seeing how the Church asserted its powers in St. Cyprian's days, should therefore think that that particular communion to which he belongs might assert the same powers, and claim the same rights ; if he should think that the particular Church of which he is a member might treat all other Churches from which it is divided in the same manner as the Church treated all separations from itself in St. Cyprian's days, it is certain that such an one would be betrayed into very wrong practices by his own knowledge of Antiquity. For if any particular Church at this present time could justly treat all other communions that are separate from it as the Church did in St. Cyprian's days, it must be for this reason because that particular Church as distinguished from all others, is in the same manner the one Catholic Church, as the Church was in St. Cyprian's days.

“If, therefore, any particular Church at this time can show that it is in the same manner the one Catholic Church, as that was of which St. Cyprian was a member, then it may be granted that such a Church has a right to treat all other communions as St. Cyprian did all separations from, or opposition to, that Church of which he was a member. But then, on the other hand, if there is now no one particular Church that is thus the one Church of Christ, as the Church was one in the primitive times ; then it follows that, if any one particular Church pretends to act with such powers towards all other communions, as the one Church acted towards all separations from itself, then it undeniably follows that such a Church will render itself schismatical by imitating the Catholic Church.

“And thus, Sir, you see how the very knowledge of orthodox principles may lead people into heterodox practices, which I am afraid will be found to be very much the case of our modern divisions. For, if you go to the chief heads and abettors of any particular Church, if you ask them how they come to condemn all communions but their own, why they treat them as schismatical, they will answer you : Because the Church is but one, and it

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thus treated all separate communions in the primitive times. If you ask them again why you may not communicate with other Churches, why you may not receive their sacraments, the answer will be: Because the Church in St. Cyprian's days treated all separate communions as synagogues of Satan, and looked upon sacraments administered in schism to be no better than sacrilegious usurpations.*

“ If a society of Presbyterians should take upon them to apply all the principles of the Cyprianic age to themselves, condemning and censuring all other communions, as the Church then condemned and censured all separations from itself, we should easily see the folly of such claims. We should see that a body of people, so different from that one body that was then the Catholic Church, had no right to treat all other communions as the Cyprianic Church treated all communions divided from it. Now, that which appears to be thus absurd in a body of Presbyterians may be equally absurd in an Episcopal society. For if the Episcopal society is not the one Church of Christ, out of which there is no covenanted terms of salvation; if it is not the one Catholic Church of Christ, as that was the one Catholic Church of Christ of which St. Cyprian was a member, then it plainly follows that if this Episcopal society pretends to act towards all other communions as the one Catholic Church acted in St. Cyprian's day towards all communions separate from it, then, I say, it plainly follows that this society, though Episcopal, would act as unreasonably as the Presbyterian society just mentioned. For, although a Presbyterian society would want something essential to a Church, though an Episcopal society would have a great advantage over them in this respect, yet if the Episcopal society was not the one Catholic Church of Christ, as the Church of St. Cyprian was, and should nevertheless pretend to the same powers that the one

*[This is hardly a correct statement. The Church of Rome upheld, against St. Cyprian's opinion, the validity of baptism (if in the correct form) administered by persons who were outside the Catholic Church, and this view was confirmed by the Council of Nicea some seventy years later.

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Catholic Church then had, it would by so doing act as much against all reason and truth as any society that was merely Presbyterian.*

"Thus much, therefore, I think, is very plain: that no Church can claim those powers or privileges which the Church of St. Cyprian's age claimed, but because it is in the same manner the one Church of Christ, exclusive of all other communions, as that Church was in which St. Cyprian lived. It seems to me that most of the mistaken zeal which animates people in their respective communions is owing to their not attending to this distinction. A good man, who loves the Church and is well read in the principles of the Cyprianic age, is easily led to think that he cannot have too strict a regard to such orthodox time, and therefore he zealously asserts the same things of his particular Church which were then said of the one Catholic Church, and pronounces the same things against all other Churches, which the one Catholic Church then pronounced against separate communions.

"I readily own that the Catholic Church is truly and excellently described by the late reverend and learned Dr. Hicks in that piece that was printed after his death. His principles are taken from the purest Antiquity, and set forth the Church as it was in the days of St. Ignatius, Irenæus, Cyprian, etc. But, then, if these very principles were only then just and good because of the state that the Church was then in, it must follow that they will be neither just nor good but when there is the same foundation for them in the state of the Church that there was then.

"For instance, it was a good and just practice in the then Church to declare all communions that were set up against it to be schismatical, and out of the terms of salvation. And the reason was because the Church that then exercised this power and made this declaration, was

* "If the Episcopal society was not the one Catholic Church of Christ." Law's argument all depends upon this. If it were that one Church, the logic brings one to the opposite conclusion.

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confessedly the one Church of Christ, exclusive of all other Churches, or societies. But, then, if a principle, thus good and just because of this foundation for it in the primitive Church, is in any after times made use of by any particular Church which cannot be the one Church of Christ as that was, then it is certain that this principle, which was good and just in the primitive Church, must be bad and unjust, and the occasion of schism, when so exercised by any particular Church. For, if no particular Church now in the world can, with any show of reason, affirm that its communion is the one Catholic Church of Christ, then no particular Church now in the world can claim those powers and benefits which were justly claimed by the Catholic Church in the days of St. Cyprian. And, therefore, the principles of the Cyprianic age cannot be strictly maintained by any particular Church now in the world without great error and mistake. For if any particular Church now in the world should declare that of all other communions which the Church in St. Cyprian's days might justly declare of all communions separate from itself, such particular Church would certainly be chargeable with great schism.*

“The short of the matter is this : It is plain that the Church as instituted by Christ is one society of Christians united in the worship of God. Whoever they are who depart from this society, or set up other communions against it, are not of that one Church that Christ instituted, and consequently not within the covenanted terms of salvation. It is plain also that this Church of Christ continued to be one visible society for several ages, acting by such laws and rules of discipline as made the unity of the Church visible to all the world. The one Church of Christ being then as plain and notorious as any temporal kingdom is now. If, therefore, a man had lived in those days, it is easy to say what he ought to have thought of the Church and what he ought to have thought

* Everything in the above sentences turns on the word “if.” We assert that, although many particular Churches have broken off from it, the Catholic Church centred in the Chair of St. Peter at Rome has existed from the days of St. Cyprian to these.

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of any separation from it.* But the case is : What rules of discipline are to be followed, and what a man is to do now, when the state of Christianity is quite changed in the world ; when, instead of seeing one Catholic Church all over the world, you see every part of the Christian world divided from every other part. Every single Church condemning all other communions in the same language, as the one Catholic Church condemned all communions that were separate from it. Now, if the Church of Christ is no longer one society, if the state of Christendom is nothing else but a state of division, as it plainly is in fact, then it is as plain that the laws and principles of the primitive Church are out of date, and must continue to be so till such time as the Church is restored to its unity.

“ As, for instance, had I lived in the days of St. Cyprian, when the Church was one society, plainly distinguished from every other communion, then I ought to have looked upon it as a necessary principle and law of my behaviour to communicate only with this one Church, and to join in no offices with those that are separate from it. But, then, these are laws and principles that last no longer than the unity of the Church lasteth, and can only be restored when the Church is restored to its unity. For, if the one Catholic Church is made invisible by division, if there is no one particular communion in this divided state that can be called the one Catholic Church of Christ, out of which there is no covenanted terms of salvation, then it is plain that the laws and principles of the primitive Church concerning schism, and schismatical communion, can be no certain laws for my behaviour at this time. For, as there is no particular Church that signifies the same thing now that the one Catholic Church did signify then, so neither do the divided societies of Christians signify the same thing now that the divisions and schisms signified then in the times when the one Catholic Church existed.

* The controversies of St. Augustine show that it was not at all easy for hereditary Donatists to know what they ought to think on these questions.

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“For instance, let it be supposed that the Grecian, or Roman, or English Churches are schismatical in the laws and terms of their communion, yet are they not in such a state of schism as they were who were separated from the Church in the primitive times when there was one visible Catholic Church. For, though any of these Churches, Grecian, Roman, or English, should be proved to be schismatical in their tenets and terms of communion, yet it cannot be shown that any of these particular Churches are divided from any one visible Church, which is the only Church of Christ, and out of which there is no covenanted terms of salvation, whereas this was the very thing that made the guilt and danger of schisms in the primitive times. Their whole nature consisted in this : that they were separations from that one visible Church out of whose communion there was no covenanted terms of salvation.

“Now, Sir, there being evidently this great change in the state of Christendom from what it was in the primitive times, from whence all our laws of discipline are taken, it is plain that those laws which were founded on the unity of the Church cannot be laws in the same manner when that unity is become invisible. That this change hath happened, I suppose, needs no proof. It being as plain a matter of fact as that France and England are two kingdoms.* We of the English Church disregard the declarations of the Church of Rome against us, and the reason is that we don't look upon that Church to be the one Church of Christ, out of which there is no covenanted terms of salvation. Now that which makes the Church of Rome want power with regard to us, must have the same effect with every other particular Church ; it must make it without any power as to every other communion divided from it. And thus it must be with every other Church, till there appear such a one as, exclusive of all others, is the one only Church of Christ, within

* It is a plain matter of fact that, *e.g.*, the Episcopal Church of Sweden or that of England, is divided from the Church which has its centre at Rome. It does not follow that the latter Church is not the one true Catholic.

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whose communion the means of salvation are alone to be found.

“It may, perhaps, now be said : If there has been this great change in the state of Christendom, if this change has destroyed many laws of the primitive Church concerning Church communion, how shall we know how to conduct ourselves in our present state ? May we proceed by new laws of our own making ? In order to set this matter in its true light, let us first make use of this supposition : Let it be supposed that there is a person instructed in the true principles of the primitive Church, and that he fully apprehends the nature of its unity, and its laws of discipline, but has not yet seen any Christian Church upon earth. Let us suppose that he is carried about in the air and shown every part of Christendom. Now, if he has the idea of the primitive Church, as one Episcopal society, maintaining its unity by such and such laws of discipline ; if he has this idea in his head when he is shown the several divided Churches of Christendom, he will certainly take them all to be schismatical societies, separated from that one Church of Christ which he had before heard of, and which he would suppose was in some place or other which he had not yet seen.* But when he was told that there was no other Christendom upon earth, but this which he had seen, and that he must enter into some part of it in order to Christian salvation, what do we think he would then do ? Can we suppose that he would take all the divided parts of Christendom to be one visible Church of which he had been informed ? This is too absurd to be supposed. Can we think that he would pick out some one society of Christians, in some corner of the world, whom he would call the one Church of Christ, to whose communion, exclusive of all others, the means of salvation were confined ? Yet, unless he did one of these, unless he took all the divided, quarrelling societies of Christians to be one undivided Church of

* The aerial traveller would find, on closer inquiry, that there was one Church, not limited to any region or race of men, but to be found in some degree in every race and region.

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Christ, or some one of these societies to be the one Church exclusive of all others, he could neither use the word Church nor the word Schism according to their true meaning in primitive times. When the Church signified the one Church of Christ, and Schism signified separation from that one Church.

“What, therefore, can it be supposed that such a man would do? He cannot see the Church that had been described to him. It has no visibility. And yet he must enter into some society of Christians. Now, as he would know that Christianity is to last till Christ's Second Coming, so he would know that the means of salvation must still continue in the world, and that therefore this Church of Christ, though thus changed, corrupted, divided, and broken in pieces, was still the means of salvation to the world. Again, as he would know that the means of salvation were still in the Church, and as he would see that the unity of the Church had failed, so he must necessarily come to this conclusion, that the means of salvation are now to be had in the Church rather as a sect professing the substance of Christianity than as a society at union with itself. Now, as he would plainly see that in all the Episcopal Churches throughout the world the substance of Christianity was still to be had, whether in Greece, or Rome, or England, or Sweden, or elsewhere, and that consequently Christian salvation was to be had in any of them, he would content himself to be a member of any of them, as necessity should require, only protesting against such errors, corruptions, and uncharitable terms of communion as keep them separated from one another. But if he was left to his choice, to enter into what part of the Church he would, whether in Greece, France, or England, he would then choose to communicate with that society where the doctrines and discipline of Christianity are best preserved, and where there are the fewest impediments to him, still declaring against all such corruptions and dividing principles as keep that society separate and divided from other Churches professing the substance of Christianity.

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“There seems to me no other way in nature for this person to act. As he cannot go to any communion that is the one only Church of Christ, exclusive of all other communions; as he must allow the means of salvation to be existing in all the divided Episcopal societies, so he cannot possibly hold communion to be unlawful in any of them. There remains, therefore, no distinction but that of preference. I may choose one before another, but have no right to condemn the other as an unlawful communion. I may prefer the Greek to the English, or the English to the Latin Church, as having fewer corruptions, or administering better helps to salvation; but if I condemn all others as parts not fit to be communicated with, as societies that are out of the Church, I then become a schismatic in the fullest sense of the word.

“You will, perhaps, now ask me if I am ready to turn Romanist? I answer: I am not. But it is not because I hold communion with the Church of Rome to be unlawful, but because I cannot turn Romanist without renouncing and condemning the Church of England in such a manner as I would not. But, for the same reason, if I was a member of the Church of France, I should, I believe, find it as difficult to become a Protestant, finding it as unreasonable to renounce the Church of Rome in such a manner as is required by the Protestant Churches. So that the uncharitable and bitter quarrels and the schismatical laws which one Church has made against another makes it very difficult for a person to remove from one communion to another, because he is on both sides required to submit to such terms and to renounce more than he ought to renounce, yet the communion itself, without these preliminary terms, may be held as lawful. So that anyone may fairly hold it lawful to communicate with the Church of Rome, although he is not ready to turn Romanist. And I freely own to you that if I was at Smyrna, in France, Russia or Sweden, I would join in prayers and receive the sacrament with a Greek, French or Russian priest, providing that I might do it without renouncing the Church of England in such a manner as

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I would not renounce any Episcopal Church that I know of."

At this point of the letter William Law quotes a solemn declaration read by the "learned and pious Dr. Lee" upon the morning of Easter Sunday, April 13th, 1718, in his brother's oratory, after the offertory, and "addressed to his friend the Rev. M. D. there celebrating." This is too long to quote in this article, but its purport may be gathered from the concluding remarks in Law's letter, who then says :

"Now, Sir, I think it is very apparent from this declaration that this pious and learned man looked upon the Catholic Church as subsisting not in any one society of Christians as divided and distinguished by any faith or discipline from all other societies, but as still subsisting in them all, though all in various instances corrupted and degenerated from the original rule. He is afraid of being only a member of one society, or having only the benefits of any one communion, and therefore discharges himself of any such attachment by openly and solemnly declaring that it is his intention not to communicate with a part, but with the whole Body of the Universal Church.

"As much as to say that though he must, whenever he communicates, do it with some particular society or church of Christians, yet he does not so communicate with them as thereby to declare against, or renounce communion with, other societies or churches of Christians, but that his act of communicating in this little Oratory, with this small society of Christians, is thereby to communicate with all other societies of Christians, which constitute the whole Body of the Universal Church."

With these words William Law ends this letter. The intentions of men like Dr. Lee deserve sympathy and praise. But surely they had done better (as a few non-jurors did and many modern Anglicans have done) to unite themselves to that central, embodied, real, organic Church, unbrokenly descended from the Church

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of Cyprian and Augustine, composed of, or existing in, all races and nations. It is, to say the least, the fully realized part of the Church Universal. Have not men like these been held back by mistaken, or rather, misplaced patriotism? In order to enter this Catholic Church they would, indeed, have to renounce expressly all doctrines contrary to its own. Some such contrary or defective doctrines are enshrined in the Articles of the Church of England, and were taught till recent times in the great majority of her pulpits, and are still taught in a minority. But a Catholicized Anglican, accepting the full sacramental doctrine, would have to abjure no doctrine previously held by himself, except his denial in action of the true Catholic faith as to the constitution of the Church, and his assertion of opposite or inconsistent or incomplete theories. He only has to make the true application of his theory. He has already virtually abandoned the positions held under Edward VI and Elizabeth; he is now in the last line of trenches, that held by Henry VIII, who wished to sever union with the Apostolic See, but to retain the rest of Catholic doctrine and discipline, a vain hope, as events soon proved. One step more, and the Catholicized Anglican will have quitted the false position of that monarch. And, in so far as the Church of his birth does hold Catholic doctrine, he will not have abjured her.

One with the realized body of the Universal Catholic Church, he could and would then feel that he was then also in spiritual communion with all true Christian, and even non-Christian souls—for these also, if they love and seek the divine centre of all things, and are servants of God, may be taken as belonging to the soul of the Church. For the soul of man is, in its inmost essence, Christian and Catholic, and every conversion is but a process of self-discovery. "*Le dernier effort de la persuasion est de faire croire aux hommes ce qu'ils croient.*" "What can you give us which we do not already possess?" said the Donatists. "We give you the Catholic Church," replied St. Augustine. According to Law, the Catholic Church,

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in the sense of Augustine, had, since the days of Augustine, ceased to exist, so that now no one could give it to anyone. It now exists, in his view, only in the sense that a loaf of bread exists when divided into several parts. It is the same bread, but it does not exist as a whole. One has to choose between, on the one side, the kind of conception held by Law in his day, and by many, in some modified form, in this, and, on the other, the belief as to the existence and unity of the true Church, not only theoretic but actual, held in his day by Augustine, and in this by the world-wide society attached to the Chair of St. Peter. If one accepts the view of Law one must accept the belief that the "one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church" no longer exists in the sense attached to those words by the bishops of the Council of Nicea, but only in another and very different sense. If this, which we deny, be granted, the logic of Law's argument is irresistible. But if, as we know, there is now, as ever, an one Catholic Church, opposed to separated bodies in East and West, just as in the Fourth Century there was an one Catholic Church opposed to separated national and episcopal African Churches and others, and if, as we hold, that Catholic Church is known by its allegiance to St. Peter's Apostolic See, then the foundation of Law's argument is gone. To those outside, the Catholic claim seems to be bold and presumptuous, and contrary to the facts of the case; but it is for us essential, and a question of "*stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ*."

BERNARD HOLLAND.

DANTE & SALVATION

Un uom nasce alla riva
dell' Indo, e quivi non è chi ragioni
di Cristo, nè chi legga, nè chi scriva ;

e tutti i suoi voleri ed atti buoni
sono, quanto ragione umana vede,
senza peccato in vita o in sermoni.

More non battezzato e senza fede ;
ov' è questa Justizia che il condanna ?
ov' è la colpa sua, s'egli non crede ?

*Par., xix, 70-8.**

IN these lines Dante demands of the Eagle in the Heaven of Jupiter, which is that of Divine Justice, an answer to a question which, he tells us, had tormented him for a long while ; he calls the period of his unsatisfied craving for a solution of it "*Il gran digiuno che lungamente m' ha tenuto in fame*"—the great fast which has long kept me hungering.

How can the formula, "*Extra ecclesiam nulla salus*," be reconciled with the principle of Divine Justice ? The poet had already declared the solution of this problem to transcend human reason, when some years before he wrote in the *De Monarchia*, ii, 8 :

There are also certain judgments of God to which human reason, albeit unable to its proper strength, is nevertheless raised by dint of faith in what is said to us in the sacred writings ; as,

* For saidst thou : " Born a man is on the shore
Of Indus, and is none who there can speak
Of Christ, nor who can read, nor who can write ;

And all his inclinations and his actions
Are good, so far as human reason sees,
Without a sin in life or in discourse :

He dieth unbaptized and without faith ;
Where is this justice that condemneth him ?
Where is his fault, if he do not believe ? "

—Longfellow.

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for instance, this : That no one, however perfect in the moral and intellectual virtues, both as to disposition and practice, may be saved without faith, if he never heard aught of Christ. For human reason of itself cannot see that this is just, but helped by faith it may. For it is written : “ Ad Hebraeos ”—“ Without faith it is impossible to please God.”*

For the average mediæval Christian the question had, of course, as little interest as for the ordinary peasant of a Catholic country to-day. The extent of his knowledge of the non-Catholic world was too restricted for the problem of the eternal destiny of those who dwelt therein to affect him seriously.

Heresy, in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, was regarded rather as treason against the established order of things than as an intellectual attitude towards the Church, which a man might maintain in perfect good faith, and therefore something to be uprooted by the most drastic means, lest it corrupt the whole body of the Church. This had been the attitude of Innocent III, in whose person the Mediæval Papacy is justly regarded as typified, when, a hundred years before Dante, after all efforts to obtain their conversion by pacific means had failed, he reluctantly ordered a crusade against the Albigenses, his Legate having been murdered by a member of the household of the Count of Toulouse. Apart from the sporadic outbursts of heresy against which the machinery of the Inquisition was set in motion, and the Greek schism in the fast decaying Byzantine Empire, to heal which a fruitless attempt had been made by the Second Council of Lyons (1274), when Dante was only nine years old, the great antithesis to Catholicism throughout the Middle Ages was Islam, which constituted an ever-present menace. Southern Spain, Northern Africa, and South-Eastern Asia lay under its blight. Repelled in one quarter, it threatened Christendom in another.

Twenty-nine years before Dante's birth in 1236, St. Ferdinand III of Aragon had recovered Cordoba, the

* Trans. *De Monarchia*. Ed. Temple Classics, edited by Wicksteed.

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fruitful centre of Arab culture, for Christendom ; but thirty-six years after his death, the Turk, already possessed of the holy places of Christendom, was to plant the Crescent upon the European shores of the Hellespont. Scant as was the geographical knowledge of the time (and the Arab had attained to greater proficiency in this science than the Christians), Dante, who knew all the science that could be known in his day, knew that beyond the confines of Islam and Christendom there lay a great world of human beings whom the light of the Gospel had never reached. The Mongols, who had become converted to Buddhism, overran Eastern Europe in the Thirteenth Century, and during this period a certain amount of friendly as well as hostile intercourse took place between them and Christendom. Mongol chiefs even married into the imperial house of Palæologus, and their envoys appeared in Rome and at the Second Council of Lyons (1274), while Dante's countryman, Marco Polo, had spent many years at the court of the Great Khan. Frederic Ozanam considers that Dante had probably some acquaintance with the tenets of Buddhism : "*Dante surtout, avide de savoir, toujours en quête de traditions et de doctrines qui puissent trouver place dans l'ensemble de sa vaste composition poétique ; lui qui d'ailleurs avait dû plus d'une fois rencontrer, à la cour des princes, les députés tartares, n'avait pu manquer de s'enquérir de leurs croyances.*"—*Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au 13ième siècle*. He even cites some possible traces of Indian influence in the *Divine Comedy* :

Les brahmes représentent ce mont Meron comme le pivot du monde : à ses pieds rayonnent toutes les contrées habitées par les hommes et les génies ; au sommet est fixée la demeure terrestre des dieux. Ainsi la montagne du Purgatoire, décrite dans la *Divine Comédie*, fut le centre du continent primitivement destiné à l'habitation de l'homme ; elle est couronnée par les délicieux ombrages du Paradis terrestre. Le sombre empire d'Yama,* comme le royaume de Satan, est creusé dans les profondeurs souterraines, composé de plusieurs cercles qui

* The Hindu god of the lower world.

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descendent l'un au-dessus de l'autre en interminables abîmes, et dont le nombre, diversement rapporté par des mythologues, est souvent de neuf ou d'un multiple de neuf. Les tortures s'y rencontrent pareilles et affectées aux mêmes crimes : ténèbres, sables enflammés, océans de sang où les tyrans sont plongés, régions brûlantes auxquelles succèdent des régions glaciales. Au delà de ces points de contact superficiels, on découvre des rapports plus intimes. Telle est l'opinion singulière de Dante, d'après laquelle les âmes, détachées par la mort du corps qu'elles habitaient, sont revêtues d'un corps aérien. Cette hypothèse, plusieurs fois renouvelée dans la philosophie chrétienne, et empruntée au paganisme, ne se trouve nulle part avec des développements plus complets et des traits de ressemblance plus constants que dans les systèmes de l'Inde.

If Ozanam's conjecture, that the poet had some knowledge of Indian religious philosophy, is correct, this may perhaps have supplied him with the motive for making his type of the virtuous heathen a native of that country. There was, however, a second class of men, which, in relation to the Incarnation, stood in time in a position analogous to that occupied by the Indian in respect of place. This was the class which comprised the men who lived before Our Lord came, and which included the great spirits of classical antiquity, with whom Dante had communed so oft in spirit, though not in the flesh.

If we could examine the poet's answer to the question which confronts him, we must analyse his treatment of the non-Christians in the *Divina Commedia*. He held, as his creed taught him, that two destinies alone were possible to man. Either he must attain to the end for which he was created, the eternal enjoyment of the vision of God, or he must fail to attain that end. The non-Christians in the *Divine Comedy* fall, therefore, into two groups : a larger group in the *Inferno*, consisting of those who fail to attain to the object for which they are created, and a smaller one in the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* who do attain to it. In each case, however, a few names only are mentioned, and nothing is said of the relative number of each. The teaching of the schoolmen

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which had modified the extreme severity of the Augustinian doctrine of original sin, enabled him to make a distinction between those who died in original sin alone and those who died in actual sin. Innocent III had taught this doctrine in a letter to the Archbishop of Arles, stating that the former would suffer "no other pain, whether from material fire or from the worm of conscience, except the pain of being deprived forever of the vision of God."* In accordance with this principle the unbaptized infants were placed, indeed, within the portals of the "*città dolente*," over which were written the awful words "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate*" ("All hope abandon, ye who enter here"); but sadness without torment, "*duol senza martiri*," is their only punishment.

Though the *Divine Comedy* has been not inaptly called the "*Summa*" of St. Thomas put into verse, it is interesting to note that Dante, in his treatment of the unbaptized, differs in more than one point from the eschatology of the greatest of the schoolmen. He is more lenient towards unbaptized adults, but less merciful to unbaptized infants. The Angelic Doctor taught that the state of these would be one of natural happiness, and that, though excluded from the vision of God, they would be no more tormented at being deprived of this happiness than is a peasant at not being a king. This is certainly preferable to the "sadness without torment" to which the poet condemned them.† St. Thomas recognizes, besides, the *Limbus Infantium* in which unbaptized children enjoy a measure of natural happiness, the *Limbus Patrum* in which the saints of the Old Law were detained till the descent of Christ into Hell. The *Limbus Patrum*, according to St. Thomas, is above the *Limbus Puerorum*, and both are above Purgatory and Hell. It is permissible, however, to believe that they are side by side: In the *Limbus Patrum* there was rest through immunity from punishment, but not through immunity from desire;

* *Corpus Juris, Decret.* I, iii, tit. xlii, c. iii—majores.

† Bk. II, *Sententiarum Distinctio*.

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the Limbo of the Fathers was closed by Christ, and since then no one has entered therein. St. Bonaventura, to whose theological speculations Dante was also largely indebted, maintained a doctrine which did not differ materially from that of Aquinas. The Seraphic Doctor also divided Limbo into two parts, the upper, which he identified with the *Sinus Abrahæ*, where the saints of the Old Law were confined until the descent of Christ into Hell, and the lower where are confined those who suffer eternally the pain of loss without the pain of sense. Dante follows neither of the great schoolmen in their separation of the *Limbus Patrum* from the *Limbus Puerorum*, and boldly departs from them in his creation of the *Limbus Philosophorum*, his humanistic sympathies making the problem of the spiritual state of the great stages of antiquity of more intimate personal interest to him than it was to St. Thomas or St. Bonaventura.

There is, indeed, one passage in the *Summa Theologica* which seems to indicate that Dante's solution of the problem of the fate of the adult heathen who lived before Christianity would scarcely have been acceptable to the Angelic Doctor*; theologians sometimes discussed what would happen after death to a person who, after attaining the age of reason, had neither committed a mortal sin, nor made a perfect act of charity, nor been baptized.

Not being in the grace of God, such a person, it was argued, could not go to Heaven; and, not being in actual mortal sin, he did not deserve Hell. Dante's guess at this difficulty is given in the words of Virgil, when, in reply to the question of the great Florentine, as to who are the

* The words in which St. Thomas rejects in anticipation Dante's theory that it is possible for an adult to be neither in a state of grace, nor yet in one of actual mortal sin, and so to suffer only the *Pœna Damni* without the *Pœna Sensus*, are these: "*Cum usum rationis . . . habere inceperet . . . primum quod tunc homini cogitandum occurrit est deliberare de seipso et si quidem seipsum ordinaverit ad debitum finem per consequitur remissionem originalis peccati; si vero non ordinet seipsum ad debitum finem secundum quod in illa ætate est capax discretionis, peccabit mortaliter, non faciens quod in se est.*"—*Summ. Theol.*, IIIæ, suppl. q. lxix, a. 7 ad 6 um; also Ia, IIæ, q. lxxxix, a. 6 (quoted from art. "Enfer," Vacant and Mangenot, *Dictionnaire de la Théologie Catholique*).

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great crowd of men, women and children whom he sees in the outer circle of Hell, he says :

Now will I have thee know, ere thou go further,
That they sinned not ; and if they merit had,—
'Tis not enough, because they had not baptism
Which is the portal of the faith thou holdest ;
And if they were before Christianity,
In the right manner they adored not God ;
And among such as these am I myself.
For such defects, and not for other guilt,
Lost are we, and are only so far punished,
That without hope we live on in desire.

—*Inferno*, iv, 33-42.

Dante was filled with sadness at hearing this answer. After Virgil has described how the saints of the Old Law were liberated at the coming of Christ, we are told in the latter part of the canto, the names of some of those who, for original and not actual sin, are excluded from the Beatific Vision. The five great poets are mentioned : Virgil, Homer, Horace, Ovid and Lucan ; next, the inhabitants of the noble castle, heroes and heroines—Electra, Hector, Æneas, Cæsar, Camilla and Penthesilea, Labianus *il re latino*, and his daughter Lavinia, the Brutus who expelled the Tarquins, Lucretia, Julia Martia and Cornelia, and *solo in parte*, standing apart by himself, as not being a Roman or among the ancestors of the Roman people, the chivalrous Saladin. In another group are to be seen the philosophers, scientists and men of letters : Democritus, Diogenes, Anaxagoras and Thales, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Zeno, Discorides, Orpheus, Tully, Seneca, Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates, Avicenna and Galen, Averrhoes "*che il gran commento feo.*"

In surveying this list of pagans, placed by Dante in Limbo, we see at once that all the names in it do not fall within the category of those who were *dinanzi al Cristianesimo* ; they include certain names among the ancients, Galen and Ptolemy, and among Mohammedans, Saladin, Averrhoes and Avicenna, men who neither lived before Christianity nor were ignorant of it, and yet whom he

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held to have rejected it without mortal sin. Neither Galen, who lived at Rome as physician to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, nor Ptolemy, who conducted his observations at Alexandria during the Second Century, could have been without opportunity of acquainting themselves with the Christian Faith. Of the three Mohammedans who are also included in the same category, the first is the celebrated Sultan Saladin (1138-93), who represents the nobler side of the Arab character and who, throughout the Middle Ages, was regarded through Christendom as the ideal type of an Eastern potentate, just as the Assyrian king, Assur-bani-pal, under the name of Sardanapalus, typified to the Greeks the voluptuous Oriental despot, and as a type of Mohammedan piety, is allowed, in spite of his fierce hatred of the Cross, to have been in invincible ignorance. Dante's lenient treatment of him is perhaps due to his clemency towards the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem, when he took the city in 1187.

The presence in Limbo of the two great Arabian philosophers and physicians, Averrhoes and Avicenna, whose chief interest for Dante is the impetus which their work gave to the popularization of the study of Aristotle in Europe, indicates that they, too, were regarded as heretics who had died in "good faith." The latter, born at Bokhara in 980 and dying at Hamadan in Persia in 1037, can have had little direct contact with Christianity, but Averrhoes (Twelfth Century), born at Cordoba and passing most of his life in Spain, stands well outside the category of those who lived before Christianity. The nobility of Averrhoes' character is admitted, but what is known of the private life of Avicenna gives rise to doubts as to whether Dante's lenient treatment of him is justified.

From the position which Dante assigns to these philosophers just mentioned, we may conclude that he held a doctrine which was certainly liberal for his time, namely, that it was possible for a man who lived after Christianity, and who had opportunities of acquainting himself with its dogmas, nevertheless to explicitly reject that creed while remaining in good faith, and thus committing no

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grave sin, so that he suffers merely the *pœna damni* or punishment of original sin, without incurring the *pœna sensus* or punishment of actual sin. St. Thomas made exception for the man living in "barbarous nations," but not for the man who had opportunity of acquainting himself with the Catholic Faith. Nevertheless, Dante held that there were limits even to invincible ignorance. Among the great sages of antiquity recounted in canto iv, we miss the figure of Epicurus, only to meet him in the sixth circle of Hell, where Virgil indicates to Dante the fiery tombs in which he and his followers are tormented because they denied the immortality of the soul.

Their cemetery have they upon this side
With Epicurus all his followers,
Who with the body mortal make the soul.*

In the *Canzoniere* Dante calls denial of the immortality of the soul, the worst of all forms of *bestialità*, stigmatizing it as "*stoltissima*," "*vilissima*," and "*damnosissima*"; from this we may infer that while he held that a man might remain in invincible ignorance of the truths of Christianity, it was impossible for him, without sin, to deny the truths of natural religion. Instead, therefore, of placing him among the other great philosophers in the Limbo of the righteous heathen, his eternal lot is cast with Farinati della Uberti, Cavalcante de Cavalcanti, Frederic II, Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, Pope Anastasius II, and other heretics.

We learn, however, from the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* that "*duol senza martiri*" was not the highest destiny which the poet believed could await the righteous heathen, and that attainment to the contemplation of the Beatific Vision was not regarded as impossible for him; this is shown by the fact that he appoints Cato as the guardian of Purgatory, while Trajan and the Trojan Rhipeus are already admitted to Heaven. "The example of Rhipeus in the *Paradiso*," says Dr. Edmund Gardner, "shows that Dante could have saved any of the ancients

* *Inferno*, x, 13-15.

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whom he chose without any violence to his creed.”* He points out that it was St. Thomas who rendered their salvation possible at all to Dante, when he wrote : “ Any-one can prepare himself for having faith through what is in natural reason ; whence it is said that, if any one that is born in barbarous nations does what lieth in him, God will reveal to him what is necessary for salvation, either by internal inspiration or by sending a teacher ” (*vel inspirando vel doctorem mittendo*).† Another distinguished Dante scholar, the Rev. Philip Wicksteed, though lamenting that “ Dante cannot free himself from the shackles of his creed and see Plato and Aristotle and Virgil sharing with Augustine and Aquinas and David the fruition of the Divine Aspect,” nevertheless also recognizes that it was St. Thomas who opened to him the door for the salvation of non-Christians. The presence of Rhipeus and Trajan among the just kings—David, Hezekiah, Constantine and William the Good, King of the Two Sicilies in the Heaven of Jupiter—is the answer to the question which Dante had put to the Eagle as to how God’s justice was to be vindicated amongst the heathen.

The Eagle indicates Trajan to the poet with the words :

Of five that make a circle for my brow
He that approacheth nearest to my beak
Did the poor widow for her son console ;

Nor knoweth he how dearly it doth cost
Not following Christ, by the experience
Of this sweet life and of its opposite.

—*Paradiso*, xx, 43-8.‡

Shortly after he points out the Trojan Rhipeus :

Who would believe, down in the errant world,
That o’er the Trojan Rhipeus in this round
Could be the fifth one of the holy lights ?

Now knoweth he enough of what the world
Has not the power to see of grace divine,
Although his sight may not discern the bottom ?

—*Ibid.*, 67-72.§

* *Dante Primer*. † *Dante’s Ten Heavens*. ‡ *Longfellow*. § *Longfellow*.

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Then the noble bird explains to Dante by what means
their salvation was wrought :

The first life of the eyebrow and the fifth
Cause thee astonishment, because with them
Thou seest the region of the angels painted.

They passed not from their bodies, as thou thinkest
Gentiles, but Christians in the steadfast faith
Of feet that were to suffer and had suffered.

For one from Hell, where no one ere turns back
Unto good will, returned unto his bones,
And that of living hope was the reward,

Of living hope that placed its efficacy
In prayers to God made to resuscitate him,
So that it were possible to move his will.

The glorious soul concerning which I speak
Returning to the flesh, where brief its stay
Believed in Him Who had the power to aid it ;

And in believing, kindled to such fire
Of genuine love, that at the second death
Worthy it was to come unto this joy.

The other one, through grace, that from so deep
A fountain wells that never hath the eye
Of any creature reached its primal wave,

Set all his love below on righteousness ;
Wherefore from grace to grace did God unlose
His eye to our redemption yet to be,

Whence he believed therein, and suffered not
From that day forth the stench of paganism
And he reproved therefore the folk perverse.

Those Maidens Three,* whom at the right-hand wheel
Thou didst behold, were unto him for baptism
More than a thousand years before baptizing.

—*Paradiso*, xx, 100-29.

* *Faith, Hope and Charity*, cp. *Purgatorio*, xxix, 121 ff.

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In discussing the salvation of Rhipeus, the Fourteenth Century commentator on Dante, Benvenuto da Imola, writes: "So now our author fitly introduces a pagan infidel in the person of Rhipeus, of whose salvation there would seem to be the very slightest chance of all; by reason of the place, for he was of Troy, where exceeding pride was then paramount; by reason of the sect, for he was a pagan and a Gentile, not a Jew. Briefly, then, our author wishes us to gather from this fiction this conclusion—that even such a pagan, of whose salvation none hoped, is capable of salvation."* The selection of Rhipeus as the type of the heathen who was saved before the coming of Christ is, of course, due to the lines in which Virgil speaks of his death: "*Cadit et Rhipeus, justissimus unus, qui fuit in Teneris, et servantissimus æqui.*" Except for one or two other scattered references in *Æneid*, ii, nothing else is known of him. In selecting him, however, as the only pre-Christian pagan whom he names as having already attained to eternal life (Cato is still in Purgatory), "Dante's main object," says Gardner, "is clearly to indicate that the race whom he regards as the ancestor of the Roman people were not without divine light," and "Dante, as it were, weaves in this description that Virgil gives of the Trojan's character with the text in Acts x.: 'In every nation he that feareth Him and worketh justice is acceptable to God'—'*In omni gente qui timet eum, et operatur justitiam, acceptus est illi.*'"†

The question, of course, arises as to why Virgil, who is responsible by his eulogy for the salvation of Rhipeus, is not himself saved. Perhaps the most likely answer is the one suggested by Mr. Wicksteed, that it was due to tradition that St. Paul had wept over his tomb at Naples, which the Apostle would not have done had the poet been among the saved. The tradition was widely current in the Middle Ages, and Mr. J. A. Symonds‡ tells us that there were sung in the churches at Mantua, on the feast

* *Paradiso*, Temple Classics, 255.

† Quoted from Gardner, *Dante's Ten Heavens*, *ibid.*, p. 149.

‡ Symonds' *Renaissance in Italy*, Vol. II, p. 63.

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of St. Paul, the following lines commemorating the alleged event :

Ad Maronis Mausoleum
Ductus, fudit super eum
Piæ rorem lacrimæ ;
Quem te, inquit, reddidissem,
Si te vivum invenissem
Poetarum maximæ.*

The salvation of Trajan is brought about by quite different means, and does not come within the scope of those suggested by St. Thomas. It is, of course, due to the curious legend that Trajan, for his kindness to a widow, whose son had been slain, was rescued from hell by the prayers of St. Gregory the Great. The episode of Trajan's benevolence is related in *Purg.*, x, 73-93, where it is among the examples of humility drawn from sacred and profane history, which are carved upon the terrace of the first circle of Purgatory :

There the High glory of the Roman prince
Was chronicled, whose great beneficence
Moved Gregory to his great victory ;

'Tis of the Emperor Trajan I am speaking ;
And a poor widow at his bridle stood,
In attitude of weeping and of grief.

Around about him seemed it thronged and full
Of cavaliers, and the eagles in the gold
Above them visibly in the wind were moving.

The wretched woman in the midst of these
Seemed to be saying, " Give me vengeance, Lord,
For my dead son, for whom my heart is breaking."

And he, to answer her : " Now wait until
I shall return." And she : " My Lord," like one
In whom grief is impatient, " Shouldst thou not

* Mr. Symonds himself translates these lines :

" When to Maro's tomb they brought him
Tender grief and pity wrought him
To bedew the stone with tears ;
What a saint I might have crowned thee
Had I only living found thee
Poet first and without peers."

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Return ? ” And he : “ Who shall be where I am
Will give it thee.” And she : “ Good deed of others
What boots it thee, if thou neglect thine own ? ”

Whence he : “ Now comfort thee, for it behoves me
That I discharge my duty ere I move ;
Justice so wills, and pity doth retain me.”

The legend relates how the Pope, hearing of this episode, prayed that the Emperor might be delivered from Hell, and that his prayer was answered. Gregory himself, however, emphatically taught the uselessness of prayers for the damned, and St. Thomas maintains the same doctrine. “ The souls of the wicked will immovably cling to the end which they, too, have chosen for themselves. The will of the evil cannot become good.”* The only means, therefore, which remained by which the Emperor could be saved was that his soul should return to earth and be reunited to his body, and that during this second life he should be converted. This strange story is related by St. John Damascene† (died 751), and its credibility was discussed by theologians as late as the Seventeenth Century. Dante was probably indebted for his version of the story of Trajan and the widow, says Mr. Paget Toynbee, to the account given in the *Flore di Filosofo* (a compilation wrongly attributed to Brunetto Latini), which derives in its turn from that given by Vincent of Beauvais in the *Speculum Historiale*.‡

The salvation of Cato, whom we meet with as the guardian of Purgatory, was presumably brought about by the same means as that of Rhipeus. The startling selection of the Roman statesman as warden of the Christian Purgatory, has naturally given rise to much speculation as to its cause. “ Dante regarded the death of Cato,” says Dr. Moore, “ as an act of supreme self-sacrifice for liberty,”§ but he considers that his position was probably determined by Virgil’s estimate of him, who,

* *Summa contra Gentiles*, Bk. IV, ch. xciii. Trans. by J. Rickaby, *Of God and His Creatures*.

† *De His qui in Fide Dormierunt*, 16.

‡ *Dante Dictionary*, art. “ Trajano.”

§ *Scripture and Classical Authors in Dante*, 171.

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in speaking of the good separated from the evil in the next world, uses the words :

“ *Secretosque pios, his dantem
Jura Catonem.* ” — *Æneid*, viii.

And by the lines in Lucan's *Pharsalia* :

“ *Nam cui crediderim superos arcana daturus
Dicturosque magis quam sancto vera Catoni ?* ”

A problem of some interest is also raised by the question of why Cato, who took his own life at Utica, after the battle of Thapsus, 46 B.C., rather than fall into the hands of Cæsar, is numbered among the saved rather than condemned to dwell in the dismal forest, peopled by Pietro della Vigna, the disgraced chancellor of Frederic II, and others who had laid violent hands upon themselves, in the second ring of the second circle of Hell (*Inferno*, xiii). Other pagan suicides are treated leniently by Dante. The poet Lucan, who, at the early age of twenty-six, opened his veins on the discovery of the conspiracy of Piso against Nero, in which he was implicated, and the philosopher Empedocles, of whom a quaint legend related how he had cast himself into the crater of Mt. Etna, in the hope that men, unable to account for his disappearance, would believe that he had become a god, but that his ruse failed, as his sandals were emitted by an eruption of the volcano, are both met with in the Limbo of the virtuous heathen, their self-immolation not being regarded as a sin of sufficient gravity to involve them in a worse fate.

Dido, who also took her own life, is condemned to punishment in the second circle of Hell with Cleopatra, Helen and Francesca da Rimini, where carnal sinners are tormented by being incessantly whirled and smitten by a fierce storm ; but she is punished for violating the vow of chastity which she had sworn to the memory of her husband Sycharus, and not for her suicide (*Inferno*, v). From a consideration of these facts it seems, perhaps, not unreasonable to infer that Dante regarded the unlawfulness of suicide as a postulate of the moral law of which pagans might well remain in ignorance. If a Father of the

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Church, like St. Jerome, who regarded it as an expedient permissible to a virgin to safeguard her chastity,* might err in good faith upon this point, how much more so might not a pagan statesman? "In no question of morality," says Professor Westermarck, "was there a greater difference between classical and Christian doctrines than in regard to suicide."†

Dante never extenuates suicide in a Christian, and, indeed, both St. Augustine and St. Thomas are emphatic upon its unlawfulness, while Christian moralists have ever pointed out its peculiar heinousness, in that of all sins, it alone leaves no time for repentance.

The great African Doctor in the *De Civitate Dei* censures, as being due to weakness rather than courage, the act of Cato in taking his own life, which Dante regarded as one of devotion to the cause of liberty, and contrasts the conduct of Regulus, who courageously returned to Carthage to meet with a cruel death at the hands of his country's enemies, rather than violate his oath, favourably with that of Cato, who feared to fall into the hands of Cæsar.

The only other pagan besides Cato, Trajan and Rhipeus, who is explicitly mentioned in the *Divine Comedy* as being saved is the Roman poet, Statius (c. A.D. 45-96), who, by a poetic fiction, is represented as having been converted to Christianity before his death, through reading Virgil's "Messianic" eclogue (*Purg.*, xxii, 67-75). The purpose of this fiction is a puzzle to commentators, but Dr. Moore suggests that "Dante *may* have intended to create a type of this intermediate condition between Virgil and Beatrice, between the highest type of pre-Christian intellect, or merely human reason, and the fullest development of the soul enlightened by the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are imparted by revelation and dogmatic theology."§ Having surveyed his treatment of the heathen in the *Divine Comedy*, we are in a position to construct some theory as to his answer

* *Commentary on Jonah*, i, 12.

† *Origin and Development of Moral Ideas*.

‡ I, 24.

§ *Ibid.*, 30.

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to the question which has long tormented him : How was he to prevent his joy in his faith from being clouded by the thought of the eternal destiny of those ever in majority of mankind who die out of communion with the Vicar of Christ ? From the *Paradiso* we may conclude that of those who were to gaze for all eternity upon the Divine Essence, he held that the greater number would be from among those who lived in the light of the Jewish and the Christian revelations. Nevertheless, he held, as the cases of Cato and Rhipeus show, that some who were not Catholics, even some of those of whose salvation there seemed to be least chance, would also be saved. These exceptions opened the door to the admission of the great principle that those who diligently followed the light of conscience, no matter in what sphere of existence their earthly lot was cast, were in reality members of the Church's "soul." It is the same principle which Justin Martyr had upheld more than a thousand years before, when he wrote :

καὶ οἱ μετὰ λόγον βιώσαντες Χριστιανοὶ εἰσι, καὶ ἄθεοι. ἐνομισθησαν, οἶον ἐν Ἑλληνισμῷ Σωκράτης καὶ Ἡράκλειτος καὶ οἱ ὅμοιοι αὐτοῖς.

—*Apology*, i, 46.

Nevertheless, Dante seems to have held it was not possible for the majority of men living in an atmosphere impregnated by false religious beliefs and ethical values, to follow the light of conscience so consistently and to attain by the light of reason to such a degree of religious truth, as to procure for themselves the remission of the guilt of original sin, and, consequently, to attain to eternal life. Rather does he make of Cato and Rhipeus types of exceptional souls favoured by God with extraordinary graces, and exemplifying His mercy even to those who are living under conditions most prejudicial to the prospect of their salvation. But what of the great majority of the non-Christian world which was to be excluded from the "Beatific Vision ?" It seems clear, from *Inferno*, canto iv, that he held that the punishment of a great part of this would not be severe. If we are right

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in attaching the significance we have done to his treatment of pagan suicides, we may conclude that he held that these would be judged merely by their fidelity to such part of the moral law as they were capable of understanding. His deliberate exclusion, however, from Paradise, of most of the non-Christian philosophers, poets and heroes, seems to imply that he felt that the majority of them, while not having attained to a sufficient degree of virtue as to merit the "Baptism of desire," had, nevertheless, not sinned so grievously as to deserve the "pain of sense" suffered by the lost souls in the lower circles of Hell. This was a spiritual condition which, as we have seen, St. Thomas declared to be psychologically impossible, but we must remember that in estimating the value of his conclusion on this point the *a priori* character of his reasoning, and his lack of any first-hand knowledge of the effects of a pagan environment on the human conscience, must also be taken into account.

Dante allowed a wide range to invincible ignorance. It excused not merely those who could know nothing of Christianity, but also those who, like Galen, Ptolemy, Saladin and Averrhoes, had plenty of opportunity of acquainting themselves with its doctrines, but had nevertheless rejected that religion in good faith. He appears, however, to have held that there were limits to the range of invincible ignorance. It excused only those who rejected the truths of revealed religion; a man could not, without sin, reject the truths of natural religion, as is indicated by his treatment of the Epicureans who denied the immortality of the soul. The same principle applied to ignorance of the moral laws; no man could be ignorant of its first principles. Hence those pagans who had broken such of its precepts as they were capable of understanding are, according to him, punished with the unfaithful Christians in the "hell of fire," not because they were pagans, but because they sinned against the light they had.

In his attitude towards the heathen, Dante seems to warn the Catholic, who finds it hard to know how to combine a just appreciation of all that is noble in the

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lives of those outside the Church with a due recognition of the uniqueness of his own religion, against the danger of two extremes ; on the one hand, the harsh fanaticism of Tertullian, who, when he exclaims in the well-known passage in the *De Spectaculis* with which Gibbon has made us all familiar by reproducing it in the fifteenth chapter of the *Decline and Fall*, "How shall I admire, how laugh, how rejoice, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs and fancied gods, groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness ; so many magistrates, who persecuted the name of the Lord, liquefying in fiercer fires than they ever kindled against the Christians, so many sage philosophers blushing in red-hot flames, with their deluded scholars," etc., appears to regard the pagan world merely as fuel to keep alight the flames of hell, and the spirit of the Renaissance, which obliterated all distinction between Christian and pagan ethics, and under whose influence Erasmus, in his letter to Christianus of Lübeck, *Of the method of study*, is able to speak of the Imperial stoic as "St. Aurelius."

Dante does not appear to consider that his faith compelled him to hold that the overwhelming majority of his fellow-beings would be for eternity condemned to the most excruciating torments, a proposition which is even now held to be an integral doctrine of the Catholic Faith, not merely by uneducated and half-educated persons, but even by writers and thinkers of European reputation. Whether his solution of the difficulty of how to uphold the claims of an exclusive religion, and at the same time to vindicate the justice and mercy of God towards those who, through no fault of their own, do not belong to it, would in all its details be found acceptable by modern Catholic theologians, it is beyond the competence of the present writer to answer ; but, in conclusion, it may not be without interest to consider how far Dante's views are borne out by the few subsequent decrees of Popes and Councils bearing on this point. In the century after Dante's death, the formula of reunion with the Greeks, drawn up by the Council of Florence and promulgated

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in the Bull *Lætentur Cæli* of Eugenius IV, contains these words: "*Illorum autem animas, qui in actuali mortæ peccato vel solo originali decedunt, mox in infernum descendere, pœnis tamen disparibus puniendas.*" (Denzinger, *Enchiridion*, 588.) The words "*disparibus pœnis*" justify Dante's treatment of the righteous heathen in *Inferno*, iv.

In the following century, among the seventy-nine propositions of the Flemish theologian, Michael Baius, which were anathematized by St. Pius V (1567), the twenty-fifth one was, "*Omnia opera infidelium sunt peccata, et philosophorum virtutes sunt vitia*"; which principles, if allowed, would also cut the ground from under Dante's feet in his treatment of the righteous heathen. Baius' doctrine sowed the seeds of Jansenism, which was to settle like a blight on the French Church in the reign of the "Great King," and taint the theological outlook even of the saintly Bishop of Meaux.

The twenty-ninth of the one hundred propositions retracted from the *Réflexions morales sur le Nouveau Testament* of the Jansenist leader, Pasquier Quesnel (1634-1719), which was condemned by Pope Clement XI (Albani) in the Bull "*Unigenitus extra Ecclesiam nulla conceditur gratia*" (Denzinger, 1244). If this proposition were true, the salvation of Rhipeus, as described by Dante, would have been impossible. In conclusion, we may mention the oft-quoted words of Pope Pius IX, which defend the belief in the wide range of invincible ignorance recognized by Dante five and a half centuries before: "It is known to us, and to you, that those who labour under an invincible ignorance concerning our most holy religion, and who zealously observe the Natural Law written by God in the hearts of all men, can, with the aid of divine light and grace, attain to Eternal Life"; and "Who will dare to draw the limits of such ignorance, in view of the existing immense variety of peoples, minds, and so many other circumstances?"*

HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON.

* Baron Frederick von Hügel, *Eternal Life*, 351.

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NO more curious problem is offered to criticism than the disregard in which Coventry Patmore continues to be held. Much depends upon its resolution, for it is not difficult to show that *The Angel in the House*, admittedly a stumbling-block to all critics, is in fact a touchstone of taste. From Edmund Gosse to Arthur Symonds among contemporaries, from Carlyle to Ruskin and Tennyson among the men of his own day, the same uneasy apology is made for it. Even she, who understands his aims better than any, in discussing its realism once faltered in her own defence. If *The Angel in the House* is admitted to be the only example of a modern epic, if it was *The Angel* which made Patmore's name, *The Angel* was also the tomb of his reputation. Its temporary popularity (as a novel in verse) gave to the critics an excuse for their first doubt, and, sad to say, the unpopularity of his last verse, *The Unknown Eros*, is held to provide the justification for that earlier, foolish criticism. By the publication of *The Unknown Eros*, therefore, Patmore merely set the tombstone on his own grave, so far as the critics were concerned, and that ecstatic verse is apparently so "eccentric" from the cycle of song which it succeeded, that it is with a sigh of relief that the critics are able to carry out their interior intention, the intention, namely, to praise the lyrical odes at the expense of *The Angel*, thereby to deny to the only possible candidate the rank of a modern epic poet.

Experience has shown that it is hopeless to invite readers to turn to *The Angel in the House* until their minds have been prepared for the shock which there awaits them. Critical cant and insincerity are affronted on the doorway; vulgarity is rebuked by a composure more freezing than its own frown. For everything which is ignorantly supposed to be an attribute of art, the whole stage-property of poetry, is religiously excluded. The very title warns the amateur away. Need I mention the gross charge of sentimentality under which the

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whole poem is buried ? Need I recall that the title is quoted as the evidence in epitome of that charge ? What need of further witnesses ? It is therefore time to remember that it was Scott, not Patmore, who foisted the "Ministering Angel" upon us, and that it was not Patmore who made odious the smirk and sentimentality of the nurse, from which the strong soul of Florence Nightingale turned away in sarcasm and scorn. Under the circumstances, the title was unfortunate if success was to be consulted ; but Patmore had more important objects in view than to make things easy for ignorant readers. Did he not say in after years :

The only kindness wise can show to fool
Is firm to hold him on the whipping-stool.

The Angel has done that for half a century. He used the word "Angel" in its strict theological sense, for he was accustomed to write with precision, and was more anxious, since no other term existed for his purpose, to use the right word than to conciliate the wrong reader. All great poetry has to be earned. Therefore all that I shall try to do is not to lard the argument with quotations, nor to summarize the philosophy which knits his entire works together with a wedding ring (that I have done elsewhere), but to show the temper in which this epic must be approached, and to leave illustrations to the idlers. The principles which underlie the composition of the epic, obedience to which is its peculiar glory, the habit of mind indicated by their adoption, are the simplest, therefore the convincing, points to seize. It is, and seems likely to remain, the only epic of the present era, and its unpopularity is entirely due to the fact that it was written as Homer, Chaucer or Dante would have written had they been equally single-minded in their choice and significance of theme. For no one else had attempted the task which Patmore set before him : the theme of married love had always been felt to be too simple to be sung.

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The song of passion is as old as Solomon and Sappho. War and death were familiar themes to Deborah, David, and Homer. Pilgrimages and adventure were as fascinating to the writer of the *Odyssey* as to Chaucer himself. Heaven and Hell were ancient themes before Dante touched them. But to your even Christian, married love had never seemed a possible subject till Patmore married it to epic verse. The decision of the Provençal courts of Love is famous. This reason, the absence of models, no less than the nature of the subject itself, led him to adopt the simplest of metres. Any more elaborate measure would have been unworthy of the simplicity of the theme. The wonder is that his luck was not overdone. The opportunity was staggering in its simplicity. We need not discuss whether Patmore fulfilled his own intention, for that has hardly been denied. We need remark only that it was precisely his intention which dictated his treatment, and that it is the intention (the subject) not the treatment (its details) which is in reality despised. The great and persistent error has been to judge the style of Patmore's epic apart from its subject, and to pretend that a violent recoil from the subject is only a recoil from the style.

His intention was so simple that it cannot be *seen* by anyone who does not share it. That is why its mere statement turns men critically to stone. It was, once more, to take the simplest fact in the world, the love of a man for his wife, and so to meditate upon it as to provide a lover's breviary, an illuminated manuscript or enchiridion for every Christian lover in the world. Nor is this a book merely for the Christian lover, except in the paradoxical sense of Tertullian when he cried "*naturaliter Christiana*" of the soul. The dramatic author of the *Song of Songs* would find much of his own coin hidden there, and even the man in the suburbs who finds refreshment in such poor stuff as that of Omar Khayam, will find a means of escape from the ennui of his Desert in the intensity and poetic wit of its Preludes.

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Would not this serve as an epitaph on Omar :

An idle poet here and there
Looks round him, but for all the rest
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.

If then love was the theme, it was love in all its phases, and he is not fit to be called a lover who mistakes the overture for the theme. To Patmore love was the ever-renewed revelation, and the moment of falling in love the supernatural occurrence which once at least lights *every* man on his coming into the world. Its phases from first to last therefore formed for him the great Myth which *is* Nature, in which therefore every mood and incident in courtship, in marriage, in the home, in the nursery is at once both a symbol and a fact. On this he built the only thematic philosophy of love, in which the soul and the senses are equally satisfied, that the world has known. Plato is his only peer. But it was Patmore's achievement to remember one fact which Plato forgot, namely that Eros, the divine child, is *par excellence* the Domestic Deity. This, the great simplicity, could be presented only by unfolding an ordinary courtship in all its details, and ordinary marriage with all its trials, and by showing that this drama, as constant and recurring as the seasons, has, like the seasons, a significance which is supreme. As they are ordered, it is ordered ; as they are patent, it is plain ; as they, because of their simplicity, are taken for granted, it is, by virtue of a greater simplicity, not so much disregarded as denied. For a thousand who will echo the statement God is Love, hardly one seems to believe it, because when you repeat the statement to affirm that a human lover is, in virtue of his vision, God-like, people immediately recoil from that truth. Profession is not faith. That, I suppose, is the reason that faith has been defined to mean the making evident of things *not* seen. To some extent, counsellors within the Church herself have hesitated ; for while, with a child-like simplicity, she has included

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The Song of Songs in the Canon, the mystical glosses written upon it by centuries of saints and mystics sometimes seem to mean more to them than the *ipsissima verba* of its own sacred text. Patmore's real original contribution to Christian mystical literature was to supply the emphasis, elsewhere lacking, on the divine nature of human love. Patmore had the foregoing thought in his mind when he wrote to a friend: "The Incarnation is still only a dogma: perhaps it will take thousands of years to work into the feelings as it must do before religion can become matter of Poetry." This explains his own insistence on human love, the exquisite intimacy of his knowledge of the body, the lover's touch in him when he mentions its inexhaustible beauty; in a word his feeling for natural, physical fact. "The natural *first*, and afterward the spiritual," he repeated. So *The Angel* was the base and the strophe, *The Unknown Eros* only its epode. Unless related to *The Angel*, as *Paradise Regained*, in idea, is related to *Paradise Lost*, *The Unknown Eros* would rank only with the work of Crashaw or Francis Thompson, who, fine as they were, no one can regard for a moment to be of epic rank. It is on the epic, which includes both masterpieces, that Coventry Patmore sits enthroned.

Now men have given to the epic poet a standing denied to the lyric or the elegiac, just as they have accorded to tragedy the place of honour over comedy. What is the character of an epic? The epos in the word. It is to poetry what the logos is to religion. This is why it is not idle to refer to "the thunder of the Odyssey," nor to observe why the latest of the world's epics has in turn undeniably the quality of "a still small voice." An epic poem is that "which celebrates in the form of a continuous narrative the achievements of one or more heroic personages." The first such were Adam and Eve: the first man and the first woman, or still more simply, a man and his wife, the simplest and most symbolic subject in the world. Observe, then, that these are of heroic rank, not because

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they are, except in the moment of love's revelation, outstanding personages, but because no adventure, no trials, no endurances, no achievements are comparable in suggestiveness to theirs. It was left to Christianity to make a hero of a village carpenter, to make a sacred symbol of a gibbet, and to see in the despised and rejected the figure of the Messiah. Consequently, the Eros of Christianity is not a God whose visits end with the dawn, and the place which he delights to honour is not merely a maiden's bed by moonlight, but the little circle of the home. The holy family is a Christian discovery, and consequently its praises have been reserved for a Christian poet. It is an epic subject because, like the grain of mustard seed, its beginnings are as simple as that of life itself, and for this reason, being indeed the foundation of society, its applications and corollaries fill the world as the leaves in the summer, and the fowls of the air, great and high-soaring thoughts, lodge of their natural right among its branches. If the significance of the subject is thus justified, what, we must ask, is the mark of an epic poet? It is surely a simplicity of acceptance, like that of the ocean, into which are emptied all the rivers of the earth. Not for nothing did the Greek tragedian speak of the "innumerable laughter of the sea," not for nothing was the laugh of Shakespeare said to be "broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture." The great stream of human affairs, men's habit of life, their wars, their loves, the gods they worship, the houses which they inhabit, the pilgrimages on which they go—these fall into the epic as gold into the mould. But there must be some focus for the interest. Homer found it in the siege of Troy, Dante in a visit to the other world; Chaucer in a pilgrimage; Milton in Chaos, and it was Milton alone who seemed to be writing of the past. Each of the others is describing a contemporary habit of life. These themes, however, are but the felloes of the wheel. Its sleeping centre, the hub of existence, is the family. On that Patmore fixed his gaze; there and there only was the

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secret centre of human life. He would be content with no subject less simple, and consequently less profound, than married love, for love as he used it, was a term of precision.

Note, too, that it is normally the glory of an epic poet to arrive at the end of a great tradition, to be the summit of an old civilization, and to stand therefore at the crest of its abyss ; not, like Milton, to be born out of due time in the throes of the overthrow of an epoch. The accident of this fate was Milton's, and because Milton seems to us the last of epic poets, his practice has seemed to set the seal on that which is really the exception. Before *Paradise Lost* was written (he began it at the age of fifty), Milton had grafted himself on to the Greek vine. In adopting an earlier mythology, he adulterated, but without discarding, his own faith ; and consequently the epic itself rings the song of his confusion. Its very subject is chaos ; its hero the prince of rebels ; our sympathies are with the villain, though never honestly and overtly so. For the art of Milton and the mind of Milton were at odds : that is why chaos inspired him. It was the best that such a centaur, a Pagan who was also a Puritan, could do. Milton was a man with divided loves, and divided allegiance. His poem is the epic of division. Therefore, though it adopts the structure of an epic, its idea is tainted with something of the temper of a nonconformist tract. It has achieved its ghastly work of giving to the Devil all the best tunes. Its effect has been to fasten the detestable Puritan Deity upon us, but the truth is that rebellion is a minor theme. Affirmation is the health of life. To overthrow the misconception of epic, to which Milton's art betrayed the Muse, was the task of Coventry Patmore, and unlike Milton, he is a superb example of freedom from the tyranny of contemporary ideas. Only that freedom can give the temper of an epic, for that temper is normally the expression of a grave serenity of soul. Dante was a poet of tradition. So was Chaucer, so was Homer. Milton's mind was as turbid as the point where rivers

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meet. Patmore recovered the epic tradition that for the time had perished from the world. His object was :

To speak but of forgotten things.
To far-off times to come.

Health has no symptoms. We still wait a definition of sanity ; and most poets, like most doctors, busy themselves less with the normal than with the diseased. This is why simplicity has had no song, natural love no portrayer, the health of the affections no significance in epic art. That is why Patmore is neglected, while Ibsen is praised, and why Shelley's description of marriage in the *Epipsychidion* is quoted and remembered, while Patmore's in *The Angel* is forgotten or despised ; for the simplest themes require the rarest perceptive power, which perhaps explains why the body of religious poetry is so small. The only gift for which he asked was

The power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words.

His prayer was granted. Indeed, to conceive such a prayer is to have earned its answer ; and his latest verse has the following proud close :

Humility and greatness grace the task
Which he who does it deems impossible.

It was the earlier prayer which accompanied Patmore's meditation upon love, which every myth and religion has seen to be the primary simplicity. And when he asked himself where he should go to illustrate his theme, he saw that a pair of modern lovers alone would provide him with the answer. He went for love's secret to its source. In remembering that all mythologies and religions have found in love the source of all their hopes, and the summit of human aspiration, he observed also that love in its nature is the same in all epochs, and that the way of a man with a maid is so fundamental a fact that love has dignified its own trappings in every phase of life and civilization : the cock with his plumage, the hen with her nest, the bed of King Solomon, the couch of Psyche,

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the rags of the beggar maid, the dress of Guinevere, the armour of Arthur, the cowl of Abelard, the courts of Provence, the trunk hose of Romeo, the ruff of Queen Mary, the complexion of Mary Fitton, the frocks of Lady Hamilton, Nelson's uniform: these details are sacred to poets and to posterity because Love once wore them at history's fancy dress ball. Why then, Patmore was simple enough to ask, should not the dress, the manner, the polite life of his own age be equally admissible in art? They are so to the painter and to the dramatist, why not also to the poet? If we linger with delight over the design on the shield of Achilles and with Nausicaa and her girls take the washing to the shore, why should not love find in Salisbury Close a fair setting, and in the manners and dresses of its inhabitants a fit *décor* for epic verse? There is no reason, and yet a distinguished critic, whom I am too considerate to name, has dismissed this atmosphere from poetry on the ground that it is concerned with "the accidents of civilization, the absurd and comfortable prose of middle-class felicity." But must there not be something lacking in the sincerity of a critic who declares unworthy of the Muse the kind of house which he and every cultivated person wishes to inhabit, the kind of manners which he most desires in his own friends and family, the whole world of detail in fact which it has been the aim (and reward) of his own success to achieve? To accept this absurd view is to make the separation of art from life complete, and the only effect of that is to degrade the one and to make us recoil with loathing from the other. To recognize to what a world is reduced from which art is excluded we do not have to look far. It has been the pride of an age of progress, the achievement of the Nineteenth Century, to create that world. Art driven from her home, which is the streets of a city, wherever men gather together in fact, has therefore been perversely wooed. She has been sought and welcomed as an "escape from life." In consequence, art has caught the same infection. We live in an age when art is prized as an escape from

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actuality. The gulf between the "real" and the "ideal"; "truth" and "commonsense," "honour" and "business," "love" and "duty," "respectability" and "happiness," "morality" and "inclination," "art" and "use," is now complete. And in this world from which art is banished, money and cheapness are our gods, just as in this art from which actuality is an out-cast you will naturally prefer the complex to the simple, the fantastic to the sincere, the fescennine to the fantastic, the feverish to the serene, the corrupt to the healthy, the diseased to the pure. In fine, by endorsing the separation of art from life, you will sanction the modern world as we know it, modern art as we mostly find it; and if *that* does not content you, you could hardly be happier in hell.

Thus *The Angel* is a test case. If you recoil from its realism, if you dislike its verisimilitude, if you hate to be reminded of the pleasant places wherein of choice your own life is cast, you are committed to the view that poetry and modern life are mutually exclusive, and that which is false of every other age is true of our own. Coventry Patmore's genius lay in his native immunity to so monstrous a suggestion, and even the critics themselves in praising his "chill, ecstatic prose," have admitted him to be "a great thinker on the principles of art." Since they also admit him to be a poet even in *The Angel*, he has forced them to condemn themselves. His detail will be prized when it is no longer credible, though his achievement may not be recognized till London is as strange as Tyre. Enough then to remember that, in the sections of his narrative, he deliberately put into poetry all those things which other poets have been careful to exclude. There is a magnificent rhapsody on clothes; the port passes after dinner; the marriage settlement is discussed in detail; the heroine draws off her gloves as she enters the church; the finest thoughts are given from a Cathedral pulpit by a Dean; the piano plays in the drawing room; men smoke after dinner; and the dinner bell recurrently announces the delightful

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regularity of the meals. The husband's dismay at the sight of his first-born is duly noted ; and the present of a pair of socks to the baby is recorded in its natural place. Since the whole attraction of the scene and subject is to lie in their familiarity, since the whole story depends entirely for its interest upon the subtlety of thought which is lavished on the course of a typical, that is to say an ordinary, courtship, it is the whole point of the incidents themselves to be as commonplace as possible. Their whole charm is to lie in their familiarity, and he was anxious to relate the exquisite reflections in his Preludes to the thread of a familiar story, on which they hang as pearls upon a string. Married love, and not merely the dawn of desire, is the theme in its entirety, and for this reason domesticities are introduced. For domesticity is as much the atmosphere of married love as the moonlight and the balcony are that of courtship. But the complete theme is wholly new to epic poetry. No great poet had ever made it a central theme before.

Though we leave *The Angel* only at our peril, for the roots of his poetry and philosophy are there, the theme had for Patmore a significance beyond itself. He noted that love, like the world, promises more than it performs : that there is a sigh as of keening in its ecstasy. Natural love, therefore, he inferred to be the precursory revelation and rehearsal of that infatuation which God showers upon the soul, and the nature of this Divine courtship could, he said, be apprehended only by the study of its antitype in nature. The Odes therefore provide the transcendental philosophy, which is built upon the data of experience, and these data it is the delight of *The Angel* to provide. The complete Patmorean philosophy is grounded in the home and on the family, to rise, because its roots are secure, to heights of mystical communion, for which every experience, in the course of a human love affair, has been rehearsed. Patmore therefore believed that nuptial love was the ever-renewed myth open to all eyes in which all the secrets of religion, of art, of society were reflected, by reference to which they

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were to be apprehended, and in terms of which alone they could be approached with any chance of fruitful study. This idea that human love is a parable, is staggering in its simplicity, and inattentive people cannot be persuaded to recognize it to be an idea at all. How universal were its corollaries can be judged from Patmore's axiom

In the arithmetic of life
The smallest unit is a pair.

It has led to the creation of a poetry which is married more closely to philosophy and to experience than any other, and in *The Unknown Eros* it rises to heights of contemplation that only the myths themselves have reached. Incidentally it has achieved the enormous feat of showing that all that Baudelaire, Byron or Shelley could say of love outside the circle of the marriage ring, can be said with equal subtlety within it ; that obedience to law can be as beautiful as rebellion ; that virtue is delightful and not dull ; and that sin has no prerogative of attractiveness. The originality of this achievement has largely gone unrecognized because the world lives under the tyranny of the superstition that the Devil has all the best tunes. Patmore proved that that is not so, but at the cost of depriving sinners of their self-respect. It is his achievement in *The Angel* to have set traditional, that is to say respectable, ideas to poetry, that virtue may no longer be ashamed, for he believed in virtue and wisdom with sufficient sincerity to delight in them for their own sake, and this is the justification of them which he offers to the world :

Would Wisdom for herself be woo'd,
And wake the foolish from his dream,
She must be glad as well as good,
And must not only be but seem.
Beauty and joy are hers by right ;
And knowing this, I wonder less
That she's so scorned, when falsely dight
In misery and ugliness.

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A right life is known by its gladness. If we measure the poets by the degree of their gaiety, we shall know how to place them, and shall recognize even in the smile of Silenus a quality the absence of which is horrible on the faces of many estimable men.

To Patmore chastity was not a negative condition, but the very altitude of married love, and he saw that the difference between vice and virtue was merely the difference between the disorder and the order of the same energy. Of the body he said that it was

So rich with wealth concealed
That heaven and hell fight chiefly for this field.

And again his essay on *The Point of Rest in Art* brings criticism back to a physical illustration which has the authority of a self-evident fact.

The Puritanic blight of the Reformation has now infected the whole of life, and we have authority for stating that members of the Church herself have not escaped contagion. A Puritan can be defined as a person to whom all things are impure ; just as a Pagan was a person who was as free from purity or impurity as an animal. Silenus is comparatively healthy, for he is a savage ; Pan is healthy, for he is the animal passion of life. Both, in whatever superfluity of naughtiness they may and do indulge, are at least Christian in this, that they are not Protestants : they accept and indulge their own nature and do not start with a denial. Man to the Puritan is a child of wrath. Man to the Pagan is a child of Nature. Man to the Christian is a child of God. It will be objected, perhaps, that the doctrine of original sin is a Christian, not a Puritan one. The answer is that that doctrine is to the Christian a source of comfort and delight, as it is to the Puritan a nightmare of terror. This difference in their attitude is capital. It explains the gaiety of the Christian spirit ; it justifies the sunniness of the Saints. It explains why the Church is a Mother to her children, who, instead of terrifying them with punishments, opens her arms to offer to them the caresses

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of penance and repentance, because its divine birthright is the hereditary honour of the soul, to which, for its proving, original sin is, by comparison, but the bad fairy-godmother. For this reason, in a Puritan world, the only poet whose poetry is really steeped in sex, who sings no other song, who has no other image, is regarded as a prude! For he alone can accept it in simplicity. The world has now gone mad on the subject of sex, for sex must drive anyone mad who approaches it as a Puritan. The Pagans built their myths upon it, the very savage his superstitions. It has been left to the Puritan to accuse the Creator of indecency. Therefore it is delightful to find that one poet who had no other thought, no other study, no other pre-occupation, no other joy but the body, is Coventry Patmore, and because he had the joy, and not the lack of it, the joyless word sex is never mentioned in his works. Only a poet to whom the Incarnation is more than a dogma and has become incorporated into the living tissue of his own mind can write profoundly of love or the body without using the word sex at all. Nor, for those with eyes to see, is Patmore's knowledge less detailed than that of those who have devoted their lives to its study. There is implicit in such an ode as that to *Pain* a world of knowledge and experience. It flashes its profound glance into the recesses of the nerves.

The intellect of Coventry Patmore is the greatest philosophic intellect that has expressed itself in English verse. There is more pressure to the square inch in him than in any other poet. He has the final flavour of a great style, the note of authority. The masculine intellect always controls the sensitive emotion. Simplicity, not luxuriance, is his character. Affirmation, not rebellion, is his note. The latter gave to him the extraordinary power of showing the beauty even of those minor virtues which are supposed to be irremediably dull. One instance must suffice. It is his praise of punctuality. He has made even that seem beautiful, and the feat is accomplished so casually that a single line

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suffices. When the clock strikes as a party enters Salisbury Cathedral, he says that they crossed its threshold

As if attended on by Time.

If that line does not contain more scent than a whole garden of words, there is no such thing as the economy of art. For of punctuality, as of all rightly ordered duties, the yoke is easy, the burden light.

To realize this in regard to most duties, to see it clearly in the complex drama of love and marriage, is the reward of a rare sanity. *The Angel* is full of wisdom. For instance, how much lies behind the following couple of lines :

Man must be pleased, but him to please
Is Woman's pleasure.

And who can read that Prelude entitled *The Spirit's Epochs*, without being reminded of those which have been the great moments of his own life? The Wedding Sermon is the finest epitome of a philosophy of marriage ever done ; and how lightly wisdom dances on the wings of Patmore's verse !

When we come to the lyrical odes of *The Unknown Eros*, and breathe there the thin mountain air, we touch the end of that drama, which as sex to the scientist and passion to the poet, culminates in the ecstasy whereof the great contemplatives have preserved the record. Still in the iambic measure, the odes are written in no logical stanzas, but they have the effect of an inspired improvisation in which the virtuosity of the author's ear is never at fault. The movement rises and falls with the intensity or lapse of emotion, and the relations of Eros and Psyche are seen in the sharp outline which etched the story of their human counterparts. The details are as precise as in the myth preserved by Apuleius, and those who want a commentary upon them may find it in the prose essay *Dieu et ma dame*, where the analogy between the process of divine and of human love is shown to be an identity. In this rarefied and ecstatic poetry the phrases twinkle like stars. Thompson and Crashaw have been more

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resplendent, richer in imagery ; but there is an altitude in the Odes which is the very Alpine air. It seems strange to the present writer that the Odes can be praised, unless he who praises them is drawn from the poetry which flowers there to its root in *The Angel*. Everything contained in the Odes is implicit in *The Angel*, and how can the transcendental delights of the soul be enjoyed fully, if the truths of the height are not also to be recognized among the valleys ? The two poems are so knit that they are one, and the philosophy which they illuminate offers to the ordinary man not only a summit to which he can attain, but a starting point with which he is familiar. Frankly, I do not know where else this double satisfaction is to be found. The chain is complete from the home to the heavens ; every link is brought to the test of normal human experience, and in the essays it finds its applications even to the principles of politics and art. *The Angel* has rescued modern life for the epic, and that achievement alone is sufficient to place Patmore among the great poets of the modern world.

OSBERT BURDETT.

BISHOP MCQUAID OF ROCHESTER (1868-1909)

[A foreword as to Bishop McQuaid is perhaps advisable before publishing a sketch of his episcopate from his ultimate biographer. As yet no account has been given of this American Bishop, whose life was one long minglement of strife and progress. It is difficult to print from his letters without asking whether he always meant what he wrote. The answer is that his was a soul to which the least compromise was unknown and all qualification of speech impossible. His struggle with Archbishop Ireland is historic; but no one misunderstood his retort when asked if he was going to bury the hatchet with Archbishop Ireland: "Yes, in his skull!" This was shortly before the great antagonists met and shook hands. Perhaps the same reason that prevented Ireland from becoming Cardinal prevented McQuaid from becoming an Archbishop. They were both original pioneers, in every sense of the word original, and they were Irishmen leading the Church in America out of the rut by different ways. Nevertheless, as Mr. Maurice Egan has witnessed, Ireland could have been a Cardinal if he had allowed Roosevelt to accede to Rome's request to make the request from the White House, and McQuaid could have become Archbishop of the bankrupt Cincinnati at a time when characteristically he said that See needed not a financier but a saint. Rome knew that he had a touch of both.

It is perhaps accidental that such men as McQuaid become bishops. Rome slakes originality and tempers strength, only allowing a licence to either in fields otherwise impenetrable to her system. Bishops normally are obedient fly-wheels, not generating motors; machines of gentle but inflexible calibre, but not unruly machinists. But in face of threatening difficulty and emergency the Church does allow a Hughes or an Ireland or a McQuaid to develop. McQuaid became a bishop two years before

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the Vatican Council, which he left before signing the Decree. He died ten years ago, leaving America her model Seminary, St. Bernard's, Rochester. His stand for the Catholic School, as representing personal liberty against a fatal centralization, is the stand of the Church to-day. For forty years the Bishop of Rochester was unwavering, even in an age of strong men. It was said that if Ireland broke Corrigan, McQuaid broke Ireland in the sense that within Catholic unity and charity one bishop can oppose and defeat the policy of another.

The Holy Church cannot grow stale or stagnate. Her archbishops are sent as salt, and not as sugar, to the world. For health and growth's sake there must be smart and suffering. Out of the internal conflicts of the American Church grew her external strength. It is impossible not to respect both Ireland and McQuaid and even love Dr. Keane, who, in the episcopal strife, was removed from the head of the Catholic University by the same power which vindicated his orthodoxy by appointing him Archbishop of Dubuque, where he died, a few weeks before Archbishop Ireland, in the odour of sanctity. When John Ireland died, in the Fall of 1918, an era of American Church history closed. His career was unrepeatable, at once a missionary pioneer and the first American prelate to become an international character. While McQuaid's career was intensely localized, Ireland played a temperate Wolsey on a minor scale. Wolsey actually made England a European Power. Archbishop Ireland, though unofficial, was as striking a figure in the days when the United States entered the international arena. In the first place he had largely helped to make McKinley president; and, when the Philippines fell to McKinley's armies, Ireland was influential in salving the Philippine Church. The McKinley-Taft policy to the Church in the islands justified the political action on his part, of which Bishop McQuaid bitterly complained. It was, of course, as a citizen and not as a prelate that he invaded Corrigan's diocese and drew the famous attack of Bishop McQuaid. In his person and times he tried to solve the

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difficult question exactly where American citizenship and Catholic allegiance touch. He discovered that it was on a broad latitude. Perhaps he wished the Church to become an American institution before the time was fully ripe. He wished German and Irish Catholics to find the Mississippi and the Harlem sweeter waters than the Rhine and Shannon. McQuaid was opposed to the workings of foreign Nationalism for theological reasons, as when they took a secret form ; while Ireland opposed their manifestations for patriotic reasons. But his political Americanism was mistaken for a religious Americanism. Neither was an Irish patriot ; but as Americans they were both intensely and wisely desirous of Irish freedom. Rome gave them liberty and discretion, far more so than if they had been State-appointed or Concordat-chosen. They used their liberty as their human foresight and character urged them, and the Church, which took no responsibility for their disagreements, did not waste their hard-won experiences. Their very roughness smoothed the way of the future American Church. It is true, however, that the Church, by a divine weakness, loves and seeks that peace and immobility which her own teaching tells her is reserved for another world, and she cannot be regardless of an ecclesiastical struggle. She would not go out of her way, or press against various pressures, in order to bestow the emblem of Hierarchical beatitude on Archbishop Ireland or on the subject of McQuaid's championship and zeal. No doubt it added much to the spirituality of the last days of both Ireland and Corrigan to know that they must literally die to the world before Rome could make one of those gestures, sympathetic rather than ironic, as though to say these men were both worthy and fully worthy of our purple, but the circumstances were less favourable than we. Spirituality was deeply inset in the background of their lives, McQuaid's no less than Ireland's ; but the spirit is invisible and eludes the writer, whereas *litera manet !*

When Archbishops Ireland and Corrigan clashed,

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McQuaid defended the latter from his own Cathedral of Rochester. He had regarded Corrigan as his protégé since, as he revealed at the Month's Mind of him dead, "I assured the bishops that they had little comprehension of the capacity and the learning and the strength of will-power of that mere boy as they regarded him, and upon the pledge of my word *in ten minutes* he was placed first on the list." With McQuaid, like Jellicoe, ten minutes involved some history-making. He never gave up a position unless to outflank another. Perhaps even Rome regarded him with nervous appreciation. When he appeared on the horizon, the Curia knew he would never leave till he had won. In his dealing with Rome he modelled himself on the English Hierarchy. He said himself that every fight left him five years younger. He showed a hard front both to Curia and Curate. With his most brilliant priest, Father Lambert, he refused to be reconciled even when the Apostolic Delegate brought Lambert to his house. Archbishop Satolli had to bow to the Bishop of Rochester when he simply ordered the Archbishop's companion to leave his house. He brooked no rival, and wished to make his priests his vicars, until he went to the other extreme. He was vigorous, many-sided and simple. He grew his own grapes, and he was as disappointed as a child by a poor vintage. He had all the love for business detail that a convert has for the minutiae of ceremony. He knew everything down to the penny, the ounce, and the inch. He said the uses of concrete were discovered by the U.S. Government and the Bishop of Rochester.

He seemed over-strict and intolerant ; but, Roosevelt-like, if he brooked no rival, he was ready for new ideas. He introduced "the devout female sex" into his Seminary, and he added culture to "grind" in the study. He influenced the whole American priesthood. Archbishop Hanna was his type of pupil. The same indomitable will-power caused his last appearance against all advice at the dedication of a new hall in his Seminary. He was wheeled in to address his priests for the last time.

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Doctor and Last Sacraments were at hand for the inevitable collapse. Fainter grew his voice, and fainter the taps of his stick, until he was unconscious. A little later he was dead. Now he is a legend and a legacy in the Church of America.—S.L.]

AS in England, so in America, the small diocese of Rochester stands out prominently on account of the distinguished character of one of its bishops. Nor is this the only reason for connecting the names of these two widely distant sees. The first bishop of the American Diocese was pleased to unite his own with the English See by choosing for himself its old episcopal arms with a slight modification, namely the change of the pilgrim's shell on the centre of the St. Andrew's Cross to the shamrock. What was more important for the newly created Diocese of Rochester was the fact that Bishop McQuaid showed the same fidelity that Bishop Fisher observed towards the little Diocese of Rochester in England.

Bishop McQuaid refused to change his poor wife of a diocese for the richest widow in America. His opponents little realized how invulnerable he was on this point; consequently they did not hesitate to move heaven and earth to prevent his promotion from Rochester. He had occasion to write of their efforts to Corrigan, then Bishop of Newark:

"Some imagine that I am on the list for New York. Efforts will be made to defeat my *chance*. Just a year ago I was maligned at Rome when it was expected that I might get the appointment to Cincinnati. Then I was attacked on the Infallibility. Two letters from Cardinal Simeoni indicated clearly that my adhesion to the Vatican Council cannot be questioned. Now it so happens that few bishops have published these Decrees, caused them to be read to the people and circulated in pamphlet form. In 1875, in publishing the Jubilee, I issued a letter, and joined on to it these Decrees in full, using Cardinal Manning's translation. My last letter to the Cardinal showed him plainly how I stood,

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but that I would not submit gracefully to the calling in question of my faith and honour at the instigation of unknown assailants." The Bishop, it is true, held out to the last in his opposition to the definition of Papal Infallibility, not only because he thought the definition inopportune, but also "because somehow or other it was in my head that the bishops ought to be consulted." Although he tried at the Council, with others, not to have episcopal prerogatives sacrificed to Papal prerogative, he emphatically declared to the people in his Cathedral (August 28th, 1870): "I have now no difficulty in accepting the dogma." While Bishop McQuaid had little trouble in exposing this calumny, no man strove harder than he himself to prevent his own promotion to Cincinnati, where the bankruptcy of Archbishop Purcell's brother had involved in financial ruin the Archbishop himself as well as some diocesan churches and institutions. Still suffering from the effects of an attack of typhus fever contracted in Italy, he wrote: "I have no objection to the recovery of my health so long as there is no doubt of Cincinnati." Providence was evidently in favour of Bishop McQuaid's determination to stay in Rochester, as Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland informed the Archbishop of Baltimore (Sept. 29th, 1879): "It seems the former list for the coadjutorship of Cincinnati never reached Rome. So Cardinal Simeoni directed a new list to be sent on, saying Rochester strongly objected to go."

No doubt one of the factors that moved Rome to pick out Bishop McQuaid for the difficult Cincinnati post was the review of his stewardship in the administration of his diocese on the occasion of his first decennial visit *ad limina* in 1878. The most striking feature of his work in this period was his vigorous Catholic-school policy, the need of which he had come to understand early in life. Although Archbishop Hughes of New York and Bishop Bayley of Newark clearly recognized that the school was nearly as necessary to the child as the Church, the agitation of the Catholic-school question was gradually allowed to lapse. On his return from the Vatican

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Council, Bishop McQuaid not only created schools wherever possible, but he also re-opened the public discussion of Catholic rights in the education of Catholic children. The resuscitation of a seemingly dying issue was not acceptable to all even within the Catholic Church, as he later reminded Bishop Gilmour : " You may remember how pacific and non-offensive ecclesiastics spoke of me when I raked the ashes off the smouldering school question and flamed the embers into a blaze. My own Archbishop (McCloskey) was full of wise caution and Archbishop Bayley was afraid I was going too far." But this did not damp his ardour in the fight for Christian Free Schools. His public lectures, supplemented by communications to the press and to reviews, failed as the efforts of Archbishop Hughes had failed in the 'forties, to obtain an equitable share of the taxes contributed by Catholics as well as by others, but they served to quicken the conscience of his own people to more earnest co-operation to give the Catholic child its birthright—a good Catholic education. One of the great means to this end also gave practical proof that it was possible for the State to control secular education without interference with the religious rights of the parochial school. Bishop McQuaid later took the trouble to explain to Cardinal Ledochowski how this was done through the Regents of the University of the State of New York : " Unless I am mistaken, the State of New York is the only one of the United States which has such a board of Regents in charge of their educational system. They have under their care the colleges, academies, and schools of the State. They in no way interfere in the religious working of our Catholic institutions of learning ; only if these wish to put themselves under the University, they can do so, and, complying with certain conditions, can obtain a certificate, a diploma, or a degree in secular studies, the same as the non-Catholic institutions of learning in the State. In the year 1874, the parochial school of the Cathedral of Rochester was the first to take advantage of the Regents' Examination, and win for its

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pupils the State's certificate. Now, all over the State, Catholic schools and academies in secular studies equal and even surpass the non-Catholic institutions of the same grade. By voluntarily accepting this supervision of the State, which we can do without the sacrifice of any principle, there has been a marvellous improvement in teacher and pupils. There is no place for partiality or favouritism; the question and matter for examination are prepared at the governmental offices in Albany, where the Regents have their bureau of administration, and are sent to all schools and academies that apply for them, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. We receive no money or support from the State, but it is our ambition to show to our own people and to others that our schools are as good and better than the State schools even by their own tests."

With Catholic schools raised to this standard of excellence, Bishop McQuaid felt constrained to "refuse absolution to all parents who send their children to the public schools. Without approving of the High School, I do not refuse absolution to those who send there, as we have no school of corresponding grade." However, at times he was sorely vexed at the diversity of action on the part especially of priests and bishops throughout the country in this matter. Thus he complained to Archbishop Bayley (June 29th, 1874), that "it is not pleasant to be put in the power of the hosts of young fledglings coming over from Rome bursting with conceit, or to be snubbed by laymen." Archbishop Bayley had surprised him with an account of the practice in Rome, which led him to remark: "Rome is always sound in theory, but dreadfully loose in practice, once the difficulties of the theories come home to herself. If it be true that in Rome, where Catholic schools abound, Catholic parents can send their children to State schools such as they now have, I don't see how I can be justified in the course which I now follow." Nevertheless, he was consoled with the news "that the moral duties of priests and parents with regard to Christian education of children are to be defined

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with some precision, so that we may know exactly what course to follow." When the instruction on Public Schools, issued by the Congregation of the Holy Office for the Bishops of the United States (Nov. 24th, 1875), reached him, he was pleased to find his own Catholic school policy fully maintained. A movement had been brewing in certain circles to obtain from Rome a regulation of the canonical standing of priests, which to Bishop McQuaid seemed to be designed to make "presbyterianism" triumph over episcopalianism to the sacrifice of the spiritual welfare of Catholic congregations. After his arrival in Europe, Bishop McQuaid "met the Bishop of Salford going to Dublin, and had some interesting talks with him," which evidently made him resolve "to get all the information I can on my return, together with all the synods and their method of acting. They save themselves much trouble by appointing their priests as administrators of parishes, having only a few rectories and rectors. We must come to some such arrangement in America." Bishop Corrigan judged this information of sufficient importance to communicate bodily to the Archbishop of Baltimore (Nov. 26th, 1878). He also gave him the results of a rapid perusal of the data on a couple of English dioceses.

Meanwhile malcontents made such headway at Rome that Bishop McQuaid, on finishing his own business there, had to defend the American hierarchy "against the sweeping accusations made against us—especially that our 'arbitrary conduct makes Priests bewail their ordination—anxious to escape the country as from a prison, and makes parents refuse to permit their sons to study for the Priesthood.'" What was worse, Rome was duped into legislating in favour of the malcontents when the matter was narrowed down to the chief issue: "*Must* a Prelate consult the Commission before making *any* transfer of a pastor from Church to Church, against the will of the latter?" When Bishop McQuaid was shown the letter, ready to be mailed, his worst fears were excited lest the new legislation "inflict very great injury

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on the Church in this country.” He did not spare himself to avert the calamity, and fortunately he was able to intervene sufficiently before sickness disabled him from taking further part in the conflict, as he informed Bishop Corrigan from Paris (March 29th, 1879): “My strength is coming back gradually, and I have reason to hope that by the time I reach America I shall be myself again. I had a narrow escape. However, I was compensated for all my sufferings by the success of the great question before the Sacred Congregation. Until I got Cardinal Manning and the English bishops aroused, all seemed lost. Only two or three cardinals of a dozen appeared inclined to take my view of the subject. Bilio was dead against us, and he is a power in the Congregation. My whole cry was for delay until the American bishops could be heard from. On my knees I begged the Holy Father not to permit this question to be settled without consulting the bishops of the United States. He inquired about the matter when I took leave of him, and showed great satisfaction when told that all was according to our wish. I left Rome on March 11th. The day before the Congregation met, and appointed Cardinal Simeoni and two others to draw up the letter of explanation of the *Instructio*.” When the *Responsa ad dubia* reached him from Rome, he expressed himself satisfied in writing to Bishop Corrigan (Dec. 2nd, 1879): “The *Instructio* as explained is not the great thing that some disaffected priests looked for. Fixity of tenure and immunity from discipline were what they wanted. Bishops and people were to have no rights as against their claims.” Bishop McQuaid was quite sure, “the wisdom of the Holy See guiding us, we shall be able to establish in the country a Canon Law suited to its needs and circumstances. If it must be imputed to me as a sin that I spoke and wrote, when requested, on all subjects bearing on the welfare of the Church in these United States, with the freedom, fulness and plainness of speech becoming an American Bishop, then I acknowledge the sin.”

The Bishop confessed to his own priests that his efforts

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during his stay in Rome were directed to secure two rights for the young and growing Church of his country that concerned "the true interests of priests working on the American missions, their honour and standing." The first was "to place our older-established and well-settled missions on a footing of equality with the parishes of Canon Law in the European countries"; and for this he had suggested the establishment of missionary rectories. The second was "to secure as a right and not as a charity, ample provision for the maintenance of worthy priests, no longer able to toil in the ministry through age or sickness." He took his own clergy into his confidence in these matters, as his work at Rome had been misreported by others. He was "pleased to acknowledge the desire shown by the ecclesiastical authorities to obtain full and correct information on all subjects connected with the American Church. They listen readily and take note of all that is said. To say that they are often bewildered by strange and conflicting statements is to put the case very mildly." The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in session (Nov. 9th to Dec. 7th, 1884) manifested great reluctance in the creation of irremovable rectors, but the Bishop of Rochester gave testimony that he had advised the institution of such rectors in place of chapters, when he was last in Rome, and the approved Decrees made imperative the appointment of irremovable rectors within three years. In this matter the bishops seemed especially fearful of results as far as discipline was concerned.

A determined effort was made to escape the necessity of Episcopal Courts for the trial of clerics along the lines prescribed. Some held that the matter had been definitely settled by the Propaganda, but Bishop McQuaid, not without support from others, said that it was their right and duty to point out the difficulties under which the new method laboured, as the guilty would hardly meet with punishment. Finally, the Archbishops of St. Louis, of Boston, and of Petra, the Bishops of Richmond,

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Rochester, and Trenton, and the Vicar Apostolic of Dakota were appointed humbly to petition the Holy Father to have the old form of trials in clerical cases retained. Rome, however, insisted on the erection of the prescribed Episcopal Courts within three years after the promulgation of the Council, unless a further dispensation was obtained from the Propaganda.

Bishop McQuaid followed with keen interest the conflict between the English Hierarchy and the Regulars, which ended in the settlement of their relations by the Holy See in the Constitution *Romanos Pontifices*. In the negotiations for this he thought the English bishops gave an example worthy of imitation by their American brethren. He pointed out the fact to Bishop Corrigan (November 20th, 1879): "I see that Cardinal Manning and the Bishop of Clifton have returned to Rome. These English bishops give good lessons which we do not learn. They look after their interests in the right place and with due zeal and intelligence. Our faith is in Providence and somebody else. I will send you the case of the Bishops *v.* the Regulars. You can show it to the Cardinal (McCloskey) if you think it worth while. Keep the documents for me. They may be useful one of these days." The legislation of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore on Regulars was based primarily on this constitution. Bishops Dwenger and Moore were finally selected as envoys to present the acts and decrees of the Council to the authorities at Rome and to work for their approval, although there had been some talk of sending Bishops McQuaid and Gilmour. However, Bishop McQuaid wrote to the latter (December 27th, 1884): "I felt quite certain that after my action in the Ancient Order case I would be considered a dangerous man to send to Rome by their Graces of St. Louis, Philadelphia, and Chicago. I think that they and others are a little afraid of me. Perhaps it is just as well for me not to go. But if Archbishop Corrigan and yourself could go, some good would certainly come out of your representations. If we cannot have a strong representation

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in members of our own body, it would be better to have no one there. It will not answer for anyone to go unless officially. He would be snubbed and sent home. But we can write. I propose to write at length to Cardinal Simeoni after the departure of our envoys." Under considerable pressure Bishop Gilmour was finally also duly accredited, and providentially so. Bishop Dwenger proved hopelessly unfit for the work; Bishop Moore lacked initiative, but ably seconded the efforts of Bishop Gilmour, who saved an important section of the Council's legislation by a direct appeal to the Holy Father.

Irish agitation in America in some of its phases seemed to Bishop McQuaid the entering wedge of secret societies into the body Catholic of the United States. Thus he suspected that the mission of Parnell and Dillon to America was not as innocent as it appeared, and he made known his suspicions to Bishop Corrigan (February 3rd, 1880): "It will surprise me to learn that Parnell is not working designedly in the interest of the worst section of the *Fenian* party. I am convinced that he is in direct co-operation with Stephens, the head centre of Fenianism with headquarters in Paris, and its chief centre in America in *The Irish World* office. This Society is in full swing in Ireland, but only the leaders are oath-bound and within the inner circle. This Stephens keeps in the dark, but works perseveringly like Mazzini and all of that stripe. As they know that secret societies oath-bound will not take with our people, they restrict membership to those who have no fear of God, and keep the good people in the dark as to their methods and plans. I have written to bishops in Ireland to find out, if possible, the standing of Parnell and the meaning of the National Land League. I believe that it is manipulated by the Fenian leaders." When Bishop McQuaid received word from Ireland, he found himself confirmed in his opposition to Parnell and Dillon. Archbishop McHale wrote: "I must confess that I do not much admire the gentlemen you speak of. Their principles are, to say the least of

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them, exceedingly dangerous. I think your Lordship's appreciation of them is quite correct." On the receipt of this letter, Bishop McQuaid remarked to Bishop Corrigan (March 22nd, 1880): "Before long we shall see the bishops of Ireland in open antagonism to the Land League because it is only a machine in the hands of the condemned Fenian Society. The policy of caution and a wise holding aloof is the right one for us." Yet, not to allow anyone to place him in an anti-Irish position, he was careful to protest that he yielded to no one in his love "for government of the people by the people, in consonance with that higher law that comes to us by nature and by revelation. It is the form of government towards which the Irish people are surely approximating by methods that cannot be disapproved of, and from which they can be held back only by the rashness and madness of injudicious friends. Persistent agitation on the part of the whole people, avoiding bloodshed and secret societies, upheld by the generous co-operation of American citizens, of whom nothing is asked inconsistent with the loyalty and fealty they owe their own government, will effect radical changes by which the administration of local Irish affairs and interests will be placed where it belongs, in the hands of the people."

Under the circumstances, Bishop McQuaid judged most inopportune the mission with which rumour credited Cardinal Howard's coming to America as papal agent. "Personally, Cardinal Howard would be more acceptable to me than any other member of the Sacred College," Bishop McQuaid declared on hearing the news from Bishop Gilmour. "He is a gentleman, and would do no eaves-dropping work, nor would he have a kitchen cabinet. Yet his appointment to the United States would be unfortunate, as it would stir up the ire of our Celtic friends to a degree Rome has no conception of." When the news proved false, Bishop McQuaid was "inclined to believe that Persico will be here again as delegate. He would do well until he fled from the field of battle with a broken heart. He has a very large and

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open ear, and loves gossip. It will be very perilous to send us an Italian now, as our Celtic friends are disposed to cry down an Italian Church and rule. The political phase of our trouble will have to be met in the course of the next year." Bishop McQuaid thought he was the right solution to the problem, but "any interference on our part would be regarded as meddlesome impertinence. This condition of affairs will continue until metropolitans hold stated meetings, as in England and Ireland, for private consultation as a means to uniformity of action. At present the rule seems to be, every man for himself and the devil catch the hindmost. So we have diversity of action, conflicting opinions, weak and uncertain legislation, and discipline consequently going to the dogs by default. Rome would not send an agent here if metropolitans protested against it."

Local developments in the summer of 1883 emphasized the need of decisive action. The history of the affair is this, according to a statement by Bishop McQuaid: "At the time O'Donnell assassinated Carey, the informer against the assassins of Burke and Cavendish in Phoenix Park, Dublin, a Catholic newspaper, published in Buffalo by a Catholic priest, contained an article apparently applauding and condoning the crime of O'Donnell. This was the sense put upon the article by all who read it. So much so, that a Protestant secular newspaper published in Rochester quoted the article in part and remarked that this was a strange doctrine to be enunciated by an organ of the Catholic Church. Much excitement was created by these utterances. I then addressed a communication to this newspaper over the signature of 'A Catholic,' repudiating these sentiments and denying that this Catholic newspaper was an organ of the Catholic Church, but rather that it was the organ of its editor and of his readers who encouraged him." Unfortunately, one of his own priests, Father Lambert, used his talent of controversy in the defence of the newspaper, ending with a letter that was refused publication on the ground of its vileness and of the high position of "A Catholic" whom

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it vituperated. The language used would have been impossible if Bishop McQuaid had signed his articles with his own name. However, by the time the letter was written, Bishop McQuaid had good reason to suspect that Father Lambert knew the identity of "A Catholic." Besides Bishop McQuaid had cause enough to write anonymously. He had to criticize a newspaper of the Buffalo Diocese generally approved by Bishop Ryan, whose relations with Bishop McQuaid had already become strained. Thus the Irish issue was ever a factor of discord also in America.

Bishop McQuaid's main difficulty, Father Lambert, was a man who had put not only Catholics, but also all positively believing Protestants, deeply in debt to himself by his famous *Notes on Ingersoll*. Other writings and editorial labours had given Father Lambert a prominent literary standing before the American public. In Rochester, however, since Bishop McQuaid's return from Rome in 1879, Father Lambert had become an active factor in fostering trouble for the head of the diocese, sometimes openly, but more often secretly. His conduct finally moved Bishop McQuaid to confine his faculties to the narrow limits of his own parish and to interdict his presence at any other forty hours' devotion than his own. Propaganda, to which Father Lambert appealed after failing to obtain a decision in his favour from the Archbishop of New York, upheld the action of Bishop McQuaid, who informed Bishop Gilmour (December 17th, 1884), that Rome substantially decided: "The Bishop is not obliged to grant faculties to a priest for the whole diocese; and can consequently limit them to a particular mission." Father Lambert did not address any other complaint to Rome till March 20th, 1888. The Prefect of Propaganda, Cardinal Simeoni, naturally communicated then with Bishop McQuaid, who put down his own demands in the case (May 16th, 1888):

1. Rev. Mr. Lambert must apologize to the Vicar-General of the diocese and to the former Rector of the Cathedral for the insults offered them in his newspaper. 2. He must acknowledge

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before the priests of the diocese that he did not know that I was the writer of the articles signed "A Catholic," and consequently that he did not intend to designate me as a *Tartuffe, an immoral hypocrite*. 3. A transfer to another mission is demanded in behalf of the temporal and spiritual interests of his present charge. 4. A check upon his disposition to form parties and create factions in the diocese is necessary. 5. In view of the fact that Rev. Mr. Lambert was never properly released from Alton, the diocese of his ordination, it would be better for him to go back to it, or, if this arrangement cannot be made, let him go to some other diocese for whose Bishop he may be able to have more respect than he has for the Bishop of Rochester.

When Father Lambert was dismissed from the diocese of Rochester, he took his case personally to Rome at the same time that Bishop McQuaid went there for his second decennial visit *ad limina*. Propaganda had to admit a legal mistake in applying to Father Lambert's case a law which had been passed years after his ordination. This was fine news for Lambert's friends, who used it to the utmost in their campaign to arouse opposition to Bishop McQuaid. The latter bitterly noted the condition of affairs in his letter from Rome to Bishop Gilmour (April 10th, 1889): "Here I am like a culprit snarled at by all the cheap Catholic newspapers of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific." Nevertheless, the Bishop had a strong case against the priest who failed to obtain the coveted order from Rome for his reinstatement in his old parish of Waterloo, and was besides obliged to make an act of submission in the following terms: "Hereby I retract fully and without any reserve whatever I have written directly or indirectly against the said Right Reverend Bishop, and hereby I desire to repair the scandal of the said writings in this my act of retractation." Despite all this, Father Lambert still showed fight on his return to the Rochester Diocese, so that Bishop McQuaid wrote to Bishop Gilmour (November 5th, 1889): "Mr. Lambert declines to accept either of the missions I offer him as beneath his dignity, being inferior to Waterloo. Yet each has a larger pew rental

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than Waterloo. So for all his insults, calumnies, and outrages, he is to be rewarded. I will not budge from the position I have taken. It is probable then that they will send him back to Waterloo, which act on their part will be equivalent to my removal from the episcopate. I am determined not to accommodate them by handing in my resignation. Propaganda has written to Archbishop Corrigan, but not to me. Yet Lambert and his friends are filling the air with rumours of all kinds. Burtzell came to Waterloo to plot with Protestants and a few bad Catholics Lambert's return. I have grown indifferent as to the result. If other bishops think that Lambert's success will strengthen their hands and maintain discipline, let them look to it. . . . I do not care to meet American bishops. You know the kind of left-handed sympathy I got from them when I dared denounce that infamous Chicago Convention, whose rotten fruits now strew the ground. Some things sicken my soul."

Things were not really as black as they looked at this time. Bishop Gilmour advised him to "attend all meetings of your Episcopal brethren when business and discretion direct such attendance. To stay away is to admit defeat. Let them return Lambert to Waterloo, but in face of your protest; and force them to remove your appointee. Then in time deal with Waterloo as you would with any other place in your diocese. Die before you resign. In the above you have my position. As for our confreres—well, 'every one for himself' is the motto. They whine when evil comes. When you and I spoke of the Clan-na-gael, it was popular to run with the mob. Now the mob has run them into the ground. So it goes." Matters did not get to the extremity feared by Bishop McQuaid, who hastened to write Bishop Gilmour on receipt of word from Rome (January 22nd, 1890): "Yesterday I received Propaganda's last final decision. It confirms that of last July, decides that Lambert shall not go back to Waterloo; that his act of submission shall be published, and that he shall accept one of the two missions I offered him." Bishop McQuaid

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preferred "not to give newspaper publicity to this last letter *in re* Lambert, wishing to see how the others will act after so many loud announcements of Lambert's return to Waterloo, and the defeat of the fighting Bishop."

No decisive action had been taken as yet in regard to the Irish secret society issue, although Archbishop Corrigan, with the help of Bishops McQuaid and Gilmour, had tried to draw a clear line of cleavage between the good and bad sections of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Nevertheless, the issue still remained buried in the Committee of Archbishops as far as the country at large was concerned, as the Baltimore Council had been engineered to entrust to them as a body all action on secret societies on the pretext of obtaining uniformity of discipline throughout the United States. Thus Bishop McQuaid came to consider the archbishops as a source of great danger to the Catholic Church of the United States because of usurped authority "in their private *conciliabula*," as he termed their meetings. More than once did he denounce their conduct in his correspondence; and finally he tried to force the issue through the press by seizing an opportunity presented in an interview with Mr. Lahiffe of the New York *World*, of which he wrote (June 24th, 1892): "I talked pretty freely to him, as you will read in the *World* of Saturday. Some evils are growing which no one seems to have the will to check. Among them are these: The assumption of the archbishops to legislate without equality of voice and vote on the part of the bishops. The neglect of the archbishops to act in the matter of secret societies upon full and adequate study. They are not miraculously gifted with inspiration. Their attempts to ignore the Baltimore Council on Secret and *forbidden* Societies. The utterance of extremely liberal and dangerous doctrines by members of the episcopate for the sake of public and popular applause."

Bishop McQuaid's hopes for a settlement of the question were again doomed to disappointment. This led him to remark (December 13th, 1892): "If the

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archbishops of to-day are going to unsettle the legislation of their predecessors, as seems to be the case, I don't know what an old fogey like me will have to do except to die." He did not feel like putting his conscience in their keeping "when I know beyond a doubt that a certain society is more than dangerous to faith and morals. . . . A society may be harmless in St. Paul, according to their theories, and very dangerous in Rochester." The archbishops' failure to settle the pressing question the following year made Bishop McQuaid fear the worst: "Unless the Lord comes to the help of the Church in America I do not know what is to be its future. We shall fall lower than the Italian laity, judging by the specimens coming to this country." For the same reason he resented the sending of the report of the archbishops' meeting in 1894, plainly declaring (November 7th, 1894): "We are not interested in the doings of the archbishops at their annual meetings outside the question of secret societies. As the question did not come up, the sending of a report to us was labour lost. It is about time for us bishops to begin to hold annual meetings and have a banquet." While the American archbishops refused to act in the question of secret societies, the Holy See itself finally intervened to the great satisfaction of Bishop McQuaid, to which he gave expression in his letter to Archbishop Corrigan (December 12th, 1894): "I am much pleased with the decision of the Holy See in relation to the condemnation of the secret societies, viz., Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and Sons of Temperance. There will be no difficulty in the diocese of Rochester about the enforcement of this decision. The decrees of the Baltimore Council covered these cases very clearly, and it was held almost universally by our people that the Church did not approve of them until after the meeting of the archbishops in Boston, when Archbishop Ireland gave out that these societies were no longer under the ban of the Church. Whereupon many Catholics, in the Western dioceses chiefly, joined them. As I did not consider that Archbishop Ireland

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had powers to nullify the Baltimore Council and the rule maintained by the American bishops for so many years, I paid no attention to his *ipse dixit*, and observed the old discipline, to which the Holy See now imparts its sanction."

However, when he had strong convictions at variance with Roman plans of action, he did not hesitate to make them known with all possible emphasis till the matter was authoritatively settled. A case in question was the establishment of an Apostolic Delegation at Washington. The question became vital again after the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, over which the Archbishop of Baltimore presided as Apostolic Delegate. Bishop Dwenger was then mentioned as a candidate. Bishop McQuaid "did not at first intend to do aught. I was simply disgusted with the whole affair. . . . However, for the honour of the Holy See I did write a letter to Rome which may serve to open people's eyes with regard to the fitness of the candidate." When Bishop Dwenger's candidacy was set aside, the names of the Ordinaries of Rochester, Boston, and New York were mentioned for the position by Bishop Gilmour, to whom Bishop McQuaid replied: "There is less chance of my appointment [than Dwenger's] so I do not worry. I am too pleasantly situated where I am to covet any other position or more responsibility. Still, I thank you for your good opinion of my humble self. Boston or New York would be the right man." However, news from Rome made the appointment of an American unlikely, and Bishop McQuaid was led to conclude that a branch of Propaganda would be established in the United States with an Italian at its head. "They want to see with their own eyes; so they say." This was written early in 1887, but nothing was done till the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, which Leo XIII made the occasion for establishing a closer union between the American Church and the centre of Apostolic Truth. January 21st, 1893, he sent word to the American Hierarchy of the appointment of Archbishop Satolli as Apostolic Delegate in the United States. The Holy

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Father expected the bishops of the country to receive with pleasure what he provided for the greater utility of the Church. There was need of a lot of optimism in view of the crisis Archbishop Satolli had precipitated the previous autumn in the Catholic school question. When Bishop McCloskey of Louisville read the text of his communication to the archbishops of the United States, he honestly confessed to Archbishop Corrigan (December 8th, 1892): "I fear that, if authoritative, it is the death blow to a certain extent of our Catholic schools." Bishop McQuaid expressed the same conviction in writing to the same prelate (December 13th, 1892): "We are all in a nice pickle. Just as our arduous work of the last forty years was beginning to bear ample fruit, they arbitrarily upset the whole. If an enemy had done this! Yesterday an English translation of Mgr. Satolli's address to the archbishops came to hand. Apparently it was sent from Philadelphia—from a priest who has differed with me on the school question. It is only a question of time when, present Roman legislation having wrought incalculable mischief, we, school-children of the Hierarchy, will again receive a lesson in our Catechism from another Italian sent out to enlighten us. The lessons of Satolli's pamphlet (private and confidential) do not apply to the diocese of Rochester where the parochial schools are not only equal, but much superior, to the public schools."

Then Professor Bouquillon, of the Catholic University, under these circumstances, published a pamphlet with the title: *Education, to whom does it belong?* According to his Preface he wrote it "at the request of ecclesiastical superiors. They deemed that a clear exposition of the principles underlying the school question would be both useful and opportune at this hour, when the practical difficulties in which it is involved have become national concerns." If there was any doubt who these superiors were, Bishop Chatard was at least "informed in two interviews—one in St. Louis with the Rt. Reverend Rector of the Catholic University [Keane], and the other in New York with the Most Reverend Archbishop of

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St. Paul—that the views of Professor Bouquillon are in agreement with their own.” These views are briefly summarized in the concluding paragraph of the pamphlet where education is said to belong “to the individual, physical or moral, to the family, to the State, to the Church; to none of these solely and exclusively, but to all four combined in harmonious working, for the reason that man is not an isolated but a social being.” At once the main issue of the controversy came to be State control of education, which was advocated in such a way by Professor Bouquillon’s pamphlet that it was repeatedly cited in a case before the Courts of Ohio against a Catholic parish priest, who wished to protect his school, entirely supported by private means, against the arbitrary and unwarranted interference of State officers. When the archbishops met in New York (November 17th, 1892), Mgr. Satolli was also in attendance, as he had been sent to the States not only to represent the Holy Father at the Chicago World’s Fair and to take steps for the establishment of a permanent Apostolic Delegation at Washington, but especially to make every effort to eradicate all germs of disagreement from the controversies on the right training of Catholic youth. Having drawn up fourteen propositions for this purpose, Archbishop Satolli presented them to the consideration of the American archbishops in their meeting, where “the difficulties were answered and the requisite alterations made.”

Although this last statement is printed at the foot of the text of the Fourteen Propositions, and was later reiterated by Leo XIII, on the strength of the Minutes of the meeting, in his letter to the American Hierarchy (May 31st, 1893), Bishop McQuaid wrote early in the same year: “Should the other fact become public that N.N. represented to the delegate that his propositions would be signed by the archbishops when it was well known that their signatures would not be given, there would be evidence, if not of conspiracy, then of clear deception.” Then, again, while the Holy Father complained in the same letter of the inopportune publication

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of the Propositions as the occasion that renewed a hot controversy, Bishop McQuaid asserted that "there could be no excuse for holding back the result of the archbishops' meeting on the two important points of schools and the permanent delegate." Leo XIII freely admitted that bishops of the United States made known to him their anxiety either because of the interpretation placed on some of these Propositions or because of the consequences that might arise therefrom to the loss of souls. He therefore asked each bishop of the country to make known most freely his judgment of the matter in a private letter addressed to himself. Some wrote that they found no cause for fear in the Propositions, but others denounced them as a partial abrogation of the school-law promulgated by the Baltimore Councils, and consequently feared the rise of regrettable disagreements through various interpretations of the Propositions to the detriment of the Catholic schools. Bishop McQuaid belonged to the second group, and eagerly seized the chance to give a "full and clear" criticism of the Propositions: "If all do the same, the Holy Father will know something about the question. Prayers must be telling. All will come right yet. They will not be in good humour in Rome when they learn how they have been deceived." Leo XIII thereupon asked the Hierarchy of the United States to interpret the Apostolic Delegates' Fourteen Propositions in agreement with the said school-law of the Church and faithfully to observe it, not forgetting, however, the fact that there were cases according to the same law when it may be permissible to attend the public school.

While controversies ceased on this score, another conflict was opened with Bishop McQuaid's candidacy for nomination as Regent of the University of the State of New York. A vacancy had been caused in the Board of Regents by the death of Bishop McNeirney of Albany, and nearly all the Catholic prelates of the State chose Bishop McQuaid for the place. Nevertheless the post was given to a Brooklyn priest, the Reverend Sylvester

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Malone. Bishop McQuaid had considerable knowledge of the persons responsible for this, and referred to their doings in writing to Archbishop Corrigan (March 31st, 1894): "It is all-important to find out all about the outside clerical meddlers in the affairs of this State. Archbishop Ireland is one, but there are others. I shall not be surprised to learn that among them are some of the University professors. . . . While we were thinking only of the leaders among the Republicans, the others were busy getting pledges for Malone and Lambert among the county members. The latter was playing into the hands of the former—anything to beat McQuaid. The defeat did not disappoint me, I expected it. I was sorry for your sake, and much more sorry for the honour of the Church. Bishop Ryan may say what he pleases. He never does anything directly. It is always through others. The Bishop knew what was going on, and permitted, just as he permitted and permits the attacks on me. He always plays the innocent." The crisis came with the election itself in the fall of the year. Archbishop Ireland's policy became so marked in New York city that its Metropolitan could not refrain from addressing privately a protest to another dignitary of the Church (November 15th, 1894): "Our Catholic population is indignant at the procedure of the Archbishop of St. Paul, who, they say, was imported by the Republican party to aid them during the recent elections. Even Bishop Potter (Protestant) inquired of me recently if it were not quite contrary to ecclesiastical decorum for a bishop to deliver a *pronunciamento* to those who were not his subjects, while he himself was in the diocese of a brother bishop? If such a state of things continues, what is to become of diocesan jurisdiction? Fancy my going to St. Paul, staying there three weeks at the Ryan House, staying three weeks without calling on the Archbishop, then parading myself at political meetings, and giving Archbishop Ireland's subjects pointed advice on the way they ought to vote." Archbishop Ireland seemed to be especially unfortunate in the time he chose

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for intervening in New York State politics. In 1894 more than the ordinary election took place. There was also a vote taken on the Constitution of the State that a Constitutional Convention had just revised. Article IX, section 4, forbade the giving of public money to Church schools of every kind. This was written into the State Constitution in a convention where a Republican majority was the controlling factor. It was strongly opposed by the bishops of the State, who "judged it wiser not to take public action . . . but when questioned privately," did not hesitate to make known their opposition. They trusted "to the intelligence and honesty of the people to defeat this iniquitous measure." It was under these circumstances that Archbishop Ireland personally intervened in favour of the Republican party in the State of New York. The Republicans were victorious at the polls, where the revised Constitution was also voted to be the law of the State for at least twenty years or longer, if at the expiration of that period another constitutional convention did not change it. When Bishop McQuaid wrote his comment on the Republican victory over the Democratic party to Archbishop Corrigan (November 7th, 1894), he remarked: "The course of Ireland and Malone helped some, but the party was past saving. The Republicans themselves had no idea how great their victory was to be." However, this did not prevent Bishop McQuaid from making the most of the circumstances in his denunciation of Archbishop Ireland's intervention in New York State politics to Rome, when he was forced to defend himself for his public attack on the Archbishop of St. Paul. Bishop McQuaid felt that something ought to be done, but what "is the puzzle. Archbishop Ireland has no sense of the propriety of things. Unfortunately he has with him the delegate . . . and hosts of others, including many of the Catholic newspapers. The bishops of the Province might take action, but we cannot depend on Buffalo." Under the circumstances, Bishop McQuaid finally decided to take the law into his own hands, and publicly depicted the

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conduct of Archbishop Ireland in a carefully prepared address delivered in his own Cathedral (November 25th, 1894), concluding : " I also wish it to be understood that this meddling in the political affairs of another State by Archbishop Ireland is altogether exceptional, as he is the only bishop who thus interfered with others, that this scandal deserved rebuke as public as the offence committed. I sincerely hope that the Church will be spared its repetition." The charge hit the mark, and Bishop McQuaid informed his Metropolitan of the fact : " It seems that Ireland and Keane were at Atlantic City the Sunday my sermon was delivered. They were hopping mad, and took no pains to conceal their anger." Mgr. Satolli's ire was also roused. He sent the sermon to the Pope, and an admonition to Bishop McQuaid " on the wrong of attacking in this public manner an archbishop." However, Bishop McQuaid remarked : " He does not seem distressed by the notorious and scandalous behaviour of so exalted a personage as an archbishop." The delegate's letter received no reply, as Bishop McQuaid preferred to wait until he heard from Rome : " I may get an opportunity of telling them some other things, if much provoked." The expected word came from Rome in due time. Cardinal Rampolla informed Bishop McQuaid how painful and regretful the occurrence seemed to the Holy Father, and Propaganda expressed to Archbishop Corrigan the Pope's surprise and fear " lest discord and division prevail in the episcopal body." The Archbishop of New York was commissioned " to obtain some kind of reparation that may prevent friction between [Rochester] and St. Paul." He was therefore to invite Bishop McQuaid to a conference in New York city, and report the result to Rome. Bishop McQuaid then expressed to Cardinal Rampolla his sorrow at having caused the Holy Father any pain, but he saw no other way out of a difficulty that was entirely of Archbishop Ireland's creating. He promised the Cardinal Secretary of State that he would detail the motives of his attack on Archbishop Ireland in his letter to the Prefect of

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Propaganda, Cardinal Ledochowski, who could then explain the whole matter to the Holy Father. Early in February, 1895, the document was finished in nineteen pages quarto. Bishop McQuaid himself confessed in its regard: "I have spoken very freely, and I think, it will set them a-thinking. There is more said than is written down. It may lead to further inquiry. I refer them to Bishop McDonnell and Archbishop Katzer for additional information on certain points. Whatever they may say of me and my sermon, I think that St. Paul will get a good lecture and a warning to mind his own business." Bishop McQuaid's attack on Archbishop Ireland was, of course, a document highly prized by Dr. Maignen in his indictment of the *Americanism*.

The autumn of 1896 brought changes in America that seemed significant to watchful eyes. Mgr. Keane of the Catholic University of Washington, was informed by Leo XIII (September 15th, 1896), that his "administration of this University now comes to an end, and that another Rector is to be appointed." He was given the choice either to remain in America or to come to Rome. His Holiness promised him a Metropolitan See if the American bishops elected him, or a position among the Consultors of the Congregation of Studies and the Congregation of Propaganda if he preferred to come to Rome. Bishop Keane (September 29th, 1896), wrote to Leo XIII that he chose to remain in America, "without any official position whatsoever, in tranquillity and peace." Despite this decision, Bishop Keane later went to Rome, and this made Bishop McQuaid watch for the news from Rome in the London *Tablet*, to which its Roman correspondent communicated a letter that made him remark: "They are beginning to puzzle over Keane's coming to Rome, and what they are going to do with him, and what he is going to do." If Bishop Keane was really tainted with liberalism, he had some years given him to work out his conversion before his elevation to archiepiscopal rank and final appointment to the Metropolitan See of Dubuque. Archbishop Ireland's conversion came

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earlier according to Bishop McQuaid's statement to his own Metropolitan (September 19th, 1896), that it was "just in time. I hope it will be permanent. He can never repair the harm he has been guilty of." Bishop McQuaid could not help but reflect on the "collapses on every side. . . . They were cock of the walk for a while, and dictated to the country and thought to run our diocese for us." A long cablegram from Rome in the *New York Journal* (November 12th, 1896), concerted with Bishop McQuaid's judgment: "It explains much. They are determined to break up liberalism in the University as its centre, and thus in the United States." Bishop McQuaid was under the impression that "the forbearance of Rome deceived the poor fellows. But at their age they ought to have known better. They are not talking now of knocking your mitre or mine off our heads. They had things their own way for a long while." The use made of the *Life of Thomas Hecker*, the founder of the Paulists, in these controversies caused some suspicion to fall on his Congregation. Bishop McQuaid could not see that the matter was any concern of the bishops outside of New York city, and he informed Archbishop Corrigan to that effect: "We have nothing to do about the Paulists. They are your diocesans, and if they are teaching heresies it is your business to reprove them. If they are not, there is nothing to be done. They should not be made scapegoats." Fortunately the clouds lifted in due time, and the Paulists have continued the work which Leo XIII had so highly recommended, though a little later he took occasion in his Apostolic Letter to distinguish true Americanism from false Americanism in religion. When Bishop McQuaid received the Brief from Rome transferring four counties from the Diocese of Buffalo to the Diocese of Rochester, he could not help remarking: "Evidently over there in Rome they can't bear me much ill-will for the lecture I gave Ireland, or they would not enlarge the Diocese of Rochester in my lifetime."

FREDERICK ZWIERLEIN.

THROUGH CONVENT WINDOWS

HEART OF GRACE

THE characteristics of a nation are expressed in its art, its humour, and its type of sanctity. Sanctity, however, because it is the truest fulfilment of humanity, includes humour and poetry and stands as the exponent of the time-spirit of a people. The women saints have been especially representative, partly on account of their less conventional education, and partly because the feminine nature, being more complex, has more capacity for many-sided self-revelation.

Canonized sanctity among Englishwomen seems a thing of the far past. St. Margaret of Scotland was, indeed, an Atheling and a Saxon; but her holiness was achieved in her adopted country, and her name stands almost alone from the early popular canonizations of the age of St. Hilda, St. Walburga, and the great group of abbesses, queens, and missionaries to the days of Tudor persecution when Margaret Clitheroe gained her palm. The distance from Rome may have had something to do with it; but the fact remains that, with few exceptions, even the men saints were not monks and hermits, but kings and ecclesiastics, conspicuous in political life and known beyond seas by their connection with affairs of state.* Literature, however, has saved for posterity what history might have lost, and, in the centuries from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation, the spiritual thought and inspiration of England finds expression in the prose and verse of its hidden saints.

Among these unknown ones Mother Juliana, of Norwich, is little more than a name as far as her personal record goes. The Benedictine, Serenus de Cressy, who

* St. Stephen Harding and St. Ælred are notable exceptions; yet the former, though an Englishman, was distinguished upon French soil, where, as one of the co-founders of the Cistercians, he became the novice-master of Bernard of Clairvaux.

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published the revelations in 1670, writes in his Preface : "After all the search I could make, I could not discover anything touching her, more than what she occasionally sprinkles in the book itself." The title tells us all we are ever likely to know of this tender woman whose beautiful nature rises to meet the reader up out of the pages of her book. The title reads : *XVI Revelations of Divine Love, shewed to a Devout Servant of Our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an Anchorite of NORWICH : who lived in the Dayes of King Edward the Third. Published by R. F. S. Cressy. Accedite ad Deum et Illuminamini. Printed in the Year MDCLXX.* This monk had been originally Hugh Cressy, a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. He took Anglican orders and became chaplain to Wentworth, Lord Strafford. Later he was named Canon of Windsor (1642). He became a Catholic in 1646 and joined the Benedictines at Douai. After a few years of conventual life he was sent to England, served for a time as chaplain to the Portuguese Queen of Charles II, and finally retired to East Grinstead where, as chaplain to Richard Caryl, he died in 1674. Besides the *Revelations*, he published, or republished, *The Divine Cloud of Unknowing*, Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, and Father Baker's *Sancta Sophia*, which he "methodically digested," as the title remarks, from the separate manuscripts of the Benedictine mystic. So that Mother Juliana's discoverer was an interesting man in himself, with a genius for bringing to light beautiful hidden things. He presented the first printed edition of the *Revelations* to Lady Mary Blount, of Sodington, "as a small present to which, notwithstanding, I can challenge no interest or right, but only the care of publishing it. The author of it is a person of your own sex who lived about three hundred years since, intended it for you and for such readers as yourself, who will not be induced to the perusing of it by curiosity or the desire to know strange things, which afterwards they will, at best, vainly admire, or perhaps out of incredulity, contemn. But your Ladyship will, I assure myself, afford her a place in your closet, where, at your devout retire-

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ments, you will enjoy her saint-like conversation, attending to her, while with humility and joy she recounts to you the wonders of Our Lord's love to her, and of His grace in her." It is a temptation to digress further in the direction of the monk, and the lady to whom he offered his treasure, for nothing is more interesting than the study of a human soul in its relation to God, and the side issues of a holy life add to its value and charm.

In the library of the Holy Child Convent, St. Leonards-on-Sea, is a copy of the now rare 1843 edition of the *Revelations*, belonging originally to Father J. Jones, the owner of the estate before it passed into the hands of the nuns. The Preface, by the Anglican G. H. Parker, is pencilled with corrective comments of the old-fashioned Catholic priest who had no idea of sharing the holy "anchorete" with heretics. Here and there throughout the book one finds a hand in the margin pointing to some sentence which has cheered and enlightened a reader who was not the most facile of characters and had his own troubles. In that lovely fortieth chapter, where the Divine Lover comforts the soul repentant of its sin, the marginal hand points severely to the remarks of Mother Juliana on the subject of repeating the sin because coveting the joy of being again forgiven!

Our courteous Lord sheweth Himself to the (sorrowing) soul merrily and full of glad cheare, with friendly welcoming as if it had been in pain and in prison, saying thus: "My dear darling, I am glad thou art come to me in all thy woe; I have ever been with thee, and now see'st thou me loving, and we be oned in bliss." . . . But now because of all this ghostly comfort, if any man or woman be stirred by folly to say or to think, "If this be true, then were it good to sin," (here the hand points) "beware of this stirring, for truly if it comes it is untrue and of the enemy; for the same true love that teacheth us all by his blessed comfort, the same blessed love teacheth us that we shall hate sin only for love."

How all this is unconsciously repeated by Coventry Patmore's nun daughter in her letter about *Remembered Grace*: "Anyone who would offend God on such a

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consideration could never have really known and loved Him." This letter was written in the same house where, on the library-shelf, reposes Dame Juliana's book with the warning hand drawn by the old priest. What a little thing is time after all, and how very much we are alike through the centuries, with only the sad difference, as in northern countries, of something real and living having been suffered to go from us and something shadowy and unsubstantial put in its place; the tabernacles of England's lovely cathedrals and village churches despoiled of their treasures and the Book of Common Prayer put upon their benches instead; Our Lady and the Holy Child gone from Westminster Abbey and statesmen and poets enshrined; incarnate Love chased out by law and incarnate respectability brought in. The atmosphere generated by centuries of conventionality has permeated even Catholic souls, and the chill of the Reformation is still upon us. Yet the inherent religiousness of Englishmen has preserved a formal worship even if they were robbed in great measure of the realization which makes the joy of love. The singers of the Seventeenth Century beat upon the bars of their caged souls for their lost air and sunshine, then drooped and died in the stodgy atmosphere of the approaching Eighteenth Century. But the next age broke out into wistful longing and fierce desire, and now it sometimes looks as if the simple mysticism of the holy "anchorete" may, little by little, be recovered after all. That much over-used and ill-used word, mysticism, expresses no secret doctrine, no esoteric possession. It means that the soul is in love with Love, and Love is the great simplicity as well as the great mystery, since who can define or even describe it? "None but Thyself can alter Thee." It is the bliss of the baby in its mother's arms. It is something that is expressed by the poet:

Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all my soul lies open unto Thee.

Out of this unthinking happiness come the great activities of Love.

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The chief devotion of pre-Reformation England, the natural outcome of her tender attitude towards the Sacred Humanity, was the Passion. Mother Juliana asked for a better knowledge of this merciful showing of Love, and out of the answer to her prayer came the *XVI Revelations*: "I received a mightie desire to receive three wounds in my life, that is to say, the wound of verie contrition, the wound of kind compassion, and the wound of willful longing to God." Divine Love stands in the place of every human relation. The heart of man cries instinctively to God, "Abba, Father." St. Teresa emphasizes the Divine kingliness. "*Su Maesta*" is her word of reference—it falls in with the dignity of the Spanish character. St. Catherine of Siena turns to the Divine Loverhood: "O Christ Love, Christ Love, come into my heart!" To Mother Juliana belongs the privilege of bringing to light the Motherhood of God:

As verilie as God is our Father, as verilie is God our Mother: and that shewed he in all and namely in these words which he saith: "I it am"; that is to say, "I it am, the might and goodness of the Father-head; I it am the wisdom and the kindness of the Mother-head; . . . I it am, the high sovereign goodness of all manner of thing; I it am that maketh thee to long; I it am, the endless fulfilling of all true desires." The mother may lay her child tenderly to her breast; but our tender Mother Jesu he may homely lead us into his blessed breast by his sweet open side, and shew us there in party of the Godhead, and the joyes of heaven . . . He may feed us with himself, and doth full courteously and full tenderly with the Blessed Sacrament; that is precious food of verie life . . . This fair lovely word, Mother, it is so sweet and so kind in itself, that it may not verily be said of none, ne to none but of him, and to him, that is the very Mother of life and of all . . . The kind loving mother that wotteth and knoweth the need of her child, she keepeth it full tenderly, as the kind and condition of mother-head will; and ever as it waxeth in age and in stature, she changeth the works, but not her love: and when it is waxed of more age, she suffereth that it be chastened; in breaking down of vices, to make the child receive vertues and grace . . . And he will that we know it, for he will have all our love fastned to him . . . And this was

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shewed in all : and namely in the high plentuous words, where he saith : " I it am that thou lovest."

It remained for a hidden English mystic of our own time to claim the reverse relationship and cry from a soul aflame with the same love that enkindled the recluse of the Fourteenth Century :

Draw me and I will come : Thou wilt forgive
If erring, choice of Thee, despised and small ;
Sweet Holy Child, let me no longer live,
But Thou in me, my God, my CHILD, my All!

—*Emily Honoria Patmore.*

The artist sister of Thérèse of Lisieux has embodied these lines in that exquisite picture of " La Vierge Mère," full of the boldness of the old masters, and with something of that mediæval power and simplicity which puts life into the canvas. The Mother might be the " Pauline " of the biography ; the Child seems rather the work of memory than imagination, so ineffable is His beauty. As it was painted at Thérèse's request, this might well be the picture by a saint, of a saint, out of the contemplation of a saint.

The characteristic piety of Juliana's age was not represented only by its prose writers. Sanctity and poetry meet and embrace in every age. Juliana is of the time of Chaucer. And just as there is the possibility of Chaucerian humour in the recluse, so, here and there, the poet finds expression for a homely piety of his own akin to hers, though on a lower level. Those two tender verses towards the close of *Troilus and Cressida*—" O younge freshe folkes, he or she," etc.—belong to the age of Mother Juliana. Throughout the devotional poetry of Norman and Plantagenet times one finds always the same Julian note of caressing, clinging, homely intimacy ; not passionate and vehement and Southern, but steadfast, deep, Northern. Miss Segar has collected and modernized some of these touching, lovely verses in *A Mediæval Anthology*, prefaced by an illuminating appreciation of the spirit of those valuable centuries. It is hard to choose among these gems of quaint sweetness, but a few

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extracts will show how the verses of these unknown lovers kept pace with the prose works of Richard Rolle, and Walter Hilton, and the Norwich Anchorete :

My Leman is so meek,
So courteous, sweet and still ;
Full gentle is His speach
His words are never grille (harsh) ;
But good He wills to each,
Forget He would all ill ;
And if I flee He will me seek,
With love He will me till (entice).

I will in at Thy sleeve
All in Thine heart to be,
Mine heart shall burst and cleave
Ere untrue thou me see.

How lovely is the Lullaby Carol of Our Lady :

I saw a fair maiden
Sitten and sing,
She lullèd a litele Child
A sweete Lording—
Lullay, mine Liking, my dear Son, my Sweeting.
Lullay, my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling.

Again :

Jesu, Lord, my Sweeting,
Hold me ever in Thy keeping,
Make of me thy darling
That I love thee over all thing.

Jesu, sweet, my dim heart gleam,
Brighter than the sonne's beam,
As thou wert born in Bethlehem,
Make in me thy love-dream—
Jesu, Jesu, my honey sweet,
My heart, my comforting.

Some of these songs of love-longing are no doubt influenced by St. Bernard's hymn in the great Cistercian age of England. One, however, stands quite alone, full of English wistfulness and intensity. The wonderful single line of *Quia Amore Languéo* : "To love the loving

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is no mastery, is a revelation of the Delight in Pursuit ; of the dominating Patience of the fierce and sweet Conqueror."

I will abide her till she be ready,
I will her sue if she say nay ;
If she be reckless, I will be steady,
If she be dangerous, I will her pray.
If she wepe then hide I ne may.
My arms are outstretched to clip her to me,
Crying, " Now, soul, I come! Soul, stay to me
Quia amore langueo.
Thou weapest, thou gladdest ; I sit thee by,
Yet wouldst thou but once, dear, look on me!"

This is in the very spirit of Mother Juliana's mysticism, direct, human, yet ineffable in its significance. " For when a soul is tempted, troubled, and left to herself by her unrest, then it is time to pray, to make herself supple and buxom (compliant) to God ; but she by no manner of prayer maketh him supple to her, *for he is ever one like in love.*" Her great argument for prayer is that it *oneth* the soul to Him : " And also our good Lord shewed that it is full great pleasure to him that a *seelie* (simple) soule come to him naked, plainlie and homelie . . . for in us is his homeliest home and his endless dwelling." The lines of the great modern mystic poet again ring the changes on the "homely" word, so truly English in its value and meaning :

How full of bonds and simpleness
Is God,
How narrow is He,
And how the wide waste field of possibility
Is only trod
Straight to His homestead in the human heart.

—Coventry Patmore.

Deep down in the English heart will ever be this sense of this Divine home-coming, the shutting of the door and the delicious secrecy of the mystic supper. It is hard to quote with restraint from the *Revelations*. The eye is arrested on this page and that by so many heavenly-

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human things. Her frequent use of the words "homely" and "courteous" expresses something that came out of that ineffable intercourse to develop and perfect her own human qualities. One might almost fancy that she had caught the echo of Dante's oft-repeated "*Questa cortissima*." He died only twenty-two years before her birth.

The revelations of the saints are made through the medium of their own personalities, which are original and vivid because so simply open to the action of Life and Love and Truth. They stand shining in the sun as they really are: with no cloud of self-consciousness to blur the picture. Because they have gone all the way of the great love-adventure, they have perfectly and humanly fulfilled themselves and stand as the finished types of their age and nation. No one but an Englishwoman of pre-Reformation times could have written the *Revelations* with their distinct note of *comfort*. This "anchorete" stands before us out of her hidden life as the flower of the womanhood of her century and country, homely, trustworthy, courteous, "buxom," "supple," and tender. This dear creature, who had chosen solitude for herself, could not restrain the generous instinct to pass on her treasures to her kind, as who should say, "O my dear darlings, we needs, indeed must, toil and live the pilgrim life, but inside it all is love and love is motherly and merciful. The way is long, but He is the Way, and whate'er betide, 'wit it well, Love is His meaning.'" She cares so wistfully, this separated woman, for all the world from which she hid away. There is one feature of Mother Juliana's spiritual experience which differentiates her from her Italian and Spanish sisters. Catherine and Teresa do not ache with the problem of life. Juliana does. She peers into the mystery of sin and pain and cries aloud in all the troubled faith of the modern:

I cannot see—
I, child of process, if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies.

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The Divine answer never comes in the precise terms of the question ; but it does meet the age and the mind of the questioner and brings its separate inspiration :

I'll not reproach
The road that winds, my feet that err.
Access, Approach
Art Thou, Time, Way, and Wayfarer.

To the Fourteenth Century recluse the all-embracing answer comes and is passed on to our complex times :
“ Our good Lord would not that the soul were afraid of this ugly sight (the misery of the world). But I saw not sin ; for I believe it had no manner of substance, ne no part of being, ne it might not be known but by the pain that is caused thereof . . . It is true that sin is the cause of all this pain ; *but all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well. Thou shalt see thyself that all manner of thing shall be well . . .* we should know our own feebleness and mischief that we be fallen in by sin, to *meek us and make us cry to God* for help and grace.” A poet's intuition follows a saint's inspiration five centuries later :

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound.

What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more.

—*Abt. Vogler.*

In what English garden was the little girl of three playing when the great Italian saint of Siena first opened her eyes upon the same sunshine as that which fell upon the future anchorete of Norwich ? We know nothing of Juliana's antecedents, of the circumstances which led to her seclusion, of her possible friends. We have only the internal evidence of a sweet and womanly nature, and of a clear intellect, in spite of her one allusion to herself as “ a simple, unlettered creature living in the deadlie flesh.” The rest is silence. No contemporary tells us anything of her. Of Catherine Benincasa, on the contrary, we know everything that can be known, from the cradle to the tomb. Her external life was passed in the

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midst of local gossip, for the Benincasas were many, and Italians are talkative ; and, in spite of her twenty-six children, Lapa seems to have had plenty of time to chat with her neighbours. Catherine was the twenty-fifth child. Her twin-sister died, and Lapa fretted for her till a twenty-sixth consoled her by bearing the dead baby's name, Giovanna. Lapa had the courage of her convictions, with no difficulty in expressing them ; and one is tempted to imagine the reception she would be likely to give to a modern humanitarian health-visitor who might dare to inquire into the prodigious family which she so blithely and independently bestowed on the already teeming population of Siena. There would have been "winged words," indeed, of unforgettable quality, and a possible box on the ear ; for Lapa kept up her health and spirits in spite of the absorbing business of her life, and had, moreover, a fine temper of her own. When her darling and best beloved twenty-fifth blossomed out into a most delectable baby and then a bonny little girl, the neighbours took turns in borrowing the treasure for their personal delight, and Catherine was nicknamed "Eufrosina." As most of Lapa's family survived and flourished, the good Lapa's house must have been overflowing with children ; so that the little Joy of the household lived in the public eye, first in her noisy little home and later in the conspicuousness of her strange mission to the turbulent world of her day. History treats the saint who comes in the train of events as a casual incident ; but to the saint's chronicles history is merely a circumstance to furnish the setting for the real life lived in all its fullness in the midst ; Catherine not only belonged to a notable period of history : she made history even in its political aspect. Her thirty-three years were included in the longer span of Juliana's life, and we can but wonder if the English recluse, whose secret history belongs to a soul as palpitating, loving and aware as that of her great Southern sister, knew aught of her goings and comings, her words and deeds which belonged not to Siena but to the Universal Church. The English

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instinct, at least, was sound in choosing the right side in the tortuous puzzle of the Western schism; and among Catherine's followers we find two Englishmen, the hermit of Lecceto, William Flete, and another of doubtful reputation indeed, but conspicuous activity, the free-lance Sir John Hawkwood, upon whom, in spite of his lawlessness, Catherine had smiled, and his soul was sunlit. The Tuscan saint was Italian to the core, and in her holiness stood as the perfect exponent of that strange mixture of astuteness and simplicity, of passion and sweetness, of something utterly childlike with a capacity for splendid intrigue and administration, of a sense of the practical and commonplace with the artistic faculty in its highest development. Catherine followed swiftly upon Dante's retreating footsteps; Petrarch was even then writing his sonnets; the greatest Tuscan painters had not yet achieved their full measure of expression, but art was at hand to follow poetry in the train of the Eufrosina of her age. In her time, Tuscany, with its neighbouring provinces, was the storm centre of Italy; and to the storm she belongs, though not of it. It would seem as if, in that terrible era, so disorderly, avaricious, revengeful and violent, it was as much as a man could do to steer his way through it all without being privately poisoned or publicly executed, unless he managed to evade time by living in eternity in some hiding-place of prayer. It was because Catherine so thoroughly understood contemporary character and history that she gradually developed her unique genius for peace-making. Certainly she had ample opportunity for home practice with the outspoken Lapa, who adored and tormented her so vehemently.

Catherine's humour was of the playful sort, brave and warm, but piercing enough in the home thrusts of her adroit Tuscan tongue. Woman-like she scolds most loving-ruthlessly those she loves best. Her melancholy Neri, the sensitive poet; her negligent Stefano; the obstinate English hermit who stood upon his rights and would not leave his wooded hermitage when she ordered him to Rome; even the devoted Raimondo, all come in

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for her swift-sweet chidings and her arch remarks. Yet how she loves them all—this affectionate woman whose heart is not her own because it is Another's, and, because of that, belongs to all the world. The full tide of its tenderness flows out upon the oppressed, the sorrowing, the frightened and broken. Who could resist the aching sweetness of her ministry to the poor, hot-headed youth under his death sentence. It is not wonderful that he met his end "with cries of victory on his severed breath" while those caressing hands were so near, so felt, in their last sustaining pressure. Catherine is eminently motherly; the natural inheritance from so prolific a mother, developed into an all-embracing motherliness of soul for mankind. Barduccio calls her "this blessed virgin and mother of thousands of souls." Stefano, the "Caterinato," whom she specially cherished for his happy nature and chivalrous instincts, tells us of a little talk between them which reveals her pretty, maternal way with her favourite: "That most holy virgin," writes the spoilt youth, "said to me in secret: 'Know, most beloved son, that the greatest desire thou hast will soon be fulfilled.' At this I was astonished, for I could think of nothing that I longed for in the world; . . . therefore I said: 'O dearest Mother, what is the greatest desire that I have?' 'Look,' she said, 'into thy heart.' And I answered her: 'Certainly, most beloved Mother, I can find no greater desire in myself than to keep always near you.' And she straightway replied: 'And this will be.'"

Even when she calls the "Christ on earth" her "*Babbo mio*," one feels her motherhood at the back of all her naïve submission; coaxing, persuading, almost commanding him to do the right. Fra Raimondo, her faithful confessor, receives her gentle chiding along with her humble confidence. When he is attacked by enemies she calls him her "*poverello calunniato*." She writes to him as to her ghostly father; but, even while doing so, she mothers the modest and retiring friar with wholesome exhortations to fortitude and energy. The favourites of the saints must needs be relatively interesting; yet

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Catherine and Teresa both seem stronger, even by nature, than their Raimondo and Gratian.

If Juliana is of Chaucer's time and Catherine lived in the aftermath of Dante's glory, Teresa of Spain, although of the time and country of Cervantes, belonged temperamentally and intellectually to the age of Shakespeare, whose genius was at the dawn of life while her flaming heart was beating in its twilight. Her *debonnair* high spirits, her swift repartee, the racy quality of her wit, her teasing propensity, are truly Shakespearean. The same era had seen both saint and poet touched into fire and song. The famous "bantering letter" in the sudden turn of the sentences, in the merry little side-issues of criticism, in the largeness of its outlook, and the cleverness of its conclusions, reminds us more than once of the manner of certain ladies of the immortal dramas. Teresa had asked her brother to explain the meaning of words spoken to her in prayer: "Seek thyself in Me." In his perplexity, Lorenzo had summoned to his assistance Francisco de Salcedo, Father Julian of Avila, and St. John of the Cross. A bishop, a friend of hers, who was interested in the matter, requested Teresa to write her own judgment on the four treatises. She says that when she received them, she had such a violent headache that she could hardly read them. She certainly had rallied when she penned her reply:

Unless I were obliged, my lord, under obedience, I should not answer, and for good reasons I should refuse to judge the subject under discussion. Not, however, as my sisters will have it, because my brother, being one of the rival competitors, my affection for him would give reason to suspect my impartiality. No, for all the competitors are dear to me, having all helped me in my labours. Moreover, my brother was the last comer, who only appeared as we finished drinking the chalice—(evidently his MS. was the last to be given in)—but he also shared it; and he shall have even a better share later on, by the grace of God. May God grant, too, that I may say nothing which may cause me to be denounced to the Inquisition; for my head is tired out with the number of letters and other things which I have had to write since last night; but as obedience can do anything with me,

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I am going to comply, well or ill, with your lordship's orders. I should have liked to take a little time to read over and enjoy the papers ; but you are not satisfied with my doing this and I must obey. First of all, it appears that the words in question come from the spouse of our souls, and he says to them : " Seek thyself in me." I do not require now to conclude that Don Francisco is beside the question when he says that it signifies that God is present in everything. Truly, a grand discovery! But here is something more, and unless Don Francisco does not contradict it, I shall have to denounce him to my neighbour, the Inquisition. He is for ever saying and repeating in his paper, " St. Paul says that the Holy Ghost expresses himself in this way " ; and after that, he says, by way of conclusion, that his essay is full of follies! He will certainly have to retract as quickly as he can, or he will see what will happen.

As for Father Julian, he begins well but ends badly ; thus he will certainly not get the prize. He is not asked here to explain how the uncreated and created light became united ; nor what a soul feels who is perfectly united to her Creator ; nor whether in this state she differs or not from her Divine Objective. Again, what does he mean by the expression " When the soul is purified " ? As for me, I believe virtues and purification of the soul are insufficient here, because it is a question of a supernatural state, and a gift that God bestows on whomever He pleases, and if anything could predispose the soul to receive it, it would be love. But I forgive him his digressions because he has at least one merit : he is less lengthy than my Father John of the Cross. The doctrine of the last-named would be excellent for one who wished to make the spiritual exercises ; here they are out of place. We should be much to be pitied if we could not seek God before being dead to the world. What! Were the Magdalen, the Samaritan woman, the Canaanitess, already dead to the world when they found their Saviour ?

He enlarges greatly on the necessity of uniting oneself with God in order to be made one wholly with Him. But when that happens, when the soul has received this signal favour from God, He can no longer tell her to seek Him, for she has already found Him. The Lord preserve me from people who are so spiritual that they wish, without choice or examination, to bring all back to a perfect state of contemplation. We must, withal, do him the justice of acknowledging that he has explained remarkably well what we never asked to know. This comes of discussing such a subject ; the profit one reaps from it is the one we least expected

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to get! This is precisely what has happened to Don Lorenzo de Ceepeda. We are much obliged to him for his answers and his verses. He was speaking somewhat out of his depth. But in consideration of the little treat he has given us, we willingly forgive his want of humility in treating upon subjects which, as he himself acknowledges, were so much above him. He would deserve, however, to be expostulated with for the good advice he gives devout souls—without their having asked for it—to practise the prayer of quiet, as if it depended on them; God grant that he may get some good of his intercourse with such spiritual minded people! Still his work did not fail to please me, though I think he had great reason to be ashamed of it. In short, my lord, it is impossible to decide which of these writings is the best.

The bishop then ordered the saint to write her own commentary on the mysterious sentence. Teresa, the delightful tease, is at once Teresa of the Flaming Heart, and she writes:

My beloved, passing fair,
Love has drawn thy likeness, see
In thy inmost heart, and there
—Lost or straying unaware.
Thou must seek thyself in Me—
Well I know that thou shalt find
This thine image in My Heart,
Pictured to the life with art
So amazing that thy mind
Sees thy very counterpart.
If by chance thou e'er shalt doubt
Where to turn in search of Me,
Seek not all the world about,
Only this can find Me out—
Thou must seek Myself in thee.

In the mansion of thy mind
Is my dwelling-place, and more
There I wander unconfined,
Knocking loud, if e'er I find
In thy heart a closed door.

Search for Me without were vain,
Since when thou hast need of Me
Only call Me, and again
To thy side I haste amain,
Thou must seek Myself in thee.

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The concentration of the original Spanish must suffer even in so just a translation.

The greatest of the Spanish painters were yet to come. Velasquez was born at the end of Teresa's century, and Murillo in the year of Shakespeare's death; but the saint may have seen the fruits of Raphael's or Leonardo's finished genius, or of those Tuscan pre-Raphaelites, some of whose masterpieces may have found their way into Spain. The Venetian school was at the height of its splendour in her time; Titian and Tintoretto painted while Teresa prayed. It was a great era of Sanctity and Art—Teresa, Ignatius, Francis Xavier, Philip Neri, Sir Thomas More and many another English martyr bestarred those darkened spiritual skies while Michelangelo wrought and Shakespeare sang. Elizabeth Tudor and Mary of Scots were of Teresa's time. It is interesting to conjecture what might have come of a meeting between this queen of prayer and those queens across the seas. Elizabeth would have found more than her match in intellect and will; while that other tragic earthly lover may have owed to the hidden Carmelite nun (in the inscrutable economy of God's dispensation) those graces of her long imprisonment which led her at last to the mountain-peaks of love for which her frail but noble heart was destined. There is no trace of such contemporaneous reference in Teresa's writings. She speaks generally of heresy and disorder and the need of prayer and reparation, but her vision is concentrated inward rather than outward, and the world-news came to her only as a distant echo. It throws at least one pleasing light on Philip II of Spain—that he honoured the saint and took her part more than once in her ecclesiastical troubles. But certain it is that the undaunted Daughter of Desires reached Seventeenth Century England through the soul and song of Richard Crashaw, who thankfully acknowledges her influence in the turning of his water into wine: "O pardon, if I dare to say, Thine own dear books were guilty." How apt, in our own day, is the meaning of his lines:

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We may maintain
Peace, sure, with piety though it come from Spain.
What soul soe'er in any language can
Speak Heav'n like her, is my soul's countryman.
O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heaven she speaks.

And so, with Crashaw's rhymed charity to justify us, we may include, in passing, that great type of all that was best and healthiest in the German mysticism of the Thirteenth Century, Gertrude the Great, that beautiful expression of the Benedictine spirit, and the worthy predecessor of Catherine and Teresa.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

PLATO declared that the money-maker's or the soldier's nature could not experience the pleasures of the philosopher, nor even guess what they might mean. Should, then, the philosopher tell the soldier what philosophical pleasure was, and deny that the soldier's idea of it were true, the soldier would have to take it upon faith ; and, in short, the two could scarcely argue. And the public would stay unconvinced. I remember this, when I feel inclined to say, just dogmatically, that Jesuits and their pupils simply do not think and feel like those of whom Mr. Anthony Brendon tells us in the *Bonfire* (Heinemann).

Therefore I will first mention a few details, external enough and trivial, but which no one need find it hard to verify. At Benediction the priest doesn't wear a chasuble, nor lace upon his cassock, nor (in Jesuit colleges anyhow) enter carrying the monstrance ; nor on Ash Wednesday are images veiled in purple, nor altar "draped" in black, nor are the candles removed "save two," nor made of brown wax "with little spikes stuck in them." Nor are the blessed ashes taken from the fireplace, nor mixed with oil, nor does the priest receive them on his forehead. Jesuits are, they say, careless about ceremonies ; but even they do not recite the *Domine non sum dignus* just before the consecration ; nor are collections made or sermon preached just after it. Jesuits in this country do, indeed, wear "wings," but these are not "long wide sleeves in which they hide things because they have no pockets." Nor yet do rectors, I feel sure, rise at six, only to go straight to the "common-room" to join "the other priests," whom they find there discussing the indecent pictures in a confiscated paper. Nor do boys in Retreat adjourn to public recreation-rooms to talk.

Well, then, the talk ! I am sure Catholic boys do not allude to the "incorruptible body of *St. Ambrogius*" (I believe the author has visited Milan and seen the church of Sant' Ambrogio, and the incorrupt body of San

Bonfire

Carlo in the Cathedral, and got mixed), nor to the liquefaction of the blood of St. Eustachius. I am sure, too, that priests do not silence doubts as to eternal punishment by saying: "It's in the Catechism, authorized by the Bishop." I doubt if Jesuits lure boys to a "seminary" by hopes of ultimate great power, recalling how the Society has "deposed Emperors and enthroned Popes," and how dangerous are Jesuits to make enemies of. Nor will any Luke, though dying, be found to say to any Harry, after a conversation which puts Eric for ever in the shade: "I feel so happy now: I have so loved you, Harry . . . all the beautiful woods are *alive in you* . . ." And so on.

If, then, the *mise en scène* is so inaccurate, and the talk so thoroughly impossible, it will seem not unlikely that the incidents, too, are impossible, though doubtless everything happens at least once in the world's history. It is conceivable that a priest—"a fine type"—should commit suicide, having "loved too much and too wildly," though unlikely that a boy should proceed to print high-heeled shoe marks under the priest's windows, or that the community should discuss "exorcising" the devil who had left black finger-marks in the dormitory near to the dead man's room. It is conceivable that the Jesuit, Father Simson, should be saved from dying in a panic of hell and worms, only by a visit of an old priest who, through pitying "hypocrisy," says with him the *Hail Mary* he doesn't believe in (that the author twice gets the *Hail Mary* right exonerates him, I suppose, for quoting it once wrong); and that a secular priest should be habitually racked by similar nightmares before his death; and that a lady should be quite glad to upset a lamp and burn her house down with her husband in it, because he, too, possessed by the thought of hell, had made her life a misery; but that this and much more of the sort should be able justifiably to combine within the framework of one book is impossible in the extreme. Even Octave Mirbeau never dreamt of any such unrealism! So at last we may safely say that since the book gives no

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probable presentment of a department of life, so neither does it of one boy's soul, though, again, it is conceivable that a mentality might exist which should alchemize all it sees and hears into food for its fixed idea of hell. (The author, I notice, if "fire" be omitted, sees in hell "a mere place of *harmless* banishment where the punishment was to be deprived of the sight of God.") Mr. Brendon, however, tries quite hard to be fair: nor do I deny the truth of plenty of his touches; also he introduces a nice bishop, and a nice secular priest; he states that the "secret" of the confessional is respected, and has a little *coda* in which he declares that this "recognition by the Jesuits of the spiritual values of life" is the "supreme excellence" of their education, "a treasure which abides until death," and to which "the boys look back with gratitude." Also, that their system of "patrolling" preserves, at not too high a price, and alone can preserve, a standard of bodily purity; and that the Jesuits, in thus acting, are "on the whole right." However, we hear a lot too much of altar-boys "like two lovely girls," "chosen for their beauty to do homage to God," while another boy (oddly, *not* the thurifer, though swinging incense) is "of outstanding loveliness, with a face of wondrous pallor, like a white hyacinth seen in the sunset's after-glow." (I may say that though the author's main documents on hell appear to have been bought in 1918, this sort of thing seems to belong much more to about 1880.) And the only Jesuit whom I thought I was going to like (he enjoyed snuff and disliked the feast-day sherry, and from time to time talked sense) is absorbed in the thought of his dead innamorata, looks forward to heaven mainly in order to meet her there, doesn't believe in dogma, and invites boys to woodland walks in order to hear the pipes of Pan.

In short, I have alternately felt that this book was written by, say, a Protestant master in a Jesuit school, who had had his leg very badly pulled by the boys and was also cheated by his preconceived ideas; or else, by a man who has, alas, suffered what he describes, and,

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unable to see or hear the outside save awry, is necessarily all wrong about the interior world of feeling and motive. So I would like this review of a book which has been much talked about to count as a verdict not so much against the author as against a publisher for stooping quite so low.

C. C. M.

FATHER LAGRANGE'S *Sens du Christianisme*, made up of ten lectures given at the Catholic Institute of Paris last winter, reviews the answers given in Protestant Germany, since the days of Luther, to the question, What is Christianity? The hope he expresses that his exposition and refutation of these conflicting systems of exegesis may weaken a pernicious influence which is felt in England and America as well as in France, suggests the question whether English-speaking Catholics have sufficiently utilized the works of this very learned Dominican* in their defence of the traditional ideas concerning the nature of Christ and of His institutions. The history and interpretation of the sacred books of ancient Israel claimed most of the attention of Father Lagrange until the year 1902, when M. Loisy published his book on *The Gospel and the Church*. In his lectures at the Catholic Institute of Toulouse in that year,† he enunciated, indeed, principles which govern the exegesis of the New Testament as well as that of the Old; but he applied them only to such problems as the history of the first eleven chapters of Genesis and the character of the civil laws of the Israelites. His commentary on Judges was completed in the same year. It was no surprise, however, to those who were acquainted with his erudition and versatility, that he took up the gauntlet thrown by M. Loisy to Catholic theologians. The criticism of M. Loisy's book, in the *Revue Biblique* (April, 1903), and the open letter to Mgr. Battifol came

* *Le Messianisme chez les Juifs* (150 B.C.—200 A.D.), 1909; *Evangelie selon Saint Marc*, 1911; *Epître aux Romains*, 1916; *Epître aux Galates*, 1918.

† Translated by the Rev. Edward Myers, M.A., under the title *Historical Criticism and the Old Testament*.

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from a master who could show with full knowledge not only that Loisy's manifesto was irreconcilable with Catholic faith, but that it was based upon a conception of history and a system of exegesis which were unsound. Ever since, Father Lagrange has been on the defensive, an apologist; and the traditional system which he has been upholding is that which is concerned with such questions as the teaching of Our Lord about the time of the end of the world, the nature of His kingdom, His personal claims.

The books which most directly deal with the issues raised in France by M. Loisy include the treatise on Messianic ideas in the period 150 B.C. to A.D. 200, and the commentary on St. Mark's Gospel. M. Loisy, following Johannes Weiss, the head of the eschatological school, had exposed the utter unreality of that Liberal Protestant conception of Jesus which Mrs. Ward, for instance, imposed upon Robert Elsmere in the name of a science made in Germany. It was not the Jesus of history, but an idealized Liberal Protestant pastor. In the reaction against this deformation, Weiss insisted that Jesus was a man of His time, sharing its ideas and hopes. Now, in those days, the Jews were looking for the establishment of the reign of God. It was shortly to be inaugurated by an intervention of God, sudden and catastrophic, which would bring about the end of the present world and create a world of innocence and happiness. And such was the reign of God which Jesus heralded. He did not bring it about by His own action; like everyone else He waited for God to inaugurate it by an unheard-of miracle. He was Himself the future King of this future Kingdom. So absorbed was He in this thought of the reign of God which was about to come, that He did not think of founding a Church or any other permanent institutions; His moral teaching was adapted to the state of a world about to end. He waited for a Kingdom, and the Church came. Father Lagrange saw that the sophism of the eschatologists consisted, first, in representing all our Lord's

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contemporaries as holding one consistent view of what the reign of God was to be ; and, secondly, in attributing this one idea to Jesus notwithstanding the evidence that He had a most independent mind. The contention of the eschatologists is that when we look at Jesus in the light of history we see a "recognizable Jew of the first century, with the traceable limitations of such a man." Now, as Mr. Chesterton pointed out very well in the *Hibbert Journal* (July, 1909), this is precisely what we do not see.

In the *Messianisme chez les Juifs* we are introduced to the ideas held by such Hellenic Jews as Josephus and Philo ; to those which may be disengaged from the apocryphal apocalypses ; to those of the Rabbis of Palestine ; and, finally, an historical account is given of "messianism in action." What the eschatologists presented so confidently as "the Jewish concept" of the kingdom (and some Catholic writers have followed them too readily) is shown to be the concept of a few groups of Our Lord's contemporaries. In his *Commentary on St. Mark*, Father Lagrange shows that Our Lord did not adopt this peculiar view ; that He announced as imminent a spiritual reign of God on earth and distinguished it not only from the heavenly kingdom into which souls enter at death, but from the final phase of God's reign which would be inaugurated when He came to judge the world. The *Commentary* is not wholly occupied with this theory. It takes up the teaching of Our Lord concerning Himself, Who is the messianic King and the Son of God ; and it treats of other questions raised by the Modernistic controversy ; it is a calm, objective study of all the principal statements of the earliest biography of Our Lord which has come down to us. One of the interesting points made in this *Commentary* is that St. Mark's christology does not differ very notably from St. John's. Father Lagrange defends in a very convincing way the unity and consistency of the Gospel in opposition to such critics as Professor Bacon of Yale.

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The commentaries on Romans and Galatians are still occupied with very up-to-date questions; the latter especially is occupied with polemics against M. Loisy, who has discovered new aspects of the divergencies between Paul and James, and has come across the interesting "fact" that the Apostle of the Gentiles did not really get the view-point of his refractory converts. But these commentaries will be of service more particularly to those who have not lost interest in the old questions about justifying faith, good works, and merit. In matters of interpretation, Father Lagrange has not hesitated to acknowledge that he has profited a great deal by the very works the historical and theological conclusions whereof he combats. It may seem rather strange, at first sight, that Luther's interpretation receives such very serious attention, and that we are required to read another refutation of Lutheranism. This is not due exclusively to the fact that Father Lagrange was writing at a period when Protestants were celebrating the fourth centenary of the Reformer, nor to any delusion about the number of Lutherans of the old school. Lutheran views do still influence non-Catholic works on theology in a most astonishing way. Even the *International Critical Commentary* on Romans, by Professors Sanday and Headlam, is "too much inclined towards Protestant interpretation, especially in the matter of justification."* The theology of St. Paul, more perhaps than any other system, must be placed in the clear light of its historical setting. Luther discovered his pseudo-mysticism in St. Paul by interpreting the Apostle's denunciations of the Pharisees' doctrine of the possibility of attaining justification by their own human efforts as if they were addressed to Christians in the state of grace, and by similar historical blunders. Lack of sufficient attention to history has allowed many modern scholars to attribute to St. Paul

* The present writer has combined and translated in a booklet, entitled *Luther on the Eve of His Revolt* (The Cathedral Library Association, New York), a number of studies published by Father Lagrange on Luther's commentary on Romans, on the personality of the commentator, on the way in which he travestied the doctrinal system of St. Paul.

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the creation of that doctrinal system which he so explicitly sets forth as the teaching of the Master, and which he supposes shared in by the already widespread Christian society of his day. Father Lagrange constantly throws the light of history upon statements which are obscure chiefly to those who do not realize the circumstances in which they were uttered.

In the foreword of his latest book, on the meaning of Christianity according to German exegesis, Father Lagrange apologizes for the haste in which he had to write and for the imperfections incident to his absence from his beloved library of St. Stephen's Biblical School in Jerusalem; but the reader soon perceives that the book is not the outcome of the work of the few months in which it was written, but of years of patient, painstaking editing of the "recensions" and the "bulletin" of the *Revue Biblique*. Its appearance is an event which will be of great interest to those who have learned in the Palestinian class-room of this modern Jerome, or in reading his writings, to appreciate his courage in attacking the big problems of the day, his boldness ever tempered by religious submission to the Church in handling them, his care to study documents at first hand, his power to exhibit their contents in an original and striking way, and the sympathetic habit of mind which enables him to read understandingly the writings of others and to assimilate what is of value in them.

After exposing with confident lucidity the system of interpretation of the New Testament which Luther opposed to the traditional system of the Church, Father Lagrange denounces the vices of hermeneutics of the father of Protestantism—vices which were to infect his children down to the latest generation. As an exegete, Luther gave undue weight to a few selected texts which appeared to fit in with his own dark views of the radical and incurable corruption of human nature and human activity, and with his own optimistic views of the possibility of union between a sinful soul and a holy God. He did not, moreover, as has often been

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shown since the days of Bossuet, hesitate to contradict himself when unfaithfulness to truth seemed opportune in his war against the Pope. Luther is now venerated in his native land chiefly as the patron of the *Los von Rom* movement ; but in his one-sidedness and opportunism, he might well be regarded as the patron of the successive schools of rationalistic critics in Germany, down to very recent times. There was another reason for beginning the story of German Protestant exegesis with Luther. It is very interesting to notice, as Father Lagrange's exposition proceeds, that the peculiar interpretations of Luther are abandoned one after the other by Protestant exegetes. If we were to ask one of the members of the "Judeo-pagan syncretic school," which is now uttering the latest and only truthful verdicts of science about Christ and His work, which was more nearly right, Luther or the Church, in the interpretation of the texts of the New Testament, he would not hesitate to answer that it was the Church. The Catholic was right, he would assure us, in holding that, according to St. Paul, real, not imputative, righteousness was communicated by God to the faithful soul, the gift of God was of a wondrous, transforming nature, Baptism and the Eucharist were real sacraments infusing grace *ex opere operato*. He differs from the Catholic only in exaggerating what he calls the "magical" effects of their action.

One might leave it to the latest partisans of the uncontrolled interpretation of the Bible to refute their predecessors ; and the same might be said of the successive schools of deists, naturalists, rationalists. This is the method which Father Fillion mainly relies on in his *Etapas du rationalisme dans ses attaques contre les évangiles et la vie de Notre Seigneur Jésus Christ* (1911). But Father Lagrange has endeavoured to indicate, at least summarily, the arguments he is wont to employ against the various systems of exegesis which he sets forth. And this is not useless. After a system, as a whole, has been refuted, it still continues to affect not

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only the ill-informed, but even scholars who have recognized its weakness. The mythical system of Strauss, for instance, is now held by nobody in its completeness. But its main idea, conferring unlimited creative power upon the collective consciousness of the early Christians, is still the base of all rationalistic interpretation of the Gospels. Father Lagrange had already dealt with this system in the introduction of the commentary to St. Mark; here he again points out the impossibility of an evolution which does not start with something more than the rationalist is willing to put at the beginning of Christianity, and the impossibility of any transforming development, given the historical circumstances of the early Church.

When we begin the study of German Protestant exegesis with Luther, we might naturally expect more than the few pages which Father Lagrange devotes to the German exegetes who lived between Luther and Reimarus, those old "orthodox" interpreters who have now few representatives in the universities, but who still nourish the piety of many an honest "pastor" and of multitudes of simple souls within and without the Fatherland. It is here that Father Lagrange could have best made us realize the differences between his own exegesis and that which is based on a too strict concept of inspiration, a concept not exclusively Protestant. But he has preferred to steer clear of controversy with Catholics; the interpretation of the New Testament which he constantly keeps before us, as he sets forth successive and varying interpretations of dissenters, is one in which all Catholics agree. This "synthetic," "traditional" interpretation is explicitly vindicated in the first lecture, in which it is pointed out that a society, such as history shows the Church to have been from the beginning, would not have accepted the New Testament books if they contained a gospel different from that which she had received from the Apostles, and that it is reasonable to suppose that the living tradition of such a Church should have retained their true meaning. W. S. R.

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SIR VALENTINE CHIROL has issued a slight memorial wreath to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice (John Murray) of which we lament to say that it is insufficient as a vindication and in bulk. Mr. Balfour's posthumous appreciation, which it includes, was unfortunately written too late to reach the Ambassador's eye, which is generally the case with tributes written after the event. Mr. Balfour recognizes the "unfailing judgment and unwearied forbearance" with which Spring-Rice steered his course, and the conduct which "largely contributed to preventing any trace of international friction which might have impeded or impaired the President's policy."

It was a pity that some word of cheer could not have reached him from the Foreign Office during those long months, when "a single false step" would have been fatal. The immense difficulty and delicacy of his position will probably never be realized by his critics. The aggressive or the subtle *rôle* would have failed equally. He never cultivated that appearance of obtrusive influence so dear to Foreign Offices. An Ambassador in Washington should avoid making or appearing to make history. It was almost necessary to his success to appear a failure himself or at least of little weight with the American administration, which both in peace and war has to show itself clear of British entanglements, to retain popular confidence. Under the tone and manner of the submissive official, he avenged himself with literary irony and the sadness of real humour. He made no effort to counter the overawing contempt of a Bernstorff or to imitate the placid intrigues of a Dumba, leaving the sardonic supposition that such leading lights of the profession were far above him. People were welcome to attribute his attitude to nervousness, gentility or incompetence. He declined to cut grand diplomatic figures. In spite of admonitions and queries from the other side he maintained his view and kept his flag flying until it was lowered at half-mast to himself.

He did well in realizing the impossibilities of his position instead of stirring up doubtful potentialities. He was not aware that he was the first British Envoy to be

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a *persona grata* with the American people as a whole. He only sensed the American feeling (which is similar to that of the cynic toward the aged) in regard to British officials, that they should be neither seen nor heard. He barely kept himself in the public view at all, and at the zenith of his career he stepped quickly into the background, leaving the available hosannas to Mr. Balfour. In those international shunting and coupling operations which followed the American entry into the war, he was content to serve as a passive link, whose service was always better than that of a clumsy buffer or faulty signal.

He had splashed no eddies in the maelstrom of American opinion, nor had he invoked the tide which lifted the country off her moorings. It came from without in the wash of the torpedo, but he had kept the path clear. There was no breakwater of a maladroit British propaganda to check its force. He had stayed well out of the way of the President. That he had contrived no personal pull on Wilson proved the height of diplomatic wisdom. When the President was slowly making up his mind to play Protagonist, he knew that he must not seem even to aspire to the *rôle* of Deuteragonist. He was content to be the stylus when Wilson was stylist. With humble but indescribable emotions he betook himself to the Capital to hear Wilson, as he said, deliver judgment on Germany as solemnly as a judge condemning to death. His work was then over, the impossible had been achieved and he was prepared to resign. His work was so obvious that there was no need to offer him one of those curious honours by which unsuccessful but gallant servants of the Crown are invited to change their names. The rapid exigencies of the hour made his presence necessary until the New Year, when he was somewhat abruptly given notice without the least public recognition of his services. The cutting short of his official career need not have been a tragedy or a disappointment to any but his sensitive self. He had achieved the most important diplomatic exploit to the credit of the Foreign Office during the war, and no one could take the honour or the fact from him, but he

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naturally felt the terms of his notice to quit. It is painful to recall his anguish as the pent-up anxiety and sorrow and strain of his tenure came to the surface. The project to banquet him and mark his departure by demonstration not only of friends, but of sympathy from elements seldom friendly to England, he waived, asking in a pathetic letter to be allowed to depart in silence and darkness. He died a few hours after his successor had been received by the President, as his memorial at Eton says, "*cum denique sociasset Americanos nobis contra Germanos felix obiit.*"

Sir Valentine's summary of his career tending toward the climax at Washington is valuable biography, while the mystic address delivered a few days before death at Ottawa is Spring-Rice's best and lasting testament. He appealed to the national flag not as an imperial emblem, but dissolved into its original crosses "different in form, colour and history," and not unmeaningly he spoke of the Cross of St. Patrick. For during his tenure he touched the high-water mark of friendliness with Irish America. Few persons could know his agony of mind after the Irish Rising, or what he suffered behind the mask of official interpretation. As an official he could not save England's prestige, and as an Irishman he found himself caught between the idealism of one race and the blundering of another. His whole work was imperilled, but he made his way, permitting himself only one terrible *mot*. He realized that the future of the world as far as it is dependent on Irish, American and English agreement was at stake, and in that desolate No-man's land, where the interests of all three should meet, he died, but his fingers held the threads without which those who follow him can blend no lasting strand.

S. L.







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